THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 202, Number 4

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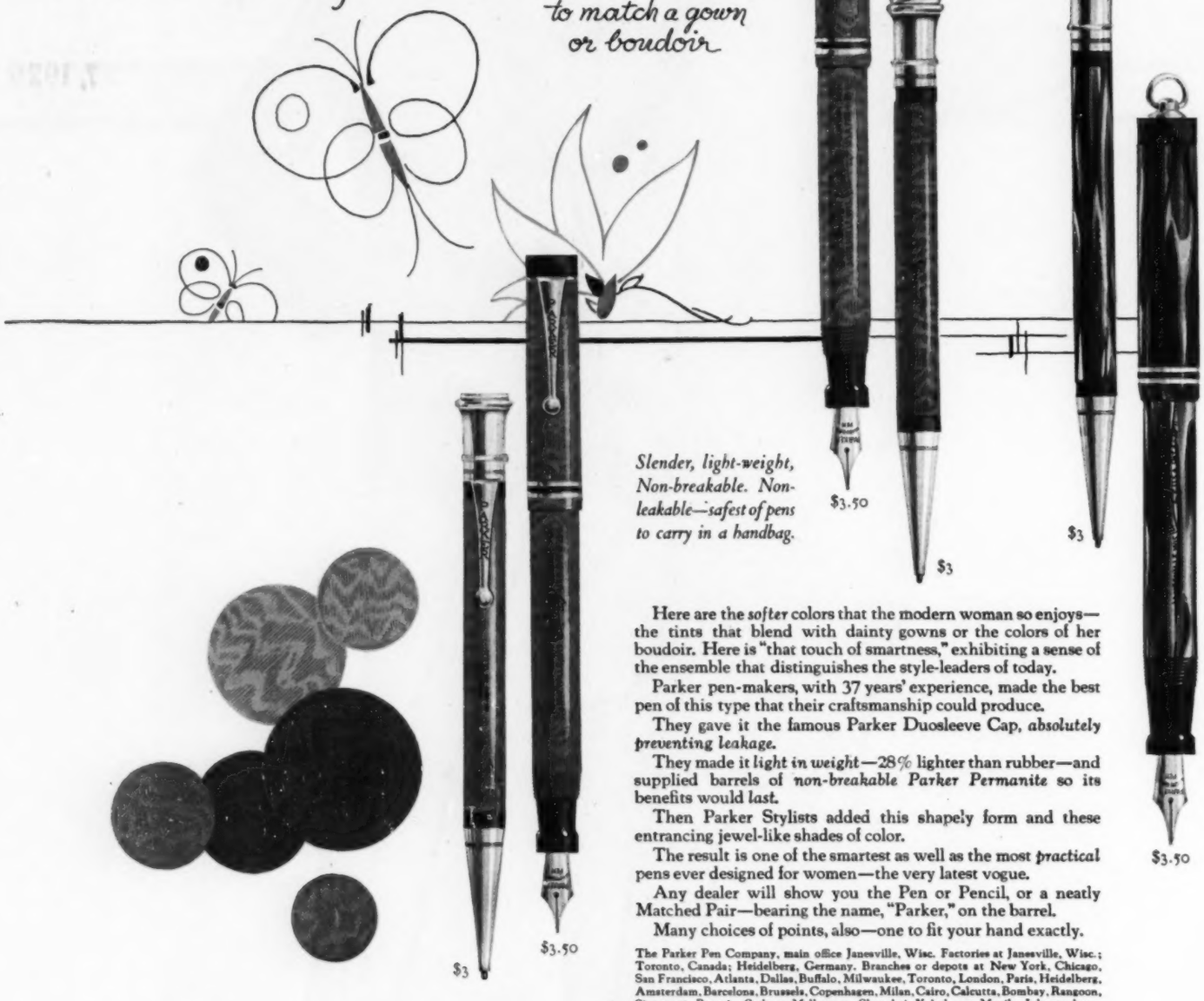
JULY 27, 1929

UP TO NOW—By Former Governor Alfred E. Smith

Moderne Harmonies

demand fountain pens in These dainty Pastel Shades

to match a gown or boudoir



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TRUE BLUE
Modernistic Pen and Pencil
Prices: Pen, $3.50
Pencil to match, $3

Slender, light-weight, Non-breakable. Non-leakable—safest of pens to carry in a handbag.

$3.50 $3 $3 $3.50 $3 $3.50

Here are the *softer* colors that the modern woman so enjoys—the tints that blend with dainty gowns or the colors of her boudoir. Here is "that touch of smartness," exhibiting a sense of the ensemble that distinguishes the style-leaders of today.

Parker pen-makers, with 37 years' experience, made the best pen of this type that their craftsmanship could produce.

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The result is one of the smartest as well as the most *practical* pens ever designed for women—the very latest vogue.

Any dealer will show you the Pen or Pencil, or a neatly Matched Pair—bearing the name, "Parker," on the barrel.

Many choices of points, also—one to fit your hand exactly.

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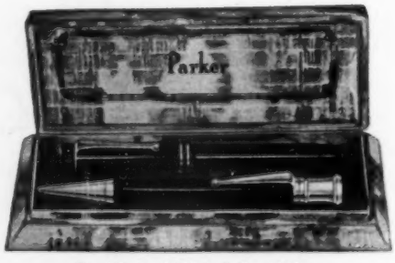
Parker

Pastel Pens & Pencils

The Modern Vogue in Practical Pens and Pencils

$6.50 the Set



Pastel Duette, $6.50, including gift box.

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... everything you need in a watch

... for active outdoor life, for shop, office or factory, for everyday routine or for recreation.

Pocket Ben holds his own against the hardships of strenuous service. He makes himself right at home anywhere; on steel beams high above city streets, out in the farm fields, golfing, camping, or in a swivel chair back of a mahogany desk; it's all the same to Pocket Ben. He meets every demand for dependable timekeeping.

You get traditional *Westclox* quality in Pocket Ben; accuracy, trustworthy utility value, excellence that *endures*. *Everything* you need in a watch *and* good looks; at a cost of only $1.50

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Westclox

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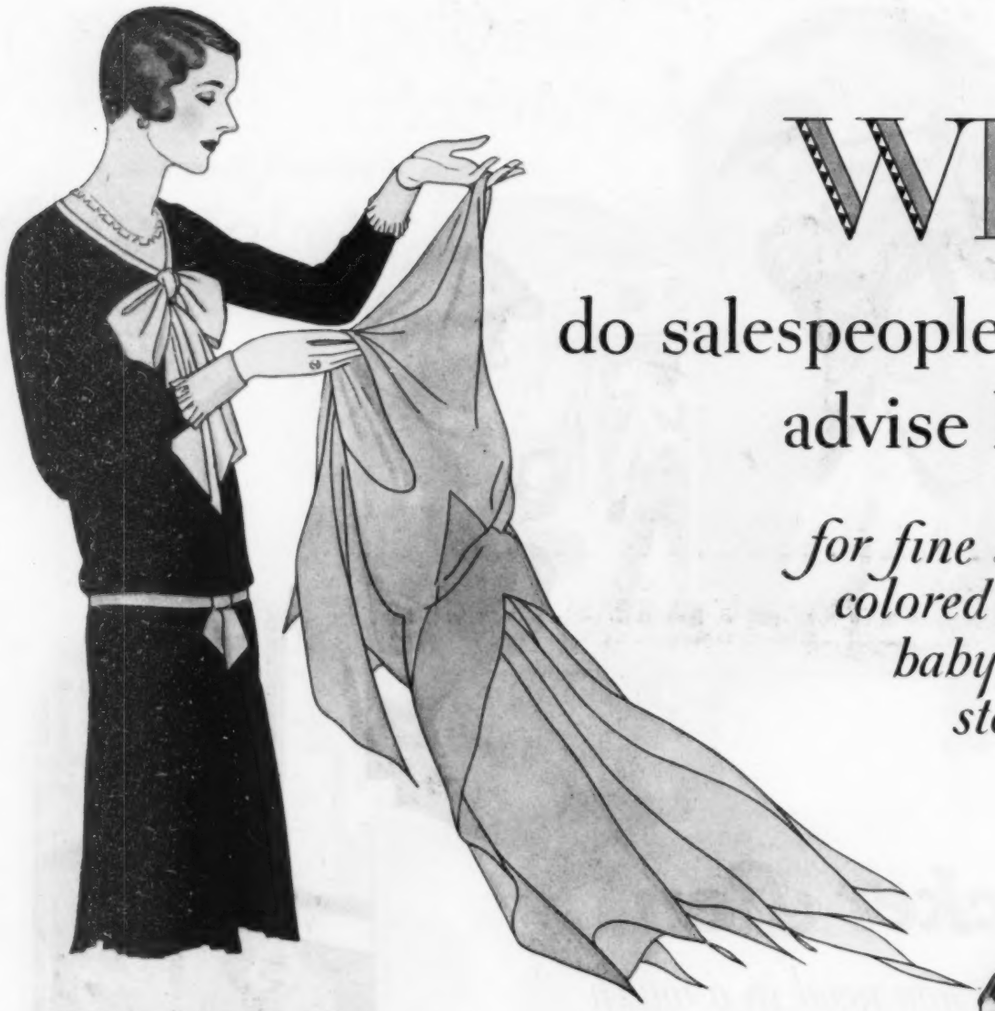


Why do salespeople everywhere advise Ivory—

for fine silks, colored woolens, baby clothes, stockings

Read the statements of these experts

Wherever you live—as far east as Boston, or as far west as San Francisco—you will find that the salespeople in the finest stores of your own city advise Ivory for washing the nicest things they sell.

"Use Ivory" is definite enough for the majority of customers. But if you should ask, "Why?" you would receive some very interesting answers.

Here are typical statements made to customers by salespeople in cities scattered all over the country.

"For all kinds of silks Ivory is best. Other soaps are likely to be too strong. All the manufacturers who sell to us advise Ivory." (*Richmond, Virginia*)

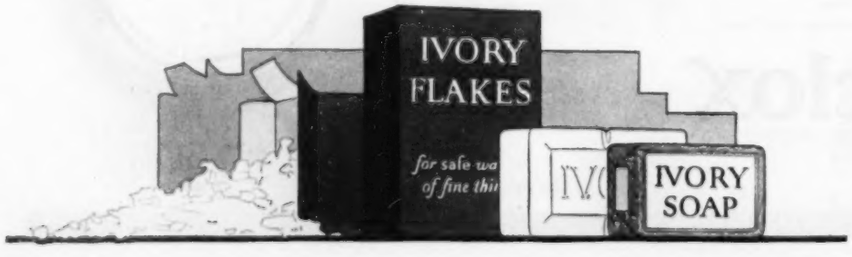
"Use Ivory Flakes for glove silk. Ivory is very mild and won't fade the garment. Many other soaps cut and rot silk in time." (*Leading New York store*)

"Use Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes if you want to get the most wear out of your stockings. This make of hosiery is washed at the factory with Ivory. So you see Ivory is what they consider best." (*Denver, Colorado*)

"We never recommend anything but Ivory Soap for baby woolens. Use Ivory by all means. It won't shrink woolens and it protects the color." (*New Orleans*)

You will see that the reasons given by salespeople mean one thing—Ivory is safer for the things they sell, safer for the things you buy. And doesn't it sound like common-sense? Ivory is pure enough to be safe for a baby's sensitive skin. So it is certain to be *extra*-safe for fine silks, woolens, rayons—for all *your* nicest things. PROCTER & GAMBLE

Free—a little book, *"Thistledown treasures—their selection and care,"* gives specific directions for washing silks, woolens, rayons. Simply send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. VS-79, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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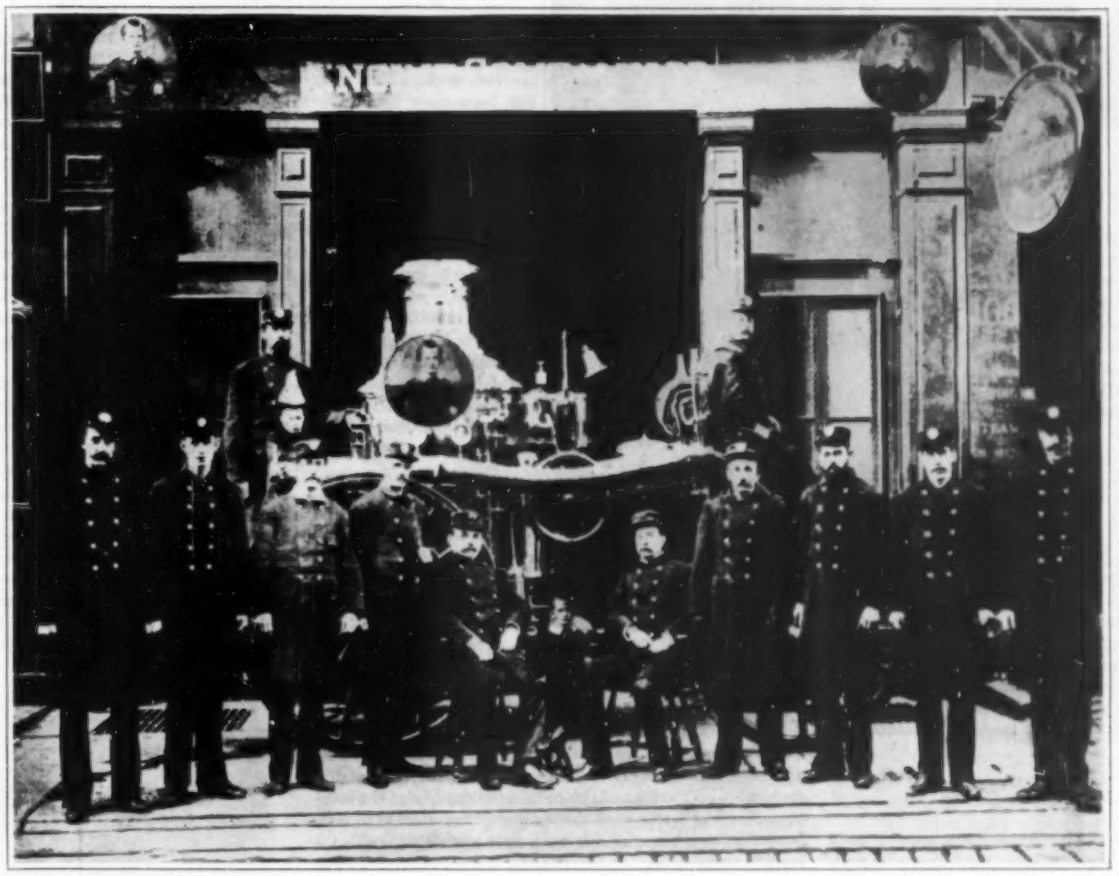
UP TO NOW—An Autobiography

By ALFRED E. SMITH



"Al" Smith, the "Fire Buff" With Engine Company 32 in 1883

MY mother's father and mother were born in Westmeath, in Ireland. I remember my mother telling me that her mother's father was a barrister. My mother's parents came to this country in 1841 with one son, who was then an infant. My recollection of what my mother told me is that they came on a clipper ship belonging to the Black Ball Line of sailing vessels. She docked at the foot of Beekman Street.

They walked three blocks from the place where they had landed, to the corner of Dover and Water streets, and saw a sign out, Rooms to Let. They took up their abode on the second floor of a building the ground and first floors of which were occupied by one of the old-fashioned grocery stores, owned by a German family named Dammerman. My mother was born in that house and so was the daughter of the Dammerman family. The girls were about the same age and their friendship lasted through the years. Last summer, in the middle of the campaign, this old-time neighbor and friend of my mother traveled to Albany with some of her children, now about my own age, to visit me at the Executive Chamber and congratulate me on my nomination.

Our Early Days on South Street

WHILE living in this house my mother became acquainted with my father. He was a boss truckman, and the barn in which he kept his horses adjoined the grocery store. After their marriage, in September, 1872, they moved to 174 South Street. I was born in this house on December 30, 1873.

My father was born in Oliver Street between South and Water streets. He was fifteen years older than my mother and she was his second wife. He was a widower and had one daughter, who died only a few years ago. She lived practically all her life in Brooklyn. I do not remember ever hearing him tell where his parents came from. He was a tall, heavily built man, standing more than six feet, and weighing upward of two hundred and twenty-five pounds. He spent practically his entire time in the open air, as he drove one of the trucks himself. He was well known and very well liked in the old neighborhood. He worked all week, and Sunday was his only free day. Every Sunday in the summertime he took the whole family either to Coney Island or to Staten Island, where a friend of his was the owner of a road house. I remember my mother telling of an incident that happened in the summer of 1871, when they were keeping company. He found fault with her because she was not ready on time to catch a given boat on schedule for Staten Island. That boat was the Westfield, the boilers of which blew up on that trip, and it was wrecked in the bay on the way down to Staten Island.

My father was a good swimmer and a good oarsman. My mother often told me the story that when they were keeping company he brought her down one Sunday to visit his friend Daly on Staten Island, and they missed the last boat on the Staten Island ferry. He scared her to death by insisting that he row her across the bay to South Brooklyn.

A City Man

WITH a selected group of his friends he maintained bathhouses at the end of the bridge dock built up against the easterly side of the New York tower of the Brooklyn Bridge. On warm nights in the summertime after work they put on their bathing suits and swam in the East River. You had to be a powerful swimmer to keep going against the tides and currents at that spot. In 1875—strange to say, in the same month and on the same date as I—my sister was born, so that we have always celebrated our birthdays together.

My father was then trucking for a machinery house. The senior member of the firm displayed a personal and friendly interest in my father and inquired of him one day whether he intended to bring up a family on the water front of New York. He offered my father a farm, giving him the chance to pay for it and own it at the monthly rental he was then paying for his rooms in South Street. That was about fifteen dollars a month. My father declined the offer, saying that it was too far from New York and that he himself would not be contented in the country. He wanted to be near his business. He gave various other reasons, none of which, in the light of later events, proved to be important. The farm spoken of occupied two city blocks on Fifth Avenue, South Brooklyn, in the vicinity of Fifty-fifth Street, now covered from one end to the other with apartment houses.

In the latter part of 1884 the house in South Street changed ownership and the floor upon which we lived was required as part of a boarding house for the employes of a café one door above us. We moved to 316 Pearl Street, where my mother's mother died in 1885. I have but slight recollection of her.

I saw very little of my father. In those days there were no union hours and no eight hours a day for a truckman. His day's work was done when he had delivered all the freight for that day, and not before, no matter what the hour. Trucking was then a very hard job. A man engaged in that line of business had very little chance to be with his family except on Sunday, and even on that day my father went to the stable in the morning to see that the men taking care of the horses were on the job.

A favorite resort for the folks downtown was the Atlantic Garden, where musical performances were given. It was patronized largely by the German population which then inhabited Christie, Forsythe and Eldridge, Broome, Delancey, Rivington and Houston streets, north of Canal.

Professor Esher had a band of lady musicians. Light lunches were served at tables and the universal drink at Atlantic Garden was lager beer. I remember as a small boy going with my father to the Atlantic Garden and listening to the popular airs played by the lady musicians and the songs and jokes of the vaudeville performers in vogue at that time. Their acts usually consisted of songs and clog dancing. My sister and I were given chocolate to drink, and huge slices of cake to eat with it, while the elders drank their beer, gossiped and listened to the entertainment.

In 1885 my father's health began to fail and he was unable to stand the hardship of the trucking business any longer. From that point on until his death he worked when he could as a watchman. He was so well known and so well liked in the neighborhood that he had no trouble at all securing easier work.

In the spring of 1886 we moved again. This time we went to 12 Dover Street, right alongside of the anchorage tower of Brooklyn Bridge. In November of that year my father died. His long illness and almost complete disability for months before he died left us in very straitened circumstances. The bill for his funeral was paid by his many friends. I was just one month short of thirteen years old.

Alfred E. Smith, at the Age of 13, the Fish-Market Period

The trucking business requires personal attention, and after my father's prolonged absence from it because of his illness, there was nothing left of his business at the time of his death and we were entirely without resources of any kind. He had gradually disposed of the horses and trucks in order to meet the financial requirements of keeping the family and getting what medical assistance he could for himself.

Keeping the Family Going

BEFORE her marriage, my mother had learned the trade of umbrella making. The evening of my father's funeral, my aunt—my mother's sister, who lived with us—my sister, my mother and myself returned to the little flat. It was cold and cheerless. I made the fire in the kitchen stove and we ate a hurriedly prepared dinner, and then my mother and I went to the residence of the forelady of the umbrella factory in which she had been employed before her marriage. She lived at 107 Madison Street, a short walk from Dover Street, and my mother made arrangements to resume her occupation as an umbrella maker. What she was able to earn working by day at the factory, supplemented by what was then called homework or nightwork, brought home for manufacture in the evening, provided us with enough to keep the family going until 1887, when early hours and hard work were beginning to tell upon her health.

Assisted by the landlady of the premises in which we lived, we purchased the stock and fixtures of a small combination candy and grocery store in the basement of 12 Dover Street. The earnings of the store were sufficient to keep me at school during 1887 and the winter of '88. After school hours my sister helped in the store while I sold newspapers between four and six and waited on the counter after dinner until bedtime.

I had established for myself a definite newspaper route which comprehended Beekman Street, South Street, between Beekman and Dover, the lower part of Fulton Street and the lower part of Peck Slip. The newspapers then in demand in that neighborhood were the Daily News, Sun, World, Post Commercial, Telegram, and Mail and Express. Henry George, then the leading advocate of the single-tax theory, owned a paper known as the Leader, published on the corner of Spruce and William streets. This publication office afterward became the headquarters of the New Yorker Staats-Zeitung. Newsboys were given two copies of Henry George's paper for one cent. In the event of the sale of both, there was 100 per cent profit. I had only one customer for the Leader. He was a shoemaker in Dover Street. His trade would have been of no use to me were it not for the fact that the rest of his family bought a copy of practically every other paper I sold, and with an eye to business I brought the other Henry George paper back home to my mother to read, though I do not think she understood Henry George's tax theory any more than I did myself at that time.

In 1883, when I was ten years old, I had joined the Altar Boys' Association of St. James' Church and served constantly on the altar until I went to work. The altar boys drew lots to see who would serve the early masses in the winter. A boy named Johnny Keating, who lived in the double alley in Cherry Street, and myself drew six o'clock mass in the month of January. My mother insisted that I have a cup of coffee and a roll before I left in the morning, and her sacrifice during that month was even greater than mine.

In 1888, on March twelfth, New York witnessed a phenomenal snowstorm referred to ever since as the "blizzard." On the Sunday night before the blizzard, carrying out my part of the work of management of our little store, I put up the shutters, at the suggestion of my mother, at ten o'clock. It was then misting rain. No high wind was apparent and no warning of the impending blizzard. When we woke on the morning of March twelfth the candy store was buried under snow, and there being no way of reaching it from the inside, we lost all track of it until midday on the following Tuesday. I distinctly remember that I was not very much concerned with the inconvenience of the customers or the fear of the perishable quality of the merchandise, but I was very deeply concerned about the welfare of a Scotch terrier dog with four puppies to which I wanted to get food. The terrier dog was down in the back room of the store.

On Tuesday, the thirteenth of March, the day after the blizzard, for the first time within the knowledge of anybody alive at that period, the East River froze over. Some very busy fellows, with an eye to private profit, erected a ladder at Pier 28 on the East River, charging five cents to go down the ladder so that you could walk across to Brooklyn. In company with a number of small boys, I beat the ladder game, slid down the side of the pier, got down on the ice and walked over to Martin's Stores, just opposite in Brooklyn, and back. There is always one individual around who wants to outdo everybody else. He wants to be able to say that he did something nobody else did. In company with the same crowd, I saw a horse in his holster swung onto the ice, and saw a man ride across on horseback.

Toward three o'clock that afternoon, a large piece of ice broke away and went down the river with the tide with some twenty or thirty people on it. The towboats on the river went alongside of the cake of ice and picked the people off safely. The cake broke up before it reached Governor's Island.

The schools were closed and there was not much for the school boys and girls to do, so I became a volunteer member of No. 32 Engine Company, located on John Street. The engine company had borrowed four sleighs from a leather concern, manned them with firemen and hose, and used the horses of the Fire Department to make their way as best they could through lower New York.

I can distinctly remember the statements made by experienced fire fighters that had a fire of any consequence broken out on the lower end of Manhattan Island on the Monday morning of the blizzard, nothing could have stopped it from sweeping Manhattan Island right off the earth.

Volunteer work of that nature was agreeable to me because I had always had a strong desire to be a fireman and performed my probationary duties under what were called the Buffaloes. The Buffaloes was an order of young boys interested in fire fighting and the glamour and excitement of the engine house who were willing to give volunteer service. In my after-school hours, for recreation, I practically lived in the engine house of Engine Company No. 32 on John Street. I rode on the hose cart and performed the various duties around the engine house required of the boys belonging to the Buffalo corps.

The Horse-Collar Trick That Won the Prize

JOHN BINNS, afterward deputy chief of the Fire Department, was then the foreman of No. 32 Engine, and I had the great satisfaction, in later years, when I was sheriff of New York, of assisting him in securing the admission of his son to the West Point Military Academy. During this period the father of my intimate friend, W. F. Kenny, was the foreman of Engine Company No. 7, situated in City Hall Park. When the National Horse Show Association gave their annual show at Madison Square Garden great rivalry grew up between the engine companies for a prize offered by the Horse Show Association to the engine company that hitched the horses and moved the apparatus in the shortest time.

Bill Kenny's father had so trained his horses that they were able to hook the collars on themselves. The collars were drawn close to the floor, and the horses were trained to throw their heads into the air so that the collars snapped on without assistance from the firemen. Engine Company No. 7 won, much to the discomfiture of the Buffaloes and men of Engine Company No. 32, who had to be content with second prize.

Great interest was manifested in engine companies and in firemen by all the residents of the old-time downtown districts. Today, with the motor-driven apparatus, the fire department has lost much of its glamour for me. The old sentiment attached to it is gone. Its spectacular features are lost and we have only the satisfaction of knowing that the old horses, known by name to everybody in the neighborhood and beloved and admired by the small boy, have given way to the efficiency of the motor.

I probably inherited my interest in the fire department. In the days of the volunteer department, both my father and my uncle, Peter Mulvehill—my mother's brother—were members of Liberty Hose No. 10, which was then

His First Photograph, at About Five

quartered on the site of the present Police Gazette Building at the corner of Pearl and Dover streets. Immediately after the Civil War the volunteer department was abolished by law and the paid department was organized. In the process of organization my uncle became a member of the paid fire department, although in weight and stature he would not be able to meet the requirements of today. Nevertheless, he served well and faithfully, and for more than thirty-five years was the driver of No. 10 truck in Fulton Street, and in all kinds of weather responded to every alarm of fire that occurred south of Canal Street from the North to the East River.

In the summer of '88, when I was not quite fifteen years old, the pressure upon the family treasury was so great that it was necessary for me to branch out and find greater earning capacity.

I left school before graduation and engaged in the trucking business with a man by the name of William J. Redmond. I held the position known in those days as truck chaser. There were no telephones or other means of easy communication and the truck chaser was a young man or boy who could run along the water front, pick up the trucks of his employer and deliver orders to them before they came back to the base of operation.

As a truck chaser, I earned three dollars a week. In an effort to better myself I went to work as an assistant shipping clerk and general all-round handy boy in the oil establishment known as Clarkson & Ford, in Front Street near Peck Slip, for eight dollars a week. I took advantage of opportunities in the night time to earn a little more for the promotion of the welfare of the family.

I remember one night's work very distinctly. Gifted with a good loud voice, I remember being paid for reading off the ticker tape on the night of the Sullivan-Corbett fight. Like most of the young fellows of my time, I was a strong rooter for John L. Sullivan. Within the last few months I told this story to James J. Corbett, the victor on that occasion, who has since that time become a warm personal friend.

Twelve Dollars a Week and Free Fish

IN 1892 the pressure of necessity again made itself apparent, and as the ordinary clerical position of that day did not pay sufficient for the needs that I was compelled to meet, I found employment, at what at that time was regarded as a very good salary, in the Fulton Fish Market. I received twelve dollars a week. Salaries were large because the work was very hard. I reported for duty at four o'clock in the morning and worked until four o'clock in the afternoon, five days of the week, and reported at three o'clock in the morning on Friday.

I was employed by the wholesale commission house of John Feeney & Co. My position had the lofty title of assistant bookkeeper, which consisted of doing about everything there was to be done around the market. In addition to the salary, all employes were permitted to take home for their own use and the use of their families as much fish as they wanted. I think I might well say that for a long time we had such a complete fish diet that the entire family developed a fear of them. A live one might at some time or other wreak his vengeance for the devoured members of his finny family.

The great science about the wholesale fish business in my time was a knowledge ahead of time of the catch. Fish had to be sold when caught, as the method of preservation was entirely by loose ice. Economy suggested that the market be cleaned every day, and the shrewd commission merchant was the man who had a knowledge in advance of either a glut or a scarcity. Part of my job was the use of a pair of strong marine glasses from the roof of the fish market in order to pick out the fishing smacks of the fleet operated by my employers as they turned out of Buttermilk Channel into the lower East River. A low draft was a big catch. Riding high on the crest of the wave was a failure, and as it was known to the owners of the business where each particular smack was operating, so also was the cargo known. In September, the smack that was operating off Seabright, New Jersey, was in quest of bluefish. The well-laden smack, turning out of the Channel, indicated a plentiful supply of blue, and that regulated the price. Cold-storage warehouses had not been invented to circumvent the economic law of supply and demand.

From the fish market, I naturally sought promotion and went to work in Brooklyn as shipping clerk for the Davison Steam Pump Works. It was while I was in their employ, in January, 1895, that I received my first political appointment as a clerk in the office of the commissioner of jurors.

During my governorship I was interested in the setting-up of playgrounds and places of recreation for the children of New York. Naturally, my mind drifts back to the lack of playground facilities and of ordered and properly directed recreation when I was a small boy. But somehow or other, everybody is cared for and we were not without means of amusement and opportunities for exercise and recreation, even though they may have been very crude. No gymnasium that was ever built, no athletic club in the country, could offer to anybody the opportunities given to the small boy along the water front, using the bowsprit and the rigging of ships as a gymnasium. When the ship came to port laden to the water line, trapezes, hand bars, everything that would take the place of the modern gymnasium was available. As the ship was unloaded over a period of weeks—all by man and horse power—she rose with the tide, and when one bowsprit was not available, there was a new arrival every day. So that while the gymnasium might move a block or a block and a half, there was always one at hand well stocked and ready for use.

The East River was the place for swimming, and as early as April and as late as October the refreshing waters of the East River, free entirely at that time from pollution, offered the small boy all the joys that now come to the winter or summer bather on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. The dressing rooms were under the dock. Bathing suits were not heard of. In fact, it would have been dangerous to suggest them, for fear you might be accused of setting a fashion that everybody else could not follow.

The popular swimming place was the dock at the foot of Pike Street, built well out into the river, and there was a rather good-natured caretaker who paid no attention to small boys seeking the pleasure and recreation of swimming in the East River.

In the warm summer days it was great fun sliding under the dock while the men were unloading the boatloads of bananas from Central America. An occasional overripe banana would drop from the green bunch being handed from one dock laborer to another, and the short space between the dock and the boat contained room enough for at least a dozen of us to dive after the banana.

PHOTO, BY CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE

Governor Smith's Birthplace, 174 South Street, New York City. In Oval—His Mother

Beginners learned to swim in the fish cars. These were directly back of the fish market. The water in them was about three feet deep and the cars were six feet wide and about twelve feet long. They were used for preserving fish caught alive, and particularly for green turtles. When empty, the covers were lifted from them and they provided a kind of swimming pool for the amateur who was not quite ready to trust himself in the East River.

Roller skating in City Hall Park was something of a luxury, and a trip to Central Park, with a ride in the goat wagon, was something that came to you on your birthday if you were lucky. Our favorite way of reaching Central Park was on the open cars of the Second Avenue horse-car line in the summertime. They started from Fulton Ferry and gathered in all the downtown children lucky enough to get a trip to Central Park.

Coney Island was entirely out of the world. The favorite way of reaching it was by boat from Jewell's Wharf, which lay alongside of the foot of Fulton Street, Brooklyn. We went by boat from the wharf to the foot of Sixty-fifth Street, South Brooklyn, there transferring to the old Sea Beach route through which the Subway trains are now running. We transferred to cars pulled by a steam locomotive and landed at Vanderveer's Hotel at the extreme westerly end of the busy section of Coney Island as we know it today.

When Sea Gate Was Just a Point of Land

LESS than a mile of the Atlantic Ocean water front was then Coney Island. The largely built-up residential section now known as Sea Gate was then called Norton's Point, because it was the property of a man named Norton, and was entirely undeveloped, there being no way of getting to it. In 1889, Norton offered the property to Richard Croker and Phil Dwyer as a possible site for a race track. Croker and Dwyer conferred with Austin Corbin, of the Long Island Railroad, in an effort to have a railroad station established there. Failing to secure this, they were obliged to decline Norton's offer. Norton had offered them the entire property for $80,000, and in 1922, when I spent the summer in Sea Gate with my family, a single house with three lots attached thereto was appraised at $75,000.

The playthings for boys in my neighborhood were the animals brought to the port of New York from the West

(Continued on Page 121)

When Ten Years Old

BRITAIN GOES LABOR AGAIN

By Isaac F. Marcosson

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A Typical Snapshot of Lady Astor Campaigning in Her Constituency

ON MAY THIRTIETH, Mr. and Mrs. John Bull and their daughter, Joan, cast more than 22,000,000 ballots and decided the most momentous, perhaps, of all British elections. I refer to Miss Bull, in particular, because she represented the so-called flapper voter that exercised the right of suffrage for the first time, thus making Britain's democracy complete. Furthermore, she made the second Labor Government possible.

The lipstick and powder-puff contingent added more than 5,000,000 to the register and exerted an influence akin to that wrought by their American sisters in our last presidential struggle. Whether it was womanlike or not—their mass decision was largely a riddle in advance—they constituted the preëlection mystery and contributed largely to the difficulty of making any kind of accurate forecast.

Politically the British female of the species asserted herself as never before. Though women dominated the contest—they outnumbered the men voters by exactly 1,510,831—their candidates did not. Instead of that well-known "man's inhumanity to man," the returns indicated woman's unkindness to woman. The fair nominees fared badly. Out of sixty-nine women candidates, only fourteen were elected. They included the American-born Lady Astor, the first of her sex to sit in Parliament, who had the fight of her political life. She got in by 211 votes.

The Conservatives Go Into the Wilderness

LARGELY because of the woman vote, every prediction went by the board. The outstanding fact was that no party got 308 votes, which is a majority over the two other groups. The result was a stalemate. It complicated the situation to such an extent that for a few days the country, to use an effective American phrase, did not know "where it was at."

Labor scored the biggest advance, securing 288 seats—an increase of 126 over its preëlection standing. It is, therefore, the dominant group. The swing to the left did not imply surrender to radicalism. Though Labor is the Socialist Party, it has been purged of extremism. What was once a near red is now a very pale pink. Studied moderation marked every Labor campaign manifesto.

The Conservatives suffered the worst defeat in many decades, although they polled the largest popular vote. When Parliament was dissolved twenty days before the polling, they ruled the parliamentary roost with 400 seats. This position was drastically reversed, for they had only 257 when the smoke of battle cleared. Eight ministers went "into the wilderness," as the British call political defeat.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL PRESS AGENCY, LONDON

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin on Their Arrival at Plymouth. The Former Prime Minister is Carrying Under His Arm Broccoli, Presented to Him by a Cornish Farmer

following with either one of the two opposition groups, he can turn the other out. There was general satisfaction on only one point: every communist candidate was completely snowed under. Such are some of the consequences of the most bitterly fought and, incidentally, the most expensive British general election yet held.

Ten years ago the Labor success would have produced some degree of panic. But Britain had had Socialism in the saddle and the heavens did not fall. While everybody deplored the failure to achieve a clear-cut decision, life went on just the same. The average man groused as usual about the price of beer and the weather. Six days after the upset at the polls hundreds of thousands made the usual pilgrimage to Epsom Downs to see the Derby run. For days ahead, John Jones was more concerned about odds on the favorite than the occupancy of No. 10 Downing Street. The Britisher regards the vicissitudes of his politics just as he regards his taxes—namely, as inevitable things. In this complacency, not entirely unmixed with chronic self-confidence, lies part of the enduring strength of the Empire.

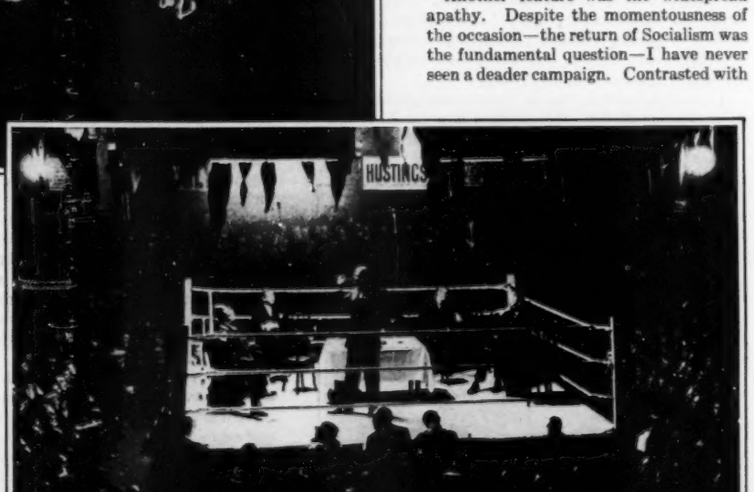
Wiseacres Fooled by the Flapper Vote

THE inconclusive result—which may make another general election altogether likely before twelve months pass—was only one of many eccentricities. The Labor vote, for example, was a big surprise. The campaign optimists had deluded themselves with the idea that the flapper, voting for the first time, would follow the lead of parent or employer. Instead, and especially in the industrial north, where unemployment is rampant, both the mill and the shop girl voted Socialist.

I had a striking illustration of the preëlection attitude. The day before polling I wanted to buy a new snapshot of Ramsay MacDonald. Not one of the big London picture agencies had one. All said: "We have not taken any of him for a long time." Yet hundreds of campaign photographs of Stanley Baldwin and Lloyd George were available.

MacDonald won his comeback with the backing of only one London paper, the Daily Herald, which is the Labor Party organ. On the other hand, Baldwin had all the thunderers, including the Times, the Morning Post, Daily Telegraph and the Sunday Times, behind him. The powerful Rothermere press, headed by the Daily Mail, gave Lloyd George considerable aid and comfort, while the Daily Express was not entirely unfriendly to him. It was an illuminating commentary on the value, or rather the lack of value, of press support in this campaign.

Another feature was the widespread apathy. Despite the momentousness of the occasion—the return of Socialism was the fundamental question—I have never seen a deader campaign. Contrasted with one of our rip-roaring presidential contests, with its red fire, tumult, shouting, and all other noisy accessories, it was a sad affair. It was only when one of the Big Three got on the stump that anything like enthusiasm was kindled. The French have always said that the British take their pleasures sadly. After six weeks of observation on the firing—it was anything but an inspiring—line I would add to that, and say that they take their politics the same way.



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They Even Used Prize Rings for the Hustings

Yet the election was bitterly fought. Traditionally Britain is a two-party country. In the old days it was Conservative arrayed against Liberal. The Labor Party has come into prominence only during the last two decades. Since 1923 it has completely overshadowed the Liberals and been in power once. Lloyd George gave Liberalism a rebirth this year, with the result that the election became a three-cornered show. Only a landslide could have brought about an effective result. There were 470 triangular contests, the greatest number on record. The 1729 candidates, including 590 Conservatives, 570 Laborites, 512 Liberals, 25 Communists and 32 Independents, also set a new high. In 1924, 1428 candidates ran. You have an indication of how keen was the competition when I say that there were only seven unopposed seats. Usually there are thirty or forty.

What the campaign lacked in ginger was more than made up in sharp contrast and drama. The younger generation had its field day. Stanley Baldwin's son, Oliver, was a successful Labor candidate. Thus the Conservative leader will have his offspring in the opposite benches. Lloyd George not only got in himself—all the Big Three won their seats—but with him rode his daughter Megan and his son, Major Gwyllm Lloyd George. It is the first time that a father, son and daughter sit in Parliament.

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A Characteristic Speaking Pose of Ramsay MacDonald, the New Prime Minister

Broccoli

ARRIVAL line-up is presented by the Hendersons. Arthur Henderson, secretary of the Labor Party, who was Home Secretary in the first MacDonald Government, was not only reëlected but his two sons, Arthur and William, also got in. A fourth interesting family group or rather a family duet are the MacDonalds. The new premier has his son Malcolm in the House to back him up.

Two well-known couples ran with varying results. One was Mr. and Mrs. Walter Runciman, who are prominent Liberals. Husband got in, but wife was defeated. There was no such sundering in the case of Sir Oswald and Lady Cynthia Mosley. Both were elected as Laborites. In Lady Cynthia's emergence as a Socialist M. P. the British political realignment is startlingly revealed. She is the patrician daughter—and she looks it—of that peer of peers, the late Marquis Curzon.

More striking than this was the actual battle between two brothers—Frederick L. and Cyril O. Jones—who contested the same seat in Flintshire, the former as Liberal and the latter for Labor. Frederick was successful, his brother running third in the triangular contest. There was also a division in the family of Hall Caine, the novelist, one son, Ralph, running as Conservative, and the other, Derwent, as Labor candidate. Other picturesque cases were those of Mrs. Harrison Bell, a sixty-four-year-old mother who stood for Luton, and her son, E. P. Bell, who carried the Labor flag at Wood Green, a North London suburb. Both were defeated.

Humor was not entirely wanting in the campaign. A twelve-month-old baby was included in the list of new voters. The mistake was not discovered until the infant received a letter from a party agent beginning, "Dear madam." In the South Kensington division of London an Independent Conservative candidate was put up against Sir William Davison, the regular Unionist, because his wife had lately divorced him. Divorce became the rampant question in a silk-stocking district. Sir William came in on a big majority, which showed that the women had no scruples about matrimonial complications.

Then there was the great broccoli episode which put a degree of gayety in the otherwise dull electioneering show and projected a humble vegetable into the vortex of discussion. The way of it was this: In his keynote speech at Drury Lane, in London, Stanley Baldwin innocently cited the export of broccoli from Cornwall as an evidence of reviving oversea trade. Millions of Britishers had never eaten broccoli or even heard of it, but before many days passed they came to know it as an old friend.

A few days after the Baldwin speech, Lloyd George opened his campaign at Plymouth. His main job was to punch holes in the Baldwin argument, and he singled out broccoli for attack, saying: "Cotton exports have gone down, things are very bad in Lancashire, woolen exports in Yorkshire are in a bad way, we are not exporting as many ships as we used to, but never mind, we will live by exporting broccoli. Henceforth the Union Jack shall fly at the head of a broccoli stalk."

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Lloyd George Dealing With a Heckler

Broccoli thereafter ran like an opera motif through most of the denunciatory Lloyd George speeches. In the vocabulary of Hollywood, it became a sort of theme song. Ridicule, however, is not always a satisfactory weapon, especially in England. The agricultural areas resented this derisive note about a product that was just coming into its own, and it cost the Liberals a big vote in the west. Lloyd George achieved one end, however. He stimulated a wide demand for broccoli. It appeared more frequently on menus than ever before.

All Eyes Trained on Great Britain

THE campaign dullness was mainly due to a lack of effective issue. No historic questions, such as church, tariff, home rule or franchise, which stirred animosities in the great days of Palmerston, Gladstone and Disraeli, enlivened the hustings.

This year no red-letter bombshell exploded. As a matter of fact, there was a strong family resemblance between what we would term the platforms. Unemployment will illustrate. As soon as Lloyd George raised the slogan, "We can conquer unemployment"—he knew its sob-stuff potentialities—both of the other parties took it up. The cry of a remedy for what has become a chronic British evil had been projected so often without a resultant panacea that it proved ineffective upon revival.

Baldwin defended his policy of so-called safeguarding, which is a modified tariff to protect key industries like iron and steel, while MacDonald bore down hard on nationalization of the coal mines as a step to a kindred control of the railroads. For the first time since Gladstone's era foreign affairs entered into the election, and it was here that the United States figured.

It was more than a coincidence that Doctor Schacht hampered the reparations settlement so long. He had linked Rhineland evacuation with Teutonic indemnity concessions. The Germans wanted to know with what kind of British Government they would be obliged to sign on the dotted line. Russia's gaze was also eager. A Socialist régime was at least certain to fulfill its campaign pledge to resume diplomatic relationships. The most important postwar Anglo-French agreements had been put through by the Conservatives. Paris was apprehensive of a Socialist order that might play havoc with her militaristic international arrangements and intentions. A new deal in Whitehall might soften terms. All India, seething with revolt against British rule, likewise watched the turn of events, hoping, with Russia, for generous favor.

So, too, with East and South Africa; in fact, wherever the Union Jack flew. Canada, Australia and New Zealand have their tariff and immigration complications with the mother country. The destinies of the whole British Commonwealth of Nations, as the old empire is now called, were linked with the new set-up of the parliamentary assembly that would sit under the shadow of Big Ben.

Uncle Sam was more than a dispassionately interested bystander. He contributed two issues that found

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Trafalgar Square, London, on Election Night

DOCTOR LOCKERBIE

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

WHILE Doctor Lockerbie was listening to Mrs. Murphy's long list of complaints he was thinking of Mary Ellen Burkhart. He was not aware that most of his thoughts were of her. It had become habit for him to give perfect and courteous attention to his business, to prescribe for patients and dress wounds, without losing the thread of his thought of her, which he held delicately in his mind; sometimes as a deliberate antidote to the business in hand; more often, without knowing it.

Only this evening she had been in the office. She often ran across the lane between the two back yards, and at dusk she had come into the house through the back door, calling, "Hoo-hoo! Are you here, doctor?" And at his answer she came right into his office from the house, and lifted her dress, and pirouetted on her toes, and made a bow and said "Do you like it?"

"Oh, it's not bad," answered Doctor Lockerbie, one knee up in his two hands, his brown eyes twinkling.

"Do you like it as well as the blue one?" she asked anxiously.

He put his head on one side and considered her.

"It's too long," he told her, "and too thick and warm."

Mary Ellen laughed, looked at her bare arms, and put one hand up to her round throat. The bright pink silk dress did not even pretend to cover her knees, and her long limbs, in silk stockings that matched her sunburned arms and throat, made her look like some bright bird.

"You're holding out on me," she scolded. "You know I look perfectly scrumptious. Mother hemmed it and made the flower, and I did all the machine sewing."

"You're a spoiled child," he told her affectionately. "What will you do when your mother can't work for you all the time?"

At this she grew so sober that he repented:

"Never mind my croaking, Mary Ellen. Your dress is as pretty as it can be. Apple Blossoms would be a good name for it. And your mother would rather make pretties for you than breathe. But I wore a longer dress than that when I was five."

"You did?"

"Look." He rummaged in a drawer and brought out a little bundle of pictures tied with a string. He tumbled them onto his desk. "Here, this is it."

He put it in her hand and she stood gazing at it. It was a brown photograph, pasted on a stiff mounting, of a serious little boy, with soft curls around his face, a long woolen dress gathered onto a tight guimpe. High buttoned shoes peeped out from under his dress. He stood leaning against a little table, his cheek against one hand.

"Doctor Lockerbie, is this really you?"

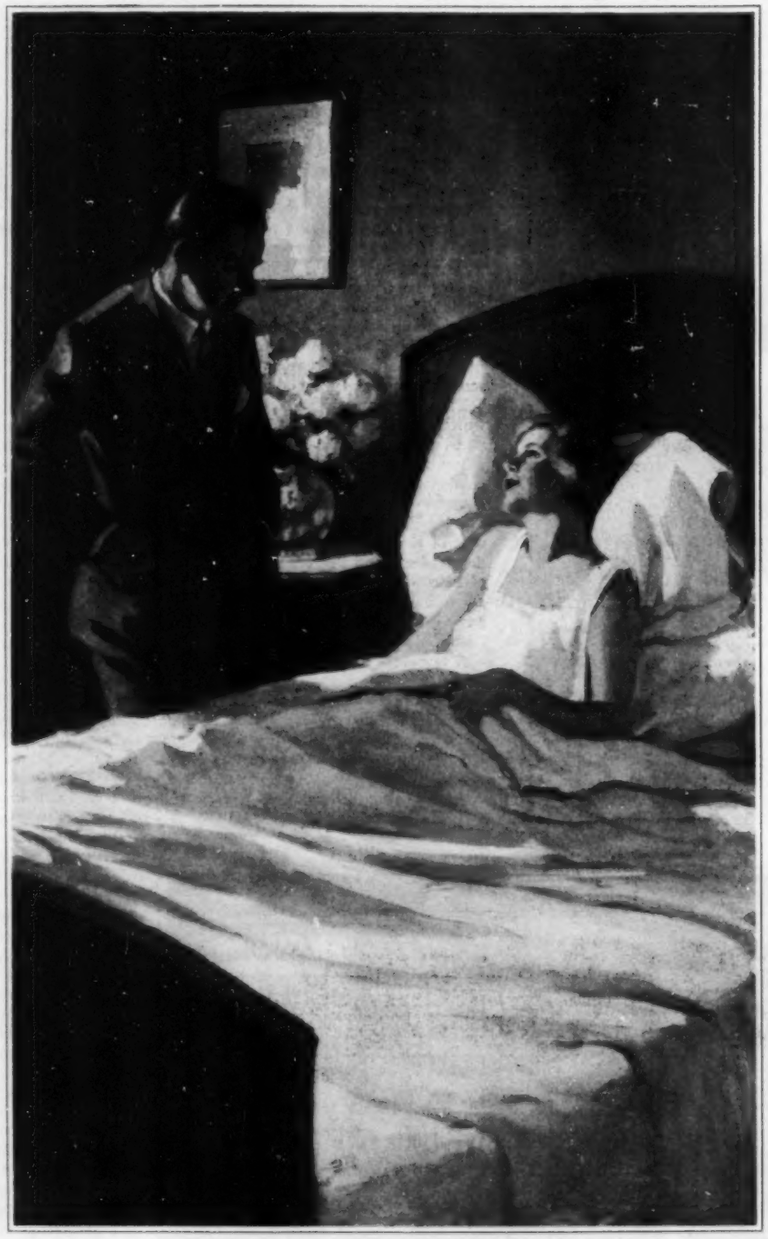
"Of course it is. I wore that dress the first day I went to school, and those curls! Speaking of foolish mothers! I think I had seven fights. I came home with my curls smeared with mud and my dress torn to pieces. The next day they cut my hair and put me into small tight pants. I've never been quite so pleased with myself since."

"Doctor Lockerbie, can I have this?"

"Shucks, what do you want with it? It's mother's."

"Please let me have it."

He laughed and took it out of her hand and tossed it on the desk with the others.



"It's Madness, Mary Ellen. It'll Never Do"

"You've a dozen fraternity pins and plenty of scalps without this little fellow," he told her, and turned back, smoothing his hair and grinning at her engagingly.

"And where are you going tonight in all that finery?" he asked.

"Do I really look fine? We're going to the movies—Johnny and Kate, and Tim Murphy and Lulu, and Joe and I. And then we'll go to the Green Cheese for hot dogs and terrible coffee, and maybe for a ride, and come back to our house and dance."

"Do you like Joe, Mary Ellen? He seems to be the latest."

She was never still more than a moment, and now she struck a posture and said affectedly:

"Oh, Doctor Lockerbie, he's so good-looking! Doesn't he just thrill you?" The doctor laughed and denied that Joe thrilled him at all.

"Really, though, he does look like Ramon Navarro. Don't you think he does, Doctor Lockerbie?"

"Who is he?" asked Doctor Lockerbie, and Mary Ellen gave a groan.

"Why do you make such an old fogy out of yourself?" she demanded. "How can you be so ign'rant? You wouldn't know Clara Bow if you saw her on the street." She came across as she spoke, and perched on the arm of his chair, and her small sunburned hand pushed all his hair forward and down over his eyes.

"Your hair's as thick as mine, and yet you act as though you were a bald-headed old grandfather. Why, really, Doctor Lockerbie, you are almost good-looking, in a kind of dignified way. I'll go to the movies with you," she offered, "or I'll bring you a movie magazine and show you all the sheiks and shebas. Wouldn't you like that?"

"I'm too susceptible. There might be some bathing beauties in it. But you might leave it in the office for the flappers that come in now and then."

She pulled his hair back and twisted it into black peaks, and then, leaning delicately down, she whispered in his ear, slowly, importantly:

"Doctor Lockerbie, I've—got—a—secret—love."

"Is that unusual?" he asked, and she said softly:

"I've got a case on Joe, of course. You know how it is, Doctor Lockerbie. You have to have a case or the boys won't go with you. But I've got a really, truly, secret love. Nobody knows it—not even the one."

"It isn't the French teacher again, is it?" He had worried a little about the French teacher last year—a man he didn't admire.

She sighed a little.

"No," she said. "That was a grand crush, but this is real—this one. It makes me cry sometimes when I'm alone."

He looked up, and with enormous discomfort he realized that she was growing up. For the first time he saw how tall and lovely she was. She had been in and out of this office every day for the past ten years, since first he came home from his hospital training to take up the county practice under his father, whose health was failing.

She had obligingly fallen out of the cherry tree that first day and suffered a broken collar bone. So she had been his first patient, and he, she insisted, her first affair of the heart. For ten years he had seen her constantly and had his own share in her upbringing. He had taken Mary J. Holmes away from her, and given her Jane Austen. He had insisted that she read Jane Eyre and Hypatia, instead of the Wide, Wide World and the Alger books. He had seen her report cards and provided treats when she had all A's. He had been very stern with her when she broke a date for one she liked better, and had compelled her to stand by her first engagement. His mother had taken care of her for weeks, one time, when her own mother was impressed into service at the bedside of a relative dying alone in a distant city. She had always loved him with a clear, childlike affection, had told him everything she did and thought and felt, with an absolute lack of reserve that sometimes appalled him, sometimes made him wish that she might never need to become mature, wise and secretive and careful, as women sometimes had to be.

Looking up, now, into her flushed, eager face, brimming with the first confidence she had failed to give him completely, he knew with a forewarning of pain that she was eighteen, ripe for life and love. She had come to woman's estate. In just a little while she would be really in love, would belong to someone, and this long, delightful intimacy would be cut off. She would enter in through the doors of marriage, where no one, no matter how much he cared, could follow a wife save her own husband.

Doctor Lockerbie's attention came back to Mrs. Murphy guiltily.

"And just about an hour after eating, this pain comes up around my heart and makes me feel faint and dizzy. You don't reckon I've got some terrible heart disease, do you, Doctor Lockerbie?"

"It's indigestion, Mrs. Murphy," he said gently. He gathered up the pictures still scattered over his desk, and tied the string around them and put them away as he talked to her. "You must leave off the starches and such foods as cause you to have these gas pains. And take two of those white tablets I gave you, instead of one. If you could arrange to take a walk after eating ——"

"I have to do the dishes," said Mrs. Murphy practically. Doctor Lockerbie knew that there had never been a dirty dish in her kitchen a minute longer than it took to wash it. "If I had a daughter, now—but my girls are all boys. Tim used to help me when he was little, but now he's wild after the girls, and the older boys are gone. I wish Tim would go with Mary Ellen instead of Lulu. You can count on Mary Ellen. Tim likes her, but she never gives him a date."

"I don't believe they care much who it is, so long as they are paired off evenly," Doctor Lockerbie said, closing down his desk and looking at the clock. Mrs. Murphy had stopped in after the show was over to tell Doctor Lockerbie about her pains. It was bedtime and he was tired. He expected to be called in the night.

"Sometimes it catches me about my fifth rib ——" Mrs. Murphy went on, and Doctor Lockerbie reflected that Mary Ellen was the only perfectly healthy person, mind and body, who ever came into this office. All his life was occupied with the diseased, the sick, the broken and neurotic, except for her. So bright and real was his thought of her in her new pink dress, like a blossoming apple bough, that the sheer vitality of her memory seemed to dispel the neurotic symptoms of the bored Mrs. Murphy whose sons were all grown.

The telephone began to ring, a long, imperative signal that cut across her talk and his reflections.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Murphy." He picked up the receiver and said "Doctor Lockerbie speaking."

Someone was sobbing at the other end. The doctor waited patiently

"There's been a wreck," he got at last.

"Where?" he asked sharply.

"Here at the bridge, by the turnpike and the state road. Above the store at Gilder's. Can you come?"

"I'll be there in five minutes," he answered. He said to Mrs. Murphy, "I'll telephone you tomorrow. I must go now—rush call."

His car leaped away under him, and he sounded his horn and ran across the signal of the stop-and-go sign. He crossed the bridge, turned east above the river, out into the state road, passed Gilder's and so came to the county turnpike, and there Doctor Lockerbie drew up his car and stopped, got out in his calm, imperturbable way, and crossed the road to the scene of excitement.

And then all his measured steadiness left him, for there stood Johnny, weeping loudly, and Joe was lying on the dusty grass, with a stranger from one of the cars stopped along by the road bending over him. Lulu and Kate and Tim were still trying to get someone from under the wreck.

There was a scream, men came running from every direction. They lifted the roadster, and just as Doctor Lockerbie reached the spot they drew Mary Ellen out and laid her on the grass. Doctor Lockerbie knelt beside her. She was moaning softly. Her bright hair fell away from her round face, which was as pale as chalk, with the eyes closed and the lips blue. Her limbs lay unnaturally.

Doctor Lockerbie looked up and raked the crowd and found Tim Murphy.

"Go down to Gilder's—give him a lift, some of you—and phone for the ambulance. Tell them two trays. Then call Burkhart's, and Joe's father, and say we are taking Joe and Mary Ellen right to the hospital, and for them to follow us at once."

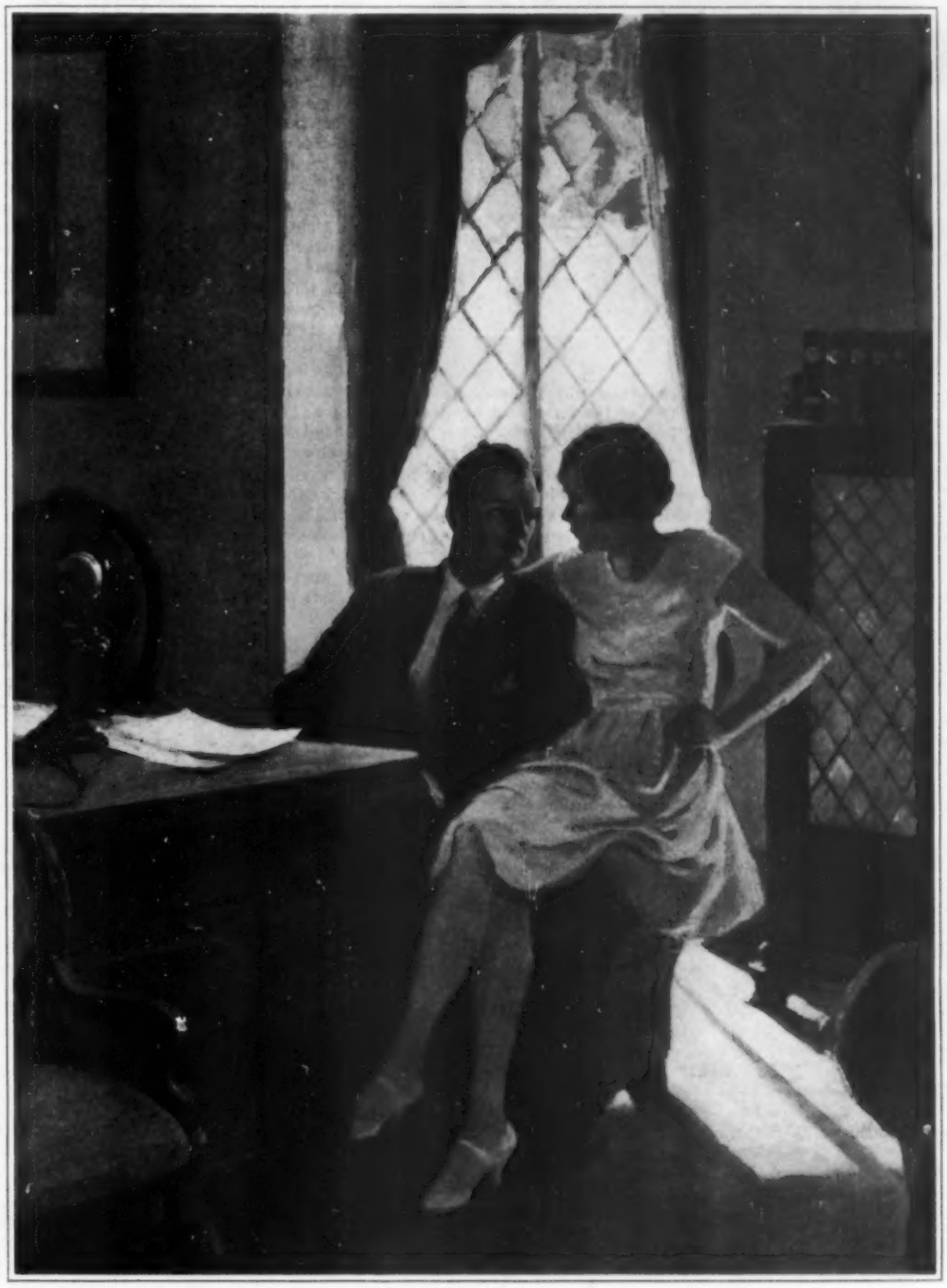
Tim was off like a flash, and Doctor Lockerbie gave a thought of thanks for this steady young man. He straightened the brief, torn pink frock of shining silk, and then stripped off his coat and put back his cuffs, and there on the grass in the light of the cars he did what he could for her. There was, he hoped, no internal injury. At least three ribs were broken. Her left foot had evidently got tangled in the pedals of the car, for the ankle was broken clean. Someone assisted him in improvising a splint, and he drew the knee down and fixed it into place, for her hip was injured. Her breath came faintly. Steadily he pierced the tender white skin of her upper arm with a hypodermic needle. He had to leave her to look at Joe, but saw at once that there was nothing that could be done.

Doctor Lockerbie felt as though he were a very old man. His head seemed light and far away. But his trained hands were as steady and competent as ever. The boy who looked like Ramon Navarro lay there immobile in his crumpled clothes. It was only a matter of ten minutes or so. Mary Ellen's "case"—the one who thrilled her so! Tim was back now at Doctor Lockerbie's side. He was talking with great excitement, but he kept himself in hand:

"Some guy sideswiped us. We turned clear around and then turned over. Joe was driving and Mary Ellen was sitting on his lap. The rest of us were thrown out in the grass, but they were caught under the wheel."

"Six of you—in a light roadster," said Doctor Lockerbie heavily. "Joe's gone. There's just a chance for Mary Ellen."

And then Lulu discovered that her knee was bleeding, and fainted just as the ambulance came up.



"No," She Said. "That Was a Grand Crush, But This is Real—This One"

It was four o'clock in the morning when Doctor Lockerbie returned to his own home and left the car in the driveway. The office was in front, but Doctor Lockerbie went to the kitchen door. There was a dark figure on the doorstep who got up and stood shyly, cap in hand.

"That you, Tim?"

"Yes, doctor. I—I couldn't go to bed. I wanted to know about Mary Ellen. They're saying all over town that she'll die."

"No, no. She's pretty badly hurt. Her hip's the worst of it. Her ankle and the ribs aren't serious. They'll mend in no time, but her hip looks bad. But she'll not—go out. What we have to face is the possibility that she may be crippled."

"Oh, no, Doctor Lockerbie. She danced like a fairy. I—I've always wanted Mary Ellen to be my girl, but she was crazy about Mr. Thiebault last year, and then about Joe. I feel as though it's my fault. I'm the oldest. I'm twenty-two. I should have said, 'No, we can't all go in that car.' I didn't even think about saying it, but I should have. Do you think I should have?"

The doctor was very tired. But the note of distress in this voice was something he never passed by.

"It's just one of those things that happen, Tim," he said steadily. "I wouldn't blame myself if I were you. It's just life—and death. Mary Ellen is young and perfectly healthy. There's every chance for her to make a complete recovery. Besides, you weren't responsible for her. It's the age

(Continued on Page 86)

AMONG THE TRUMPETS

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

The Captain, Wordless, But Thinking Many Things, Rose Out of the Bush and Leaped for the Black's Head

He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear. . . . He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting. The glory of his nostrils is terrible.—*The Book of Job* xxxix, 21–25, 20.

THE morning was well advanced—that is to say, it was some time after nine o'clock. Westward the high-banked clouds that were the remnants of those that had deluged the countryside with rain the night before were still black and menacing, but eastward the sky was blue, and the sun already gave promise of unpleasant heat later on.

From the black woods on the right, gloomy and sinister beneath the clouds, to the rolling hills of the horizon stretched a wavy band of newly plowed earth. It was wide, it was irregular, it ran up and down hill and squirmed along the side of crests as if the man that had furrowed it had been either drunk or blind. That wavy band of earth, though made with steel, had not been plowed. It marked the German front line in front of Richecourt; it showed where the defense system that the French had crowned with such names as the Trench of the Goths, Trench of the Vandals, and Trench of the Barbarians had once frowned on Seicheprey and Jury Wood. The system was no more. Parapet and parados had been flattened into one uneven heap of mangled earth, the wire had been plucked up by shells, tossed about, rolled up, and flattened again by the passage of tanks. Dugouts and strong points that had defied assault for four years had gone as the snows of yesteryear.

The American attack that had begun at dawn had crossed this band of plowed ground in one jump, found no resistance and had gone on across the fields to the north, where they were already out of range.

The American artillery, most of its guns outranged, and the others unable to direct the barrage at such a distance from the target, had ceased firing. The Germans, their guns abandoned or in retreat, had done likewise. Deep silence had fallen where so short a time before thunderbolts had crashed and the ground had trembled with the recoil of a thousand guns. Where all had been smoke and shouts and frantic rockets, were now only peaceful fields and quiet, shady woods, except for that long, waving, sinister gash that was like a wound that had killed this countryside.

From a hollow suddenly appeared a group of horsemen. They drew rein before their silhouettes cut the skyline and hurriedly examined the ground to the right flank with their field glasses. The fields through a field glass were not at all deserted.

The leader of the horsemen, a captain of United States cavalry, could see men stringing telephone wire, prisoners in groups of three and four coming back, ambulances being loaded with wounded, and far away northward, white puffs of smoke that came from bursting grenades, and that showed where the American advance was bombing its way toward an objective it had not hoped to reach until the morrow.

"We're through the first line," said the captain decisively. "The road will be about there." He pointed to his left front, then looked curiously at Mont Sec, a sugarloaf hill that rose abruptly a thousand feet from the surrounding plain. Its summit was crowned with smoke, from which came the continuous flash of bursting shells. "I doubt if any boche up there can see us," said the captain. "We'll assume not. Can you make out the road, lieutenant? We'd better locate it before we start across."

The officer addressed wore the blue of the French army. He had a round bullethead and mustaches that were much too long.

He polished his field glasses with a white handkerchief, breathing upon them, wiping them carefully, and holding them to the light to see if they were clean.

The captain tightened his lips impatiently. Behind him he heard the stamping of a horse and, turning about, saw a sergeant who had just ridden up.

"Where have you been?" barked the captain.

"Sir, I had to come in from the extreme left, and this horse ain't much of a horse."

The sergeant panted slightly. It was apparent from his flushed countenance that he had been having difficulties with his mount.

"Well, if you can't ride him, turn him in!" snapped the captain, and turned back to the French officer trying to locate the road.

An enlisted man, his legs seemingly lost behind the high pommel of his packed saddle, under slicker, gun boot, saber, saddle pockets, blanket roll, and two days' grain ration, moved his horse over next to the sergeant's. "Hey, gold brick," he whispered, "where yuh been?"

The sergeant turned. "Hey, Mac!" he cried. He suddenly paused. He noted that the other wore a trumpet slung across his shoulders, and on the sleeve of his blouse, plainly discernible, was the scar of recently removed chevrons.

"You been busted?" went on the sergeant. "Huh? Drunk? A. W. O. loose? A guy with your service! Yuh oughta know better!"

"Naw, naw," grinned the trumpeter. "I got caught with a pair o' leather putts on. 'N' by the corps commander, too—no less. Don't worry. I got a better job blowin' a horn. Why di'n' yuh join up with us at Mandrees? Where yuh been, anyway, the last three months?"

"At Besançon, learnin' machine rifle. I'm commandin' the machine-gun troop. How come else I got invited to a council of war? Whaddyuh think, kid? See any other sergeants around?"

The trumpeter grinned a slow grin, then ejected tobacco juice.

"Machine-gun troop, huh? You an' them two machine rifles! Well, if you get from here to them woods with 'em I'll buy yuh a drink!"

"You think that's the entrance, then?" The captain's voice came clearly in the silence that followed. "Very well, I think I'll move them across there in echelon of double columns. I don't think we'll meet any resistance yet. The infantry would never have got by the woods if there were any squareheads in a fighting mood there. . . . Troop commanders! You will cross the open space by troops, in echelon of platoons in double column. You will regulate the gait according to the nature of the ground and the circumstances, without attempting to maintain the regularity of the squadron formation. On arriving at the woods we'll again resume column formation. I will be with H Troop's first platoon. Understand? Posts!"

"Boy," whispered the trumpeter, "if any o' them take up the gallop the captain won't have a man left in the saddle."

"How come?" demanded the sergeant. "What yuh been doin' all summer?"

"Diggin' a sewer for the Q. M. corps at Gievres!" grinned the trumpeter. "Ninety per cent o' this here raggedy-pants-cadet outfit ain't never been on a horse before in their lives!"

"No kiddin'!"

"No kiddin'. If we meet up with any boche that's on the peck any, there'll be a hot time in the old town, now, what I mean!"

"Sergeant Lee!"

"Sir!"

"Where are your machine rifles?"

"In rear of H Troop, sir!"

"Good. Ride with me so that I can give you orders for their employment. Off we go!"

The Trumpeter

The troop commanders—there were but two, and one of them a lieutenant—rejoined their troops; there was an arm signal, a few moaning whistle blasts; then the squadron, in a formation very similar to that which oldtimers used to style "column of bunches," topped the sky line and hurriedly descending into the hollow beyond, proceeded at a fast trot toward the distant woods. A fast trot. Too fast, for the slower horses began to canter, whereat the faster ones, hearing tremendous clatter and thumping of hoofs, wanted to canter, too, and here and there a bolter began to go from rear to front of a platoon column, to the accompaniment of squeals and kicks from the other horses, and untrammeled language from the riders who had received a blow from a rifle butt on the thigh, a cinch ring on the knee, or who had been nearly torn from the saddle by the impetuous rush of the bolting horse.

"They'll get over that!" observed the trumpeter sagely. "They been fillin' 'em with oats! They won't prance very long under them full packs!"

"They didn't waste any oats on mine!" panted the sergeant. He had, by dint of voice, heel, and a club he carried, urged his horse into a shambling trot.

"Nor on that Frog looey's either!"

The French officer's horse was one of those who are averse to traveling alone and who will not leave ranks or picket line for any persuasion. This steed was proceeding at a sort of drifting gait, going sideways like a yacht with no centerboard, and making always toward H Troop's second platoon. The French officer kept the horse's head firmly toward the woods, so that the steed could not see his companions, but he knew they were there, and ever kept an ear turned in their direction.

Spur and whip prevailed for a time, but the moment the lieutenant stopped to draw breath or rest his tired leg, the drifting began again, accompanied by head tossing and lightninglike thrusts of the neck, which attempts had the effect each time of nearly unseating the French officer.

"That's a nice horse for an officer to ride!" observed the sergeant. "You'd think he'd know better than to bring a goat like that with him!"

"We give it to him. It's an H Troop horse. Sidewinder, they call him. He's like Coke Gillis. He ain't gone straight since he was born!"

"We give it to him!" protested the sergeant. "That's a great way to treat a officer and a Ally! Give him a stargazin' goat like that!"

"Huh!" grunted the trumpeter, helping himself to another chew. "The French give him to us in the first place. Let 'em see now how they like their own horses!"

They arrived, finally, at the edge of the woods. No sign of life. Not a shot fired. There was a narrow field there, along the edge of which ran a rough track, an old cart path, but now beaten flat by many feet. Beyond, across the field, were more woods, into which this cart path led. There was a trench along the edge of the woods, but empty, and the hurdle that barred the road where it went through the wire had been so hastily put in place that the advance guard had been able to unwire it and drag it clear before the main body had come up.

Across the field went the squadron, skirting a communication trench; then the advance guard was seen to halt, troopers galloped out to left and right, and some indecision was manifested.

"What's the matter?" demanded the captain, riding up.

"There's four roads here!" replied one of the troopers of the advance guard.

"Which road, lieutenant?"

The French officer pulled up his horse and dragged forward his map case.

"You're not going to look at a map, are you?" demanded the captain. "I can look at a map myself. I thought you knew this country! Do you realize I've got a squadron of horse standing here in a field that runs from Apremont halfway to Metz? Do you suppose the boche are going to sit down and wait for us to cut them off? They're running so fast now we won't catch up with them before night!"

"The other end of this field is held by French troops," replied the French lieutenant. "They won't fire, because they have been warned not to. There will be plenty of boche very soon, don't worry." He bent over his map.

"Very well," snapped the captain, "I'll make my own decision!"

"If you do," replied the other, lifting his long mustache in a sneer, "you are liable to come into an area that is under our own artillery preparation, in which case the responsibility will be yours!"

The captain flushed, but said nothing. After all, this French officer had been sent for just that purpose—to keep this squadron out of areas that the French were pounding. It would not advance the situation to have the squadron destroyed by friendly artillery fire.

The French officer put away his map, took out a cigarette case, extracted one, and lighted it.

"The road to the right," said he.

The trumpeter tossed his chin meaningly in the direction of the French officer.

"Ah, don't worry about him," replied Sergeant Lee. "The French are probably just as proud of him as we are of some of the mail-order wonders we got! Boy, they got 'em in all armies, like coots!"

Thick trees, but no underbrush, huts, scattered gray overcoats; then, suddenly, long lines of wagons and empty picket lines. Loose horses, many of them wounded, could be seen among the trees, some trotting and whinnying at the sight of the advancing troops, others bounding away, and one or two limping in their direction, as if to ask for help from others of their kind.

Suddenly, at an alley that crossed the main track, the Americans saw men. The captain, the trumpeter, an orderly, and Sergeant Lee saw them almost simultaneously. There was a group of ten or fifteen that had probably heard the advance guard thud by and had come out of their holes to see what it was all about.

The captain swung his horse, whipped out his pistol and charged. H Troop's leading platoon followed him. Pistols barked, and Sergeant Lee's horse, that up until that time had given but the faintest signs of life, bolted, and having got a firm grip of the bit before the sergeant had recovered himself, was well away into the trees.

It was impossible to circle the runaway in the trees, but the sergeant saw before him an opening in the woods, into which the horse presently tore. Here was the place to reach out, seize the headstall, and by main strength drag the horse's head around so that he must run in a circle and eventually stop.

Bark!

"Cut out shooting, you fool!" shouted the sergeant. "Can't you see this horse ——"

Bark-bark!

There was another man there, on a black horse. Flame spat from his hand. It was a German. Lee whipped out his saber, and instantly stopping all attempts to control his horse, let him go headlong for the black. The black, however, did not wait for the attack, but leaped aside, and its rider shot at Lee, as he tore by, at point-blank range.

But Lee had pinked him with the saber. Not badly, he knew, but he had felt resistance as he had lunged out. If only now he could pull this goat down—but they had crossed the glade and were again amidst the trees.

Bark! Again! The man on the black was pursuing him! Swiftly through the sergeant's mind passed the realization that he was very probably drawing his last breath. The German was behind, hence Lee would either have to sheathe his saber—impossible at that gait—let it hang by the saber knot while he drew his pistol—impossible because he had not put his hand through the wrist loop when he had drawn it—throw it away and then engage in a pistol combat with the German—impossible because if he turned around, the horse would undoubtedly

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"If You Do," Replied the Other, Lifting His Long Mustache in a Sneer, "You are Liable to Come Into an Area That is Under Our Own Artillery Preparation"

RADIO FINDS ITS EYES

By C. Francis Jenkins

As Told to Georgette Carneal

SOME inventions slip quietly into the American consciousness and are put to practical use long before the man in the street realizes their significance. Others, as witness the dramatic arrival of the talkies, drop bomblike into our startled midst. Still others are preceded by a vast amount of public speculation and with such great expectations that when they finally step from the laboratories into the full view of the audience there is danger of an anti-climax. Television is among the latter.

The actual state of mind of the public toward this new discovery was brought home to me recently after a speech on television to a Washington audience.

"Is it true," I was asked, "that by simply taking off the telephone receiver and calling up a number, we will be able to see the folks who answer at the other end? And can they see us? Because if that's going to happen soon, I want to know so that I can get rid of my telephone."

I attempted to explain that television was a discovery rather than an instrument; that our present machine was a device for sending and receiving simple moving pictures; and that as soon as we had perfected our apparatus so that men and women could look into one another's faces across space—perhaps a matter of years to come—the uses of television would not, indeed, be confined to the telephone. These earnest explanations brought a question from an anxious individual in my audience:

"When we do get television in the home, can we, by taking off the receiver, look at the man at the other end of the wire without his looking at us? And can you call up and look at somebody without his or her knowing it?"

I was not too discouraged, for this I have discovered is a popular state of mind. Thousands of active people in America who like to see and hear quickly, believe that television is an instrument to be attached to their telephones to reveal themselves to the speaker at the other end of the wire and vice versa, with alarming disregard for privacy. Whether it be a stranger calling late at night on a wrong number or a person to whom John Smith has just pleaded out-of-town for the week-end, he will be forced to show himself to the person calling in all his irritation, and in return have to look at the shocked, pained face—no, not at the other end of the wire, but right there in the room before him. This instrument, far from permitting him to remain the convenient anonymous voice he is today, will reveal him in whatever attire he is wearing at the moment the telephone happens to ring, to those he wants to impress as well as those he wants to avoid. In a word, a device further to complicate rather than simplify the life of the individual.

A Visual Radio Home Entertainment

This popular idea comes as rather a blow to the engineer, laboratory nurse of what has proved to be the most stubborn offspring of wireless. For today it is possible to state rather than prophesy that by the next presidential election in 1932 men and women from Maine to California can, in the comfort of their homes, watch the face of the President elect as he delivers his inaugural address, witness the Yale and Harvard football games in the Bowl and the final game of the World Series. This is a near future, but there is a still nearer one.

Mr. Jenkins and Dr. George M. Burgess, Secretary of the Bureau of Standards, in the Jenkins Laboratories

This Very Year

BY AUTUMN of 1929 television will be in the home in the form of moving pictures to be received upon an apparatus inclosed in a cabinet similar to the present radio cabinet, with the exception that it will have an opening with curtains resembling a miniature stage. The programs will at first be very simple black-and-white moving pictures arranged in much the same form as the average moving-picture program—that is, a comedy, a longer feature, and variations of television shorts—that is, special entertainment executed by living artists in the television broadcasting studios. And there is a present—we are today regularly transmitting radio movies from our station at Washington to an audience of twenty-five thousand.

The reason why the public still believes that television is a telephone attachment is that this idea, like many other so-called popular scientific ideas that are actually misconceptions, is based upon a fact. Our radio channels, like our telephone wires, are simply carriers of electrical power. Both these mediums can bring us sight as well as sound, and both have been successfully employed in experimental television. Besides, when, in April, 1927, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company transmitted visual images of living persons from Washington to New York, their regular wire channels of communication were successfully employed. But the idea of television as a telephone instrument is not even a caricature of what television actually means.

What, then, is television? The general broad definition is, in effect, seeing at a distance or seeing from afar. *Tele* is the Greek word for "afar." Engineers use the more technical definition: "The transmission of living images by wires." But whether the medium be space, as in the case of radio, or wire, as in the case of telephone lines, the process is still television.

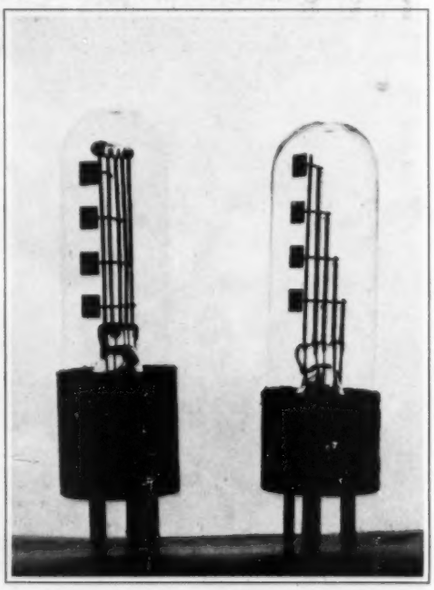
Though the word is used generally to describe any method of transmitting living images across space, I have found it wise for intelligible discussion of the problem to differentiate between these processes. Engineers today use the word "television" more strictly to describe the transmission of living images by wires. The process of transmitting images by radio is called "radiovision."

A New Language to Learn

BROADCAST records on film of persons and scenes are called radio movies. Since wires were not readily available to me, my activities have been almost wholly limited to the methods and mechanism employed in the transmission and reception of radio movies and radio vision. But these are merely processes of television. And though the public has the general idea that broadcasting of either sight or sound programs over wire is relatively simple, as a matter of fact, it is really more complicated than transmitting the same programs by space. In the case of television, radio will doubtless be the medium employed in transmission. And since television is the term most familiar to the public, I will use it in its broader sense in describing my own activities and in discussing the problem.

These, however, are but the key words. The process of sending pictures is rapidly developing a language all its own. Parents who have been congratulating themselves on having mastered the mystic radio jargon of their young, now have to begin all over again as they listen to youthful chatter about framing pictures and scanning disks.

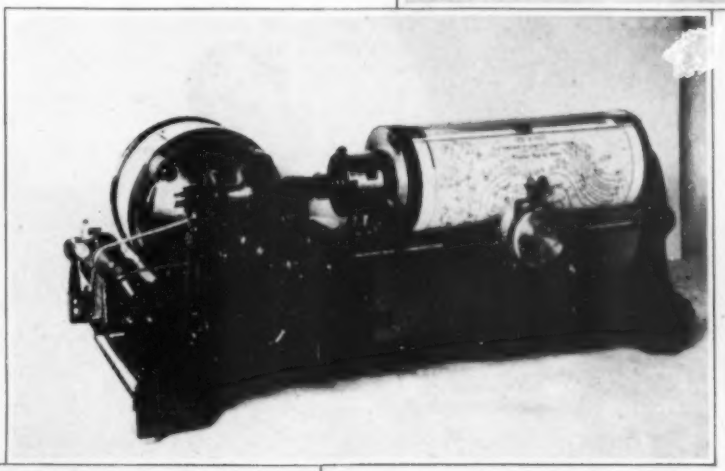
Parents and public alike, however, had better beware of taking this chatter lightly. Just as some years ago these young amateurs had mastered the intricacies of radio long before their elders, they are today speaking the language of the future in television. Indeed, this newest of inventions



Multiple-Cathode Lamps Used in Drum Radiovisor

is able to appear at this time and in this country principally because it has been sponsored by the enthusiasm and persistence of thousands of young American amateurs. For although the general public has accepted the idea that television is an instrument to be attached to the telephone, more than 25,000 radio amateurs are today regularly receiving a one-hour radio-movie program broadcast from our studio at Washington, District of Columbia, Station W3XK. It is these amateurs who have watched on their crudely constructed home televisors the miniature movies that, imperfect as they were, represent the first tangible results of years of baffling experimentation. It is this audience, consisting chiefly of American boys, that first put together a three-piece set—a neon lamp, a scanning disk, and a motor to rotate the disk—and fished our electric signals from the invisible space about them. The small and sometimes badly blurred silhouette movies that they received are comparable to those first faint strains of music coming over the ether bands that, although they, too, were picked up only by radio amateurs and ship operators at sea, still marked the beginning of an industry that has expanded from the 60,000 listeners-in who built their own sets to catch the election returns in 1920 to the 50,000,000 who received election returns in 1928. In radio broadcasting, exactly as in television, the American amateur, working in isolation on his crude homemade apparatus, has helped to usher in a new industry. He knows what television is!

Television has been a practical object for not quite a year. Today it is possible for any member of the radio audience possessing a short-wave set to tune in on a regular program of television movies broadcast from Station W3XK every other night. As with other broadcasting, an announcement precedes each feature, and each picture finishes with the word End. What the looker-in actually sees is a moving picture woven by means of a series of luminous streaks, each streak varying in luminosity from end to end. After the picture is finished and the word End appears, a switch substitutes the loud-speaker for the picture receiver again, ready for the next announcement.

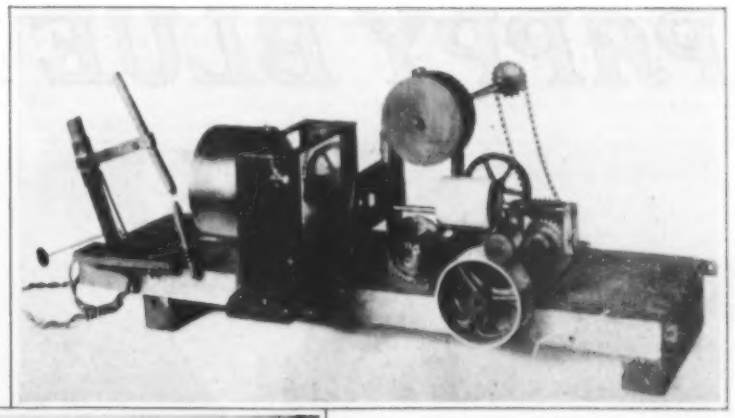


A Radio-Movie Broadcast Receiver Made of Kit Parts by an Amateur

Tuning In on the Movies

BUT these miniature movies that our audience of amateurs receive upon their home televisors today actually represent the experimental stage of television. Even as this audience grows daily and the picture programs become more perfect, these amateurs are looking into the yesterday of television. Today the long struggle is over. The mechanism for which every pioneering engineer has been groping to lift the prospect of seeing by radio from a peephole affair to a practical reality has come to hand at last in the form of an instrument called a scanning drum. And when television is introduced into the home by the autumn of 1929 the televisor and the program that comes in upon it will be as far removed from the crude home sets and miniature movies described above as the loud-speaker of early radio broadcasting was from the crystal and headphone sets of the real amateur days.

I presume that no other invention has ever had so much advance publicity as television, radiovision, and radio movies, long before these were made available to the public. Along with this publicity have come some fantastic notions. Lest the public be deceived by the current popular notion that television in the home may seriously compete with the moving-picture industry, let me say here that the first television programs will not in any measure approach the crystal-clear reproduction of the present-day motion picture. The public will have to be content with simple subjects at first. Television pictures will be quite coarse for months to come.



The First Motion-Picture Projection Machine, the Phantoscope

A Receiver Used Aboard Ships of the U. S. Navy for Receiving Weather Maps

Before I can adequately contend with the scientific drama behind this new invention, I want to answer briefly those questions that have been put to me so often: "What will it look like?" and "What will we see?"

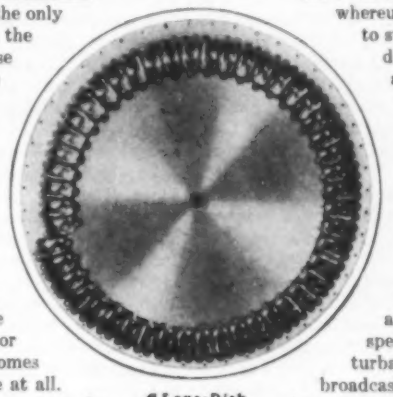
The present television machine, or home televisor, is concealed in a mahogany or oak cabinet very similar to the average radio cabinet, fifteen inches wide, fifteen inches long, and two feet deep. In the center of this cabinet is a small opening about six inches high by eight inches wide with curtains like a miniature stage. The whole mechanism of the televisor is extremely simple, the only control being one knob situated at the bottom of the cabinet whose purpose it is to regulate the speed of the motor and bring the receiver in step with the transmitter. It is not necessary to darken the room in order to enjoy the moving picture.

Not more than twelve people, however, can watch the television performance simultaneously. Again the reason is simple—a certain line of distance is necessary to gain a correct perspective on the picture, and, if more than twelve people look in, the group is obliged to stand or sit so far back in the room that it becomes almost impossible to see the picture at all.

The method of operation is first to snap the switch which puts the motor concealed inside the cabinet in motion. This motor revolves the drum on which the image appears. Then the entire technic of securing and holding the image lies in keeping this receiving motor revolving at exactly the same number of revolutions a second as the motor in the sending station.

Contrary to the general impression that television will compete with sound broadcasting, the public may be informed that television will work in conjunction with radio broadcasting. At the present time television broadcasting demands such a wide band it has been deemed advisable to keep to the short wave lengths we now use in broadcasting radio movies. This necessitates the use of two separate instruments for television reception—a low-wave receiver of special design and a televisor. The short-wave receiver works independent of the televisor and may be used for the usual short-wave broadcasts, transatlantic and code reception and amateur communications. It is this despised short-wave receiver that brings us our longest receptions.

This receiver picks up the signal which announces the program. The signal may be either the announcer's voice or an image. If the announcement is audible the loud-speaker is connected to the short-wave receiving set by means of a switch. When the program starts, the switch is thrown back and the televisor previously described replaces the loud-speaker. In other words, the short-wave receiver works for both sound and vision.



A Lens-Disk Scanner for Television

When the Buzz Saw Buzzes

IN ORDER to eliminate any possible confusion as to how the short-wave set and televisor will operate together, or coöperate, if I may apply a human term to describe the reactions of motors, let me explain further. We will suppose, for example, that a member of a family is about to operate his televisor. How will he catch the signal of a television program? If his loud-speaker is connected to his receiving set he will know immediately when a television program is being broadcast by the characteristic sound which resembles a high-speed buzz saw. Recognizing this sound, he will simply switch on his televisor and receive the signal. In general he will always tune for the television signal with the aid of his loud-speaker. When the picture comes to an end there will probably be some characteristic sign on the film which will notify him that the vocal announcement is about to be made, whereupon he will know that it is now time to switch on his receiver. This sign will doubtless come in printed form like a moving-picture subtitle.

The short-wave receiving set, in other words, is the loud-speaker of television. It picks up incoming sounds while the televisor picks up incoming sights. The same radio channel brings you sound and sight. The difference lies only in the instrument. The public must not assume that these first television programs will be perfect as entertainment. The early loud-speakers had their furious static disturbances. As in the early days of audible broadcasting you heard a Beethoven symphony suddenly stop short and become a hideous screeching noise, so the fascinating characters in a moving picture coming in upon the televisor may suddenly become an unitelligible blur. But when we consider that all that is now heard by radio can be seen as well in clear and animated pictures, and then contemplate the vast service radio today renders mankind, we are confronted with the powerful, alarming infinity of

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PAPPY BLUE BOY

By Colonel Givens

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Everybody Knows That the Big River Was the First One to Sing Blue Music. So the Blue Boy Would Just Stick His Old Legs in the Water and the Big River Would Sing to Him

OLD Capt. Tom Blood still sticks to the Big River. He's not much of a man these days—that is, physically. His figure is shrunken, shriveled, his face a death's-head, half masked by a thin set of gray whiskers. His eyes are set way back in his head in blue hollows—weak eyes, misty with age. But the folks on the Big River still tip their hats to him and ask him, "Howdy, today, Cap'n Blood?" And I don't mean just niggers.

Capt. Tom Blood is master of the old Betsy Walker. The Betsy Walker is not much either, nowadays. She's a little old too. So old, in fact, that the company that owned her decided they'd give her to Captain Blood when they retired him.

They knew the old man would scorn a pension. That would be admitting to himself and others that he was not the man he once was—and old Captain Tom will never do that, even on the day he dies.

So they called him into the office at Memphis one day and told him in very eloquent words that in view of his fifty years of honorable service they had decided to make him a present of the Betsy Walker. It was a most ceremonious occasion—or would have been if old Captain Blood hadn't broken down and bawled. The company officials were all gathered around the directors' table. With due formality Captain Tom was made honorary something-or-other—without pay, of course. And then he was called on to make a little speech.

I give him full credit. He started off gallantly enough, his old voice cracked a little once in a while, but mostly he was Capt. Thomas Perry Blood, master of the Betsy Walker, the sweetest ship that ever plowed waves on the Big River.

He talked about the old days and I could see that memories stirring in his old brain were straining his emotions. He tried mighty hard to control those emotions. He'd brace himself, throw his chest back, grip the table with knotty hands, but I knew, and he knew, and everybody else knew, that old Captain Tom had a cry coming. He did. He bawled. His misty old eyes flooded, he placed an arm over his face to hide the tears, his voice stalled, cracked, stopped. He groped to the door an old, old man stricken with grief, and ashamed of it. No voice spoke, no man tried to help Captain Tom to the door, they being sons of the Big River, and knowing.

I ambled off down after him, keeping a respectful distance. The Betsy Walker was anchored off down a little way. As he approached her, his old shoulders straightened a bit, his step was more springy.

As he walked across the gangplank I heard him yell to a brown boy lying on a bale of cotton, half asleep: "Wake up there, you lazy rascal! I want my dinner, and want it quick!" The brown boy jumped at the new strength in his master's voice.

There she lay, the Betsy Walker, slow and faltering like her aged master. Even her old voice creaked too. Of late I've seen her plowing up the Big River, painfully struggling with the waves that ever gain strength, and her puff-puffing is mighty feeble. When she rounds a bend she tries to whistle, but her roar is nothing to scare the children. She just wheezes a little and lets it go at that.

But I can remember the time when the Betsy Walker was much of a lady. A pretty and graceful lady, and mighty dainty. I've seen her plow up the Big River on a pale night with a great Southern moon making a beautiful shadow of her on the silvery waters—a great moving shadow, dotted with red and green lights.

And standing on the levee with the angry waters of the Big River slashing at its cage, while thousands and thousands of people above and below me dreaded the cage would not hold, I've watched the Betsy Walker plow up the crazed stream, a dainty thing with the power of the earth in her chug-chugging engines.

But now she's old and of no earthly use to anybody except old Capt. Tom Blood, who manages somehow to make a living out of her. She's full of gout and rheumatism, her arteries are hard, she has asthma—a gnarled old maid running tears for the old river days that most folks have long forgotten. A wrinkled old maid? Yes. But still a lovable lady.

Some of these good days the old man in the faded blue uniform who is now her sole friend will fall asleep in the easy-chair in her cabin. She'll know when that happens because the black boys on her decks will start their shoutings. When he does fall asleep that way and the shoutings start, I'd like to start the old Betsy Walker down the Big River, crewless. She'd wander around from one side of the Big River, making her regular calls, because she's a faithful old soul.

Then the old Betsy Walker would drift off down the river hunting for Pappy Blue Boy. And I'd be willing to bet she'd strand herself on the river bank below Vicksburg, just after the Big River comes from the west, change her mind, as women will, and decide to go west again. I'll bet she'd bank herself just as close to Pappy Blue Boy's grave as she could possibly get. Those two were mighty close—the Betsy Walker and Pappy Blue Boy.

Pappy Blue Boy's grave is just across the levee down there below Vicksburg. He was buried in a sand boil, or what had been a sand boil when the Big River once went crazy.

He would want that, him loving the Big River so. Buried in a track of the Big River with a battered old fiddle clasped in his thin, scrawny arms, and close enough to hear the Betsy Walker croon to him as she passes by.

It was thinking of that old fiddle made me think of old Capt. Tom Blood and the Betsy Walker. I used to stand on the levee and watch the big boat pass. She came close to the bank because the water was deepest there and I could stand there and see her plain as day. And hear Pappy Blue Boy's music.

Maybe I'm getting old. Maybe I'm sentimental. But those nights are mighty sweet memories: A live-oak tree made a silver fountain by its dripping Spanish moss. Pale night scented with tropic flowers. A great moon, red as blood. Shadows, soft and soothing. A huge white river, rippling, trembling, curling, swish-swishing gently as its waves break on its banks. The puff-puff, the throaty cough of a powerful steamboat loaded with happy folks. The soft laughter of women. And music—the music of Pappy Blue Boy. Heigh-ho! Why does a man have to grow old?

He was on Beal Street, singing:

When Ise home Ise "Ole Niggah Bill,"
When I asts fo' beans it's "Git you gone,"
But when I comes back wid a twenty-dollah bill,
It's "Honey, wha yo' been so long?"

He was a giant. His shirt open to the waist, a great chest heaved as he sang his lusty songs.

I was on Beal Street looking for sugar-cane hands, and failing to find them.

"Wanta work in the cane, black boy?" I asked.

He grinned, the widest, most infectious grin I've ever seen. White teeth shining like great pearls.

"Me, cap'n, Ise cotton nigger."

That told me plenty. There are too many moccasin snakes and deadly cottonmouths in the canes for a "cotton nigger" to work in—so some of them say. They insist that the evil smell of the moccasin—which is really heavy and rank on warm days—makes them sick.

"Him—he don' haf t' wuk," a small boy boldly informed me. "Him de Blue Boy."

As I walked away I heard the Blue Boy singing. In the crook of his arm he held an old fiddle. Around his neck was a brass contrivance which held a huge French harp close to his mouth. He'd fiddle and sing a song and, through with the words, he'd plunge his huge lips onto the French harp and fiddle and play the tune all over again. Now he sang as I was leaving—a pleasant taunt to me. It was a chant rather than a song, him merely speaking the words, his violin playing a weird tune:

"I wus settin' down by de depot de otha day,
When a big Poleeceman says to me:
'Niggah, ain' you nothin' to say?
I done tol' you yistiddy to flee.
Dis town got no room for loafers.'

"I says, 'Mistuh Poleece, I done thought dat out,
An' heah is you answah, suh!
I got me shoes and clothes and somepin to eat,
An' a bed wid a pillow fo' my haid an' feet;
If yo' wants to know how I gits dese things
Ask de big black gal rat down de street.'"

He laughed as I glanced back. Not an impudent laugh—just big and hearty and cheerful. I laughed also and flipped him a half dollar. That was the Blue Boy's way.

Beal Street was then as it is now. It will never change. It's a dingy, narrow street, but there's laughter in its heart. An old woman singing, crooning, chuckling over past delights. Yes, that's it: A merry old woman, wicked as hell, who loves to live. Nobody seems to work along the street; yet it's a narrow, black strip of hustle and bustle, where folks make money and spend money—the Black Metropolis of the South. There are bigger negro streets than Beal Street, but they don't count. They're filled with foreign negroes. Beal Street is Cotton Nigger Street and Sugar Bowl Street and Big River Street—a street all black, all Southern. Often an Up-North nigger strays down that way to take cotton-field or sugar-cane craps money. Sometimes he succeeds, but sometimes he leaves with his throat cut—or, worse still, broke.

The black blotch of New York may widen, grow blacker, or perhaps whiter; its music may become more noisy, more frolicsome, more devilish. But Harlem's music is not the music of Beal Street. Harlem's music is blue music, all right—music copied from Pappy Blue Boy, the real father of the blues.

But some of the cotton-field and sugar-cane blacks will tell you that Pappy Blue Boy never lets his music—even now—travel farther than Memphis and Beal Street.

A long, long time ago the Blue Boy used to pick up his weird tunes by going to the river banks, sticking his bony old black legs in the muddy water the while the Big River whispered its music to him. And everybody knows that the Big River was the first one to sing blue music. So the Blue Boy would just stick his old legs in the water and the Big River would sing to him. The songs he sang all came from the Big River, so he said.

Now, all the folks around Vicksburg say that the best musicians visit Pappy Blue Boy at night. They come singly to his grave—the old sand boil—and they stick hollowed sugar-cane sticks down into the grave until they strike something solid. That's the old box they put Pappy and his battered old fiddle in. Only the very brave venture near the old river scar in which Pappy lies sleeping, so the river folks say, and that's the reason there are so very few good blue music players and singers.

But some day, the blacks down Memphis and Vicksburg way hope, a black boy that old Blue Boy likes a lot and thinks deserving will come. And when that day comes

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And Then Big Edna Knew. "Outside," She Called Loudly, And They, Knowing Something Was Wrong, Shuffled Away—Silent Men and Women

SANCTUARY

By ALMET JENKS

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

There Was Something He Wanted to Know; Something He Couldn't Understand. This Thing Was Wrong; Something Had Gone Wrong

I ASKED you to stop in this morning," the older man said, "because your aunt seems to think I should have a talk with you. She tells me you have left the firm of Emery & Noyes and are now with another."

"That's true." Ellis Stanton dropped his straw hat on a chair near the door and came farther into the room. "What of it?"

"She has some doubts about this new—er—connection," the other went on. "She knows nothing of them."

"I don't see ——"

Oliver Lane raised his hand.

"Aside from a natural interest in your"—his lips curled in the faintest smile—"career, this new firm, I presume, will now have the handling of Miss Stanton's account, will advise ——"

"If you mean they will execute buying and selling orders," Ellis interrupted, "you're quite right. I couldn't very well go to an outside broker. As far as advice goes, I happen to be the trustee and have broad powers."

"Yes, I know that," the older man said dryly.

"Whose advice I take is my own affair ——" Ellis began.

"So long as the trust is properly administered," the other finished it. "That's true. But when you were with Emery & Noyes, presumably you consulted them in regard to Miss Stanton's holdings. Emery & Noyes is an old, conservative house. Your aunt had confidence in their judgment."

"Just because the people I'm with now happen to be young ——"

"She simply knows nothing about them," the older man said. "Nor do I. But that's not entirely what worries her. Sit down, Ellis. I may as well tell you frankly what does worry her." He indicated a chair on the opposite side of the large, flat-topped desk at which he was sitting.

Ellis Stanton, after a moment's hesitation, sat down. He took a cigarette from a crushed package and lit it with a patent lighter.

"Well, what's the matter now?" he asked. There was a window at the other's back. The light from it shone full on Ellis' face. He lowered his eyes to the desk. A handsome, immaculate desk, he thought, which saw no real work. Everything about it was rich, heavy: Large silver inkstand, bronze ruler, long, shining shears lying unsheathed beside a green leather scabbard.

It was shortly after ten o'clock on a July morning. They were in the library of Oliver Lane's apartment, on the top floor of a tall building in New York City. The older man—he was about fifty and unmarried—lived in Chicago, but having in New York many interests which contributed to his considerable wealth, he kept an apartment and manservant there, although he himself came East not more than four or five times a year. It was Hammill, the servant, who, after telephoning Ellis Stanton's new office, had found him still at his apartment and asked him to stop in to see Mr. Lane on his way downtown. Ellis had been on a party the night before and was late, but there was always the hope—so far sterile—that some day Oliver Lane would turn a little business his way. Ellis was his only nephew, Ellis' mother having been the older man's sister. The aunt, Miss Stanton, to whom they referred, was the sole surviving sister of Ellis' father. As far as Ellis knew, that was all that was left of the family. None of them had had any money except Oliver Lane. For a number of years Miss Stanton had made a meager living out of a tea room and cake shop in a suburb. Then a relation of another branch had died and left her one hundred thousand dollars. Being old and rather helpless in the face of so much money, she had called in her nephew, Ellis Stanton, who was then working for the excellent firm of Emery & Noyes; with Oliver Lane, if only for geographical reasons, she had never been particularly intimate. The result of her interview with Ellis was that she relieved herself of all worry over the investment of her legacy and the collection of the income by making him her sole trustee.

"You were with Emery & Noyes how long?" the older man began slowly. "Ten months, I think."

"A year, to be exact."

"A year then. Before that there were two other firms. You have also tried, I believe, real estate, advertising, a manufacturing company and banking. For a young man of thirty-three quite a full life."

"Don't forget the Army," Ellis reminded him.

"I have not forgotten it," the other said gravely. "The war is to blame for many things. But I am going farther back than the war. In your first year in college there was some trouble—something to do with having pledged yourself to one fraternity and then joining another."

"That was a mistake." There was an angry flush on Ellis' face.

"Unquestionably," the older man said. "You could not definitely decide." He paused, and then went on: "After college you attended law school for a year, but the law is slow. Real estate offers quicker returns. Then the war. You went to a training camp, but left after a few weeks to go into the air service. Yet, while you were abroad, I believe you remained on the ground and in Paris."

"Just what do you mean to imply?" Ellis broke in. "Because I happened to be able to speak French and was put on staff duty ——"

Oliver Lane interrupted him: "I mean to imply nothing. I am simply giving you the facts. After the war you decided to remain in the Army."

"I thought I'd give it a try," Ellis said sullenly.

"Ah!" The other breathed a faint note of triumph. "There you have it—a try! How many vocations you have favored with these brief attempts! It may be that I am unjust," he continued musingly. "That the Alpha Omegas, or whoever they were, were wrong in believing you had made a binding promise. That you saw, wisely and in time, that the law was not for you. That, likewise, you realized the air service was your sphere, rather than the infantry. That your knowledge of the French language cast you irrevocably with the staff. That the Army was not your *métier*, nor advertising, nor banking." He paused for a short moment. "On the other hand," he said coldly, and Ellis' gaze again sought the desk, "there is certainly the fair inference that you are as variable as the wind. 'Reuben,'" he murmured in a low voice, "'unstable as water ——'"

There was a knock on the door and Hammill, the manservant, entered.

He crossed the room and placed a long envelope on the blotter in front of Oliver Lane. The latter glanced at it and then, leaning forward, picked it up and slit it open with the point of the shears.

"Excuse me," he said. The envelope held two closely typed pages. The older man read them through slowly. When he had finished he read the first page a second time, and then glanced up at Hammill, who was still standing by the desk.

"Excuse me, sir," the man said, "but would it be possible for me to leave now?"

"Leave?" Oliver Lane asked, frowning.

"My brother, sir—you may remember, I wrote you, sir, he's getting married this afternoon. In the country."

"Oh, yes." His employer nodded abstractedly.

"There's going to be a sort of celebration this evening, sir. If there's nothing you need me for —— There's a train that gets back to the city at 11:30 tonight."

"All right, Hammill. I have no engagements that I know of. I shall probably lunch and dine at the club. But if I'm asleep when you return, wake me. I may return to Chicago tomorrow. I haven't decided yet."

"If I could go now then, sir?" Hammill stood poised for flight. "There's a train leaves at 10:45."

"You'll have just time to catch it." Oliver Lane nodded a dismissal. Hammill went swiftly from the room. Ellis Stanton stood up.

"Thanks for the advice," he drawled. "If that's all you've got to say I'll be running along."

"Wait," the other said quietly. "There is something more I have to say. This month the income which you paid into your aunt's account amounted to about two hundred dollars. According to the schedule which you gave her she should receive three hundred and fifty."

"I've explained to her," Ellis said, with a great weariness, "that when securities are sold and others bought the monthly income will be changed. The list she has isn't up to date. I'll see she gets a new one. Why didn't she speak to me about it?"

"She spoke to you the month before, when there was also a discrepancy."

"As I remember, some bonds had been called. I told her that."

"I see," Oliver Lane said. "And the money reinvested?"

"Yes," Ellis said.

The older man was silent for a moment. Then he continued: "When Miss Stanton consulted you as to the legacy, which is, as you know, her entire capital, you advised her to create a trust providing for the payment of the income to her during her life. In this way she would not be bothered with the collection of income and the details of investment, and so forth. You told her that an individual as trustee would have a personal interest in the administration of the trust which an institution could never have, and eventually you yourself consented to act as such trustee. Under the terms of this trust you are authorized to hold the securities in your name, personally, as individual ——"

"You know that's customary," Ellis interrupted. "It facilitates transfers. If a certificate is issued to someone as trustee or a bond registered ——"

"I know all about that," the other said coldly. He proceeded: "The securities, I understand, are all in your possession, in your personal safe-deposit box. I understand, too, that the trust is irrevocable, unless both you and Miss Stanton—since you are the only parties concerned—agree to cancel it. It was my intention to suggest that you do just that, and, if you would, create a new trust in which a trust company would act with you as cotrustee." He paused, and then said slowly, "That would have been for your own protection—as well as Miss Stanton's."

"What do you mean?" Ellis asked.

"The bonds which were called last month—in what securities was the money reinvested?"

Ellis passed his tongue over dry lips. "Now that you mention it," he said, frowning, "the money hasn't been invested yet. I was waiting for a turn in the market."

"What were the bonds which were called?" Oliver Lane asked suddenly.

For a moment Ellis did not answer. Then he said carelessly, "I don't know, offhand. I'll look it up, if you want, and let you know." He made a half turn toward the door.

"Wait!" the older man cried sharply. "I have another question." He picked up the letter which he had just read. "Why, within the last few days have you sold sixty

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"You Can Go if You Like," He Said Contemptuously, "and I Shall Send the Police After You, as I Would After Any Common Thief"

MAT'S LUCK

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

MARTHA DRING leaned from her armchair and gazed over at the trees on the other side of Berkeley Square. A misguided thrush was hopping about on the railed-in lawn. Fragments of blue sky were visible ahead. One ridiculous butterfly was hovering about the shrubs. She removed her cigarette from her mouth and turned to the man opposite.

"I have decided how I should like to spend the day," she announced. "I should like to motor down to Brighton."

Eustace Grant stared at her in dismay. He was very immaculate in his gray tweed suit, Bond Street linen, tie and handkerchief to match. His brown shoes were just old enough and perfectly polished. No wonder that, as far as appearance went, he was rather the despair of his present associates.

"But, my dear Miss Dring!" he expostulated. "I thought that our day was planned. You were to drive me round the parks in my new coupé, lunch here, discuss our forthcoming schemes this afternoon and dine at Flood's."

She shuddered.

"A perfectly horrible program," she objected.

A dull tinge of color showed under the fading sunburn of his cheeks. He was beginning to realize that this girl could anger him more than any other person in the world.

"It is too late to start for Brighton," he remarked coldly.

"It is not," she contradicted. "It is eleven o'clock, and in your car we can be down there in two hours. Order the car, please. I have brought my motoring coat and I should like to start as soon as possible."

The Front Door Behind Was Thrown Open. There Was a Stream of Illumination, Someone Yelling for the Police

"Do you know why I gave in to you today?" he asked half an hour later, as they were rushing through the country southward.

"Perhaps you realized that I should probably have gone home if you hadn't," she remarked calmly. "I didn't want you to give in. I didn't wish to come to your house this morning. You told me that you had something very important to say before you made your plans for New York, and here I am."

He had made up his mind to restrain himself and he did. He had never been wholly determined as to what her attitude toward life really was. There was a certain fineness about her which seemed absolutely incompatible with her present tastes.

"To me it is very important indeed," he confided. "I wanted to ask you to come to New York with me."

She stared at him in very genuine astonishment.

"With the gang, I suppose you mean?"

"No. With me. Married, if you like. So far as I know, I have no wife alive at the moment."

For a few seconds she continued to stare at him in stupefaction immeasurable. The lines of bewilderment were deeply traced in her fine, olive forehead, and the pupils of her beautiful eyes were distended. Then all at once she seemed to realize that he was in earnest. The corners of her lips broke away. She threw herself back among the cushions and she laughed until the tears came into her eyes. Perhaps, if she could have seen his face, she would have realized that she was driving with a possible murderer.

"Major Grant," she said, "I gave you credit for—for a greater sense of humor."

"I fail to see the connection," was his icy rejoinder.

She dried her eyes and sat up, pulled the rug over her knees and settled down to talk.

"Let me speak plainly," she begged, "to justify myself to myself, and in order that there may be no future misunderstanding. I met you at a studio tea and I was attracted because I was told that you were a suspected criminal, and for no other reason."

"Are you going to put me in my place?" he asked dangerously.

"Wait," she insisted. "I was fed up with everything. I wanted sensations which decent life couldn't give me, and I confess that I always have been, and am now, fearfully attracted by crime and the psychology of criminals. You showed me—you still show me—ugly but dramatic phases of life which fascinate me. I am so far involved that I suppose I may be counted among the criminal classes, but marriage with any one of you, any physical contact of any sort whatsoever—why, the very idea of it revolts me! How you could ever have thought it possible is beyond my understanding. . . . I am not apologizing. You asked for it and you've got it. Never allude to the subject again, please."

Eustace Grant twisted his cigar around with thoughtful care and, leaning back, looked steadily upward. The budding branches of the wood through which they were passing, bent back by a sudden April gale and disclosing fleecy fragments of white cloud driven across a background of blue sky, had no message for him. Neither was he conscious of the elusive wafts of perfume from a bank of violets which came to them from a sheltered and mossy place in the hollow of the hill, so warm and sweet that the girl by his side almost forgot the ugliness of the moment. He was restrainedly, viciously, silent and detached, and to his companion there was something far more menacing than the threat of words in his speechlessness.

Arrived at their destination, they drew up in front of one of the smaller hotels, and he handed her out with ostentatious politeness.

"Luncheon in half an hour's time," he proposed. "I shall meet a few friends at a rendezvous near here."

She nodded.

"I shall walk along the promenade," she decided.

He disappeared within the portals of a neighboring and world-renowned hostelry, and the girl crossed the street to the front. Even on such a blatant place as the Brighton promenade she found acquaintances and had to stop frequently to answer inquiries. Then, when swinging along with the sea wind full against her, inspired by some of the outdoor passions of her earlier and healthier girlhood, with the color stealing back to her cheeks and a clearer light to her eyes, she came face to face with a man being wheeled along in a bath chair. She looked at him at first with the ordinary pity of a healthy person toward an invalid, and then in horror. Notwithstanding his unnaturally white cheeks, his rimmed eyes and apparently shrunken frame, she recognized him, and motioned the man pushing the bath chair to stop.

"Mr. Dickins!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand. "Oh, I'm so sorry. I had no idea you'd been as ill as this."

"I'm not so bad as I look," he assured her, smiling. "Everyone here is so terribly healthy that one looks ill by contrast."

"It was only the other day," she confided, "that I read in the paper about your resignation through ill health."

"Ill health and general incompetence," he sighed. "How's business?"

She flushed slightly. "Quite flourishing, thank you."

"Someone had pretty good luck with Moses Reinberg's diamonds," he remarked. "The thieves got clear away without leaving a clew, I hear."

"So one read."

"And only one murder," Dickins continued, pausing a moment for breath. "Only one poor fellow who wasn't allowed a chance to defend himself, butchered. Did you read about it?"

"I never read the papers."

"It seems that he saw lights from the windows, ran up to do his duty and was shot down in cowardly fashion from behind," Dickins went on. "The trouble is that he was only thirty-eight years old—a young fellow who did fine things in the war, married, with three children. No fight—just butchered. It makes me mad down here to feel that I can't get my fingers on the throat of the coward who did it. Don't you feel like that, Miss Dring?"

She felt his burning eyes upon her, and her knees began to tremble.

"Oh, well, no one knows exactly what happened," she reminded him.

"All the same," he rejoined, looking back from the sea, where his eyes had rested for a moment, "don't you agree with me, Miss Dring, that all the excitement, the romantic thrill of crime which so many members of the general public nowadays seem to feel, must turn into dust and ashes at the mere thought of a cowardly murder like that?"

"Yes," she admitted. . . . "Mr. Dickins, I'm afraid I'm letting you talk too much. I must go now. There is one question I should like to ask you, though, if you wouldn't mind. It's terribly personal and a little incriminating, I suppose."

He waved away the bath-chair attendant for a moment. She waited until the man was out of hearing and then continued: "Did you get into trouble the night you took the jewels away from me, for not bringing me in? Had that anything to do with your leaving the force?"

"Nothing whatever," he assured her. "I had a perfectly free hand then. I didn't see that you could do us much good and I thought—I hoped it might be a lesson to you. Prison is pretty well the end of all things for a civilized person, you know."

"Are you living near here?" she asked abruptly.

"I have a little cottage on the downs," he told her. "Sunlight Lodge, South Downs."

"Can I come and see you one day?"

"Whenever you can tell me what I should like to hear," he answered gravely.

Eustace Grant was elaborately polite but silent throughout the service of luncheon. During the drive home he made only one remark.

"I hear that your friend Detective Inspector Dickins was on the promenade in a bath chair, all crocked up," he confided.

"I saw him," she replied. "Poor fellow, he looked ghastly ill."

For the first time during the day he smiled.

"So they tell me. The best news I've heard for ages. I'd read in the papers that he'd had the push, but one never knows what to believe."

"You're rather by way of being afraid of him, aren't you?" she asked.

He winced a little.

"With our organization we don't need to fear anyone," he declared. "All the same, Dickins was dangerous. He was one of the few men I should have put away any time I could have done so safely."

"'Safely,' meaning, I suppose, without any risk to yourself?"

"Naturally. When you're at war you don't fight a duel with your enemy. You kill him whenever you can get him."

"It sounds a little like murder." She shivered.

"Murder is all part of the game, as you know quite well," he rejoined coolly.

He directed the chauffeur to drive to her studio in Chelsea and politely assisted her to alight.

"Are you never going to speak to me like a human being again?" she asked, smiling at him from the pavement.

There was a subtle menace underlying his terse reply.

"I'm making up my mind what to say," he answered.

From the moment when Martha Dring entered the club that night and swung herself onto a high stool at the bar she shared in the general consciousness that some portentous event was casting its shadow over the place. Even the downstairs waiters, who were supposed to know nothing of what was going on among the élite, were whispering together in little groups. Charles, the barman, was so occupied in listening to his master's eloquent but inaudible tirade, that he had not even noticed her entrance. Grant, Passiter and Bradman were seated, still in their outdoor habiliments, at their cocktail table, without a glass in front of them, having apparently even forgotten to order drinks. The girl tapped lightly upon the counter.

"A dry Martini, Charles," she ordered.

The man returned to his duties at once. With the skill of a necromancer he began to juggle with the bottles and a silver shaker. In a matter of seconds a tapering glass, filled with cloudy amber liquid, an olive reposing at the bottom and a delicate morsel of lemon hanging over the side, was gently propelled toward her.

"What's the matter with everyone tonight, Charles?"

The inimitable Charles glanced around and wiped a spot off the counter with his dish cloth.

"Everyone is a little tired, madam, I think," he replied. "Sunday is usually a day here when our clients are not feeling quite themselves."

Martha made no remark. She watched Charles with curious eyes as he busied himself about the bar. He was a powerful-looking man, neatly dressed, with pink-and-white complexion, eyes always clear, notwithstanding his terrible hours. His flaxen hair was carefully brushed. There was not a wrinkle upon his face, and his general appearance of ingenuousness was almost irresistible. Yet he was supposed to know more about the middle and upper class underworld of London than any other man breathing. She studied him reflectively.

"Charles," she inquired, "what do you think of this sort of life?"

"Madam," he replied, after a moment's pause, "not much. It's like this, though, with me. At any other club or restaurant in Europe I might earn as much as twenty pounds a week if I was lucky. Here, with special tips and commissions, I earn fifty and I have earned more. This place will come to an end some day, of course. Then I shall go and live in the country somewhere, where I can garden and walk in the mornings and take my gun and shoot a rabbit or two after tea."

"A quaint change of habits and life, Charles," she remarked.

He looked around him and his eyes rested by chance upon the four holes in the grotesque bodies of the men upon the wall tapestry, made by Nick Conklin of New York.

"Is there anyone who goes on with this life who isn't in too thick to get out?" he asked softly. "I don't think so."

"What about me?"

"Madam, you are the only lady who comes near this place, so I don't know that you count with the rest of them. I will say this for Major Grant," he went on—"he won't have any ordinary women around or in the distance. It shows what a clever man he is. It's a pleasure to serve you, Miss Dring, as I think you know, but every time I see you come in I'm sorry. You've satisfied your curiosity, if that's what brought you. I should cut it out now—and Major Eustace Grant too," he added in a whisper.

She smiled at him delightfully, and when she smiled in that fashion Martha Dring was a very beautiful girl.

"You're a dear, Charles!" she said. "Get me a packet of cigarettes. And now we're alone, tell me what's wrong tonight."

"Midget Mat's going out," he announced softly, "and I don't think the governor much fancies his chances."

Half an hour later she descended the stairs and crossed the room toward the famous round table. Eustace Grant gave a little shiver of pent-up feeling as she swung past her accustomed place next to him and sat down between Nicholas Conklin and little Mat. George, the waiter, with set, unsmiling face, leaned over her chair.

"Caviar or oysters, madam?"

She gave her order.

"Why is everyone so serious about Mat's going out tonight?" she asked coolly.

Eustace Grant replied. "In the first place," he explained, "let me say that I am the person who is making the objections. Mat is, I admit, the finest cat burglar in the world, but this is not a cat-burglar job, he has not been used to working single-handed, and I don't feel that he has had enough experience of indoor work. Then I don't like his ghost. He is half a head taller than Mat, at least, and he is a long way from getting down to weight."

"Cut it out," Mat growled, swallowing the remains of a tumbler of champagne. "I've got to have my chance in Nick Conklin's show, haven't I, and my chance

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What Must be, Must! He Leveled His Gun and Pulled the Trigger

LONE TREE

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XIII

BEN had meant to brace himself with one snifter of the excellent bourbon just before the actual destruction of his peace that day. Being uncertain about the hour, he employed this ruse too early and felt it wise to fortify himself a second time. He had just met what seemed to be an urgent need for a third prop when a tapping at the door heralded the three male members of the embarrassing entourage.

Miss Ellis ushered in Hercule St. John Smythe, attended by General Pettigrew and his son, Presh. They came on tiptoe, with little thoughtful noises, until, perceiving the object of their solicitude to be not only awake but revealing more vivacity than they had been led to expect, they burst into greetings, cordial, but still subdued as for a mortuary.

Hercule was introduced in the general's richest organ tones, and came to press Ben's hand with lively solicitude in his agreeable young face.

Miss Ellis received a hat from Hercule, a hat and gloves from the general and a hat from Presh. Presh would have relinquished stick and gloves, but retained them when he saw that Hercule did this. They found seats and Ben was quick to observe that Paris and the great world had wrought upon the two men as it had upon the females of his family.

Both the general and Presh were attired like Hercule, and Hercule was a trim silhouette in black and white and pearl, suitable for hospital civilities. The waistcoats, spats and gloves were a pearl gray, the sticks of dark Malacca. Ben would have expected this thoughtfulness of regalia from Hercule, who knew everything that was right. But Presh! When last seen, Presh had carried neither gloves nor stick and had pridefully flaunted a seal-brown Chugwater hat with a lofty crown and what cow hands, fussy about their millinery, would speak of as a "high-peak pinch."

His present head covering was an ignoble black derby. Further, with the Chugwater creation Presh had worn a suit, not made for him, with an alarming wide stripe in yellow and brown, purplish shoes with swollen toes and a fawnskin vest; and in his pale blue cravat a tie pin set with the rattle of a deadly snake. Presh had come on. His mouse-colored hair was slicked back in the way Miss Ellis fancied, and elaborated by a wave Ben could not remember to have seen before. In his old scenic investiture Presh had been proud and upstanding; now, with his unsteady pale eyes, his prominent nose seeming more than prominent because of his chin that never had been, he was uncomfortable and scared of Hercule. Presh was twenty-five, but still callow and at times distressed by the pimples of adolescence.

The general had altered less; he seemed, in his richly decorous garb, merely to have acquired a just setting. He was a large man with a large head, denuded of hair on top, the lower remnants artfully trained to hide much of the bareness and tinted to the handsome blue-black of the raven's wing. The general's eyes were prominent and his wide and able lips with their controlled curves bespoke the mouth of a born orator. He had perhaps taken on weight, his majestic face being now a bit jowly and the equatorial bulge slightly more insistent. His dignity was unimpaired, however, and he sat stiffly erect in his chair, his hands resting on his stick, his owlish yellow eyes seeking Ben with a look of severe encouragement.

"He Gets His Two Hands Out and Reached Right Up for it—Both of His Hands, as if He Could Take it Out of the Sky"

There had as yet been no chance for the general to talk, because Hercule was doing quite all of that. While Ben was mentally betting that the general's feet hurt him in those patent-leather shoes, he was aware that Hercule rattled agreeably of New York, which had but now come under his notice, and about the wondrous purchases it had been his privilege to consummate for the embellishment of the Château Carcross. The vivacious young man uttered his English with chiseled precision. He seemed gifted with tireless energy, and must deserve, Ben concluded, all the praise Addie and the girls had given him. Only after a time of the fluent discourse did Ben suspect that Hercule was under a misapprehension regarding the cattle business.

"You have a sporting estate—yes? How jolly!" The young man appeared to believe that Ben Carcross dabbled in ranching as a rich man's hobby. "Top dog, that!" he cried with delight when Ben named his acreage. Top dog, it seemed for all manner of country sports; for whippet racing and racing with horses—"mustangs," Hercule said—for coursing with the hounds, for tennis and golf.

Golf on the Lone Tree! Ben let it go. Then the young man frightened cold beads of sweat to his brow. After a considering view of Miss Ellis in the background, he outbreathed a long "Ah!" of apparent understanding and reached out to poke Ben with his correct stick. "Ah, ha! *Blagueur*, joker that you are—not nearly so ill as you would have us believe, hanh!"

"Hey, how's that?" demanded the guilty Ben, in alarm.

"You slacker! But you are pretending. You could be up now, today, with a giant's stride, but you malinger here. Ah-ha! You fool some people all the time, but not this one any time. Come now! That charming *garde malade!*" Hercule here kissed all the finger tips of one hand in the direction of Miss Ellis. The intimation was plain.

Presh tittered and the general rumbled a tolerant laugh, as from one man of the world to others. Ben was relieved and smiled foolishly under the arch cane of his accuser.

Turning lightly from this playful interlude, Hercule voiced his matured impressions of the United States, describing it as "of course, a land of dollar chasers."

Ben had to admit this. They certainly chased dollars in the cow country. He sold his animals at simply wonderful reductions only when compelled to. He had never parted with them at half price out of friendly feeling for the purchaser—as Hercule's tradesmen friends so charmingly parted with their own treasures. Hercule described a choice oak-paneled interior he had ravished from a friend's château for a song.

Ben wondered, "An interior of what?" but it wouldn't do to ask.

As Hercule prattled, Ben turned to feast his eyes again on Presh and the general. He had been wont to speak of Presh in private as rabbit-faced—not infrequently as rabbit-brained. He was looking all of that now, copying Hercule's loll of negligent ease with an effort all too apparent. Ben wanted to laugh at Presh; then it occurred to him that those last snifters of bourbon might be blamed for this impulse. He must be careful.

He flashed his gaze to the general, whom he had never found mirth-provoking and for whom he had a tremendous respect. The general, he knew, was now on parade—he seemed to be signing himself, "Rufus Gideon Pettigrew, Educator and Publicist," as he signed his letters to an often unreceptive press. True, the Branlock Advertiser was not inappreciative of his pen on matters of national import, but too many of the so-called molders of public opinion in metropolitan centers were not alive to their best interests. Of course, there had been the letter printed in The New York Times in 1918, a clipping of this from one of the dozen purchased issues of that journal being now, surely, in the general's pocketbook—somewhat frayed, it was to be surmised, from constant handling by Europeans to whose attention it would have been drawn. Ben tried unavailingly to remember what the letter was about. He felt a sudden flood of sympathy for a great man too long cheated of recognition and he broke in upon Hercule's chatty repurchase of some Louis XV chairs to ask about this letter.

"Ah, yes, yes," boomed the general. "But the journal you speak of has apparently come under another management since I first appeared in its columns." That very

morning the general had gone to the office of the journal to recall himself as an old contributor and to suggest a series of articles on the European debt situation by one who had recently studied it at first hand. And what was the result? The general had, to put it bluntly—no use mincing words—been put off by some officious jackanapes underling, who, with the coolest effrontery, had even pretended not to recall the general's former contribution. The general was hurt, but dignified; Ben was hurt and less dignified. He hotly declared that except for the Branlock Advertiser there wasn't a paper in the country not controlled by Wall Street crooks. Even the Advertiser, he added, according to well-founded rumor, had let itself be bought over in that matter of the B. & J. ditch litigation.

In spite of this passing cynicism, Ben was feeling friendly to everyone and, when the ladies came, almost too gay for his supposed indisposition. It was hard to suppress a warming glow of pride; it was he they were making such a fuss about, the smart shops and wonderful bargains and Hercule's open-handed friends abandoned for the moment out of worry over him.

Mrs. St. John Smythe was being shown off by Addie and the girls. She looked to Ben's eyes somehow smarter—if he had the right word for it—than the other women, even if her severe black-and-white effects were less colorful. Clearly, she was the mother of Hercule with his dark hair and the gray, rather smallish, but agreeably shrewd eyes; she had his air of untiring quickness, his birdlike perkings of the head as she talked. Ben thought they were indeed a wonderful pair. He was now thinking everyone wonderful. Addie and the girls became wonderful—even Presh. On his bed Ben was holding carnival. He would have liked another nip of the bourbon before the glow should die, but he knew it wouldn't do. Once he thought, noting how the eyes of Hercule's mother were again and again seeking his, that she was making a few guesses about him—going through him with a dark lantern.

"Your quaint America," she was saying, "so enamored of bigness and the superlative. Really it is droll. The loftiest skyscrapers in the world, the largest rivers, the highest mountains—the coldest, the hottest in the world—the most murders, the greatest floods, the greatest fires—— Did I not read with my own eyes in a Western journal a winsome boast of the crookedest railway in the world? And but this morning one of your important cities naïvely prides itself on having the largest electric-lighted sign in the world—to advertise some person's oil or treacle, I fancy it was."

"Well, of course, Europe can't have everything," Ben kindly pointed out. Addie and Vannie murmured reprovingly, "Oh, Ben!" and the talk ran again to the enticing topic of wondrous furnishings for the Château Carcross. Hercule's mother supposed there were no smart shops in the Far Western Wheelock—was it?

"Branlock—and smart shops! Oh, my dear!" This was Addie, and Ben caught the intention.

"Well, now," he began helpfully, "maybe you don't know it, but the last time I was in Branlock the B. & J. store had got in one of these wax women and she was wearing a very pretty red dress in the window."

"Ben! How absurd!" It was Vannie this time, but Ben, with his three drinks, was not to be called absurd. "It was a smart red dress, I tell you, with blue stockings and the skirt stagged right up to the limit."

"Stagged?" exclaimed both Hercule and his mother. The modish connotation was patiently explained with commiserating glances at Ben, and the talk tactfully diverted to some adorable costume jewelry worn by Mrs. St. John Smythe. They were all smoking cigarettes, unmindful of the tormented eyes of Miss Ellis, who wished to smoke, but could not bring herself to leave the room. Hercule, the enterprising, chatted of a New York connection already formed which had enabled him that very morning to purchase a wing chair with ball-and-claw feet for only seven hundred dollars; amazingly below its actual value; but Hercule knew how to make these little savings.

His mother's competent eyes had not failed to take stock of Miss Ellis, discreetly withdrawn from the group, and when they had done this their glance fluttered lightly over Ben. She flung a French phrase to Hercule, whose reply, also in French, was achieved entirely with his eloquent shoulders. Thereupon the mother trustfully hoped that Ben would not long be confined to his couch of pain.

Ben was on the point of declaring that right then he was ready to leave any hospital in the world with bells on, but, fortunately, overcame this bourbon-inspired bravado.

"I'm still pretty frail—far from a well man," he said.

"I see—I see," said Mrs. St. John Smythe, again cheering him with her eyes after the slightest side glance at Miss Ellis. Did she not know men after all these years—she, a woman of the world?

Addie was reminding Ben not to forget those darling fashion-tailored models at the establishment of Hercule's old and valued friend.

Ben merely mumbled at this. A disclosure of the brutal truth about him was yet a scandal of the unread future—that day when both Hercule and his mother would bluntly assure a dismayed Mrs. Carcross that her husband was not and never would be style-conscious. All was yet falsely tranquil and Ben in his new elation had the radio give them some music.

Hercule danced with Vannie skillfully over a square yard of the polished floor, and afterward confessed his distaste for the dance tune. "Like all your modern music, trivial," he criticized. Ben eagerly inquired if he had ever heard Suwanee River, and Hercule said yes; and many others—far too many others possessed only of a geographic significance. Hercule became impassioned: "You shall not find with us any song like My Little Red House in the East of Switzerland, Carry Me Back to the Far South Along the Riviera, When it Shall be Rutabaga Time in Upper Silesia. But no, we are not so topographical, as if you were reading an atlas. And besides, the music of your songs about rivers and regions is so full of quotations."

"How true! So little of it original!" murmured Gail, while Hercule's mother fondly drew him to perch on the arm of her chair.

"French songs are all about some gal or other," suddenly announced Presh. The abruptness of this, his conversational debut, so flustered Presh that he dropped his stick and gloves.

"At-a-*garçon!*" cried Hercule, laughing shrilly. "You see"—he beamed upon the assemblage—"already I learn to commit American slang."

(Continued on Page 104)

"Ben Carcross, I Bet You Could Get Out of That Bed This Minute!"

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 27, 1929

Farm Relief Legislation

IT IS not practicable at this time to describe the projected farm relief in detail, because the legislation is to a considerable extent permissive rather than mandatory.

A Farm Board is created with wide powers. It has the use of a large revolving fund drawn from the public treasury. This revolving fund is designed to serve as working capital in the merchandising problems of agriculture; it is not designed as an appropriation to cover the losses of agriculture. It is not a subsidy for the future or a salvage of the past; it is, in effect, the capital for financial reconstruction of a country-wide marketing problem.

It lies in the spirit of the legislation to have appropriate coöperative associations organized, in order that at the producer's end the initial steps of marketing may be coördinated with subsequent measures. Where effective coöperative associations have not yet been organized, these would be brought into being through the efforts of producers to coördinate their efforts with the Farm Board. While it is true that the operations of the Farm Board are not limited to coöperative associations as defined in the Capper-Volstead Act, we gather from the spirit of the legislation that this will be the direction of coöperative developments. Between the coöperative associations and the Farm Board are to stand—permissive, but not mandatory—commodity advisory councils. These are set up for the purpose of integrating and mobilizing the relations of the agricultural coöperative associations, which are often too large and unwieldy to act expeditiously and effectively.

Provision is made for the setting up—still permissive, but not mandatory—of stabilization corporations, closely knit merchandising organizations which would represent the instrument of the Farm Board in its contacts with the agricultural association and in the execution of marketing policies agreed on between them.

The Farm Board holds the purse strings; except for limitations stated in the act, it determines the policy of loans, their objectives and limitations. The total figure of the revolving fund is fixed by appropriation of Congress. The apportionment of credits between the several agricultural products lies with the Farm Board. Upon the Farm Board also lies the responsibility for such safeguarding of financial operations as to prevent the occurrence of losses, or at least to hold them down to amounts that can be later liquidated without additional appropriations of Congress.

Loans may be made to stabilization corporations or to the coöperative associations or both, in the judgment of the Farm Board and in accordance with such working agreements as they may set up. Fixed equipment may not be acquired in unlimited amounts for purposes of storing or processing agricultural products, but broad latitude is available for merchandising operations. It is clearly the intent of the legislation to insure effective teamwork between the Farm Board, the stabilization corporations and the coöperative associations in the financing of operations under the act. There can be no question that the replacement of middlemen by producers is contemplated in the spirit of the legislation. It is government aid in a merger of producers in the marketing of their products. Undoubtedly it is assumed that, properly managed and adequately financed, the stabilization corporations and the agricultural coöperative associations will show profits as the outcome of operations conducted under the Farm Board. Under exceptional contingencies losses might be unavoidable. But we take it that profits are to be expected; and if they do not eventuate, it will be inferred that something has been wrong with the management. The advocates of legislation for farm relief have always insisted that the profits of middlemen have been large. With the taking over of the distributive functions of middlemen, if profits do not accrue under the new operation the public will infer that something is wrong with the management.

Since the purpose is constructive in the managerial sense, it follows that as a rule the operations would be principally those of merchandising in the broad sense; they would not include processing or storing, save for exceptional instances. Occasions may arise when it may be deemed commercially advantageous, for example, to carry a part of a crop from one season into the next or to dump a part of a crop into export markets. But experience has shown that these are commercially hazardous devices, not to be lightly entered on and not to be routinely applied. A Farm Board could not attempt to bull the world market without being prepared to hold the bag. Therefore, if experienced judgment guides the operations of the Farm Board, merchandising profits rather than speculative profits will be the outstanding objective.

Obviously, the Farm Board will not immediately undertake operations with all agricultural products. The producers of some products insist on being let alone entirely; others find their present position satisfactory enough to be allowed to guide their own affairs for the time being. In the case of other farm products, conditions may not prove suitable for intervention by the Farm Board, even on the desire of producers. We take it, there will be little difficulty, in a properly constituted Farm Board, in deciding upon the products initially to be handled. In fact, the size of the appropriation will in itself initially limit the operations of the board.

One of the advantages of the legislation is that through the operations of the Farm Board and the revolving fund, the intermediate credit system and commercial banks will find it expedient and safe to advance accommodations to agricultural coöperative associations to an extent not now regarded as safe. In fact, it is possible to foresee such a development as would consist of the Farm Board stabilizing and safeguarding loans of a strictly commercial character, rather than providing the accommodation from the revolving fund.

The legislation is, frankly, an experiment, but it is an experiment along what might be called orthodox, conventional and traditional lines, without drawing invidious or prejudiced comparisons. Behind the tariff wall, the legislation undertakes to make the best of changing price circumstances in the markets of the United States and of the world. It does not attempt artificially to lift the domestic price level, as was contemplated by the proponents of the equalization fee and the export debenture. The domestic price level will rise, behind the tariff wall, in accordance with the intelligent adjustment of supply to demand. It will be necessary for the Farm Board—in fact, crucially necessary in the case of many commodities—not merely to merchandise the crop in the manner most advantageous to producers but also to influence producers to turn out crops in such volume and of such quality as will give the best returns to the class. If farmers make the mistake of assuming that the purpose of the Farm Board is to operate with increasing crops to their increasing advantage, the impending program of farm relief will be a disillusionment. A great deal will depend upon managerial ability and expert information in the merchandising of a crop under the impending organization. But as much, and probably more, depends upon farmers' being guided in their production, to the extent that merchandising measures which would be effective and remunerative with a crop of a certain size are not nullified by being stretched to handle large crops for which the merchandising circumstances on the markets of the world furnish no commercial justification.

Offense and Defense

IT IS said to be a principle of military science that offense and defense tend to equalize. Unfortunately, this is not true in all the affairs of everyday life, if we may be permitted to use the word "offense" in a slightly different sense. The public has very little protection against those of its members who are selfish and boorish enough to offend. Offenses to the nose are fairly well dealt with, because they come within the purview of public health and sanitation. More attention than formerly is being given to offenses to the eye, and public sentiment is slowly being aroused to the unsightly billboard as well as to other examples of ugliness. But very little has been done to cope with those pests who assault our ears.

Like other modern improvements, the automobile is responsible for many nuisances as well as many blessings, or a more accurate way of expressing the idea is to say that the automobile has provided a vent for the natural cussedness of human beings. Among these inconsiderate encumbrances in human form are drivers who sit lolling in cars in front of buildings while tooting their horns loud and long to attract the attention of persons within. If the same driver were on foot, would he stand in front of the building and yell raucously? It seems impossible that the same person can be a polite lady or gentleman on foot and a mannerless lout at the wheel of a car.

Generalizations are dangerous, and now and then a driver cannot park in front of a building. In such cases the use of a horn may be necessary. But frequently parking space may be found a hundred feet away, and in any case a prolonged and vociferous noise as a signal is without excuse. Too often sheer laziness and selfishness—in other words, ill manners—account for the practice. It is often resorted to late at night and in residential districts where people may be ill.

Another boorish and brainless custom is the loud, continuous tooting of horns by drivers toward the end of a line of traffic which is temporarily held up. The chances are nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand that the car at the head of the line would go ahead if it could, but those behind are in too elementary a mental stage to realize the fact.

It has been suggested that people would drive more safely if horns on automobiles were prohibited. We shudder at the thought. Under such conditions pedestrians would not be divided into two classes, as now, the quick and the dead, for there would be only the dead. Even a railroad locomotive, confined to a private right of way, requires a whistle. No, the automobile horn will remain with us. And to it is being added the whir of the flying machine.

People must learn to use and not abuse their machines. The question is whether a nation has the ability to educate itself in manners and decency. But it is a question of engineering and planning as well. Airplanes will be less of a nuisance if airports are properly located, and the noise of traffic, of heavy trucks, of speeding cars and of horns will not be so offensive on speedways built for the purpose. But a certain number of automobiles must always pervade even the quietest of residential districts, as far as we can look into the future. After all, city planning is not a cure for boorishness; highway engineering cannot put manners into people incapable of receiving them.

BOATS WITH WINGS

By Ralph D. Weyerbacher, Commander, C. C., U. S. N.

ACROSS the interior and along the borders of the United States today lie thousands of miles of unused, natural airways. Tried and established arteries of an older form of transportation, they offer their facilities to crowded industrial centers and sparsely settled agricultural communities impartially. Few hazards are encountered along the routes, guide signs are superfluous, costly ground facilities are required only at important terminals, and emergency landing places are available along every foot of their courses. They are the rivers, lakes, bays and seas which traverse inland America or wash its long stretches of coast line.

For these airways a special type of carrier is required. But this carrier is now available, and has been in practical use for a number of years. It is the modern and efficient flying boat.

Commercial aviation has been slow in utilizing America's natural airways, principally because it has lagged in adapting this type of aircraft to its purposes. It has persisted in treating the flying boat as aviation's stepchild. Wider commercial use of the passenger-and-cargo-carrying flying boat can open up new routes for aerial transport equaling or surpassing in mileage and in service the network of airlines now demonstrating their capacity for successful operation.

Europe appears to have made greater progress in the practical utilization of the boat with wings. It is in service today on a number of long and important airways maintaining regular schedules over both intracontinental and intercontinental routes. French seaplane lines operate in the Mediterranean from southern ports to the African provinces. Perhaps the most widely known of these is the route between Antibes, Ajaccio and Tunis. In 1927 seaplanes on this route, which then operated only as far as Ajaccio, flew 14,570 kilometers, carrying 922 passengers, 1068 kilograms of freight and baggage and 492 kilograms of mail. Statistics for 1928 have not yet been published, but they will undoubtedly show a great increase in traffic. The Deutsche Luft Hansa uses flying boats on a route extending from Stettin to Copenhagen, Gothenburg and Oslo, on the Stettin-Stockholm line, and on several other shorter runs. Italy employs them for regular scheduled service over a number of Mediterranean routes, among them the Triest-Turin and Triest-Zara-Ancona; the Rome-Genoa and Rome-Naples-Palermo; the Brindisi-Athens-Constantinople, the Rome-Cagliari, the Rome-Barcelona and Rome-Tripoli-Bengazi, and the Brindisi-Valona lines. One route is served by ten seaplanes on daily service, a second by nine, and a third by eight.

Great Britain has a short seaplane route between Southampton and Guernsey. Its recently inaugurated 5000-mile aerial trunk line from London to Karachi, India, employs flying boats over the 1500 miles of the course stretching from Genoa to Alexandria by way of Rome, Syracuse, Navarino and Tobruk. The remainder of the route is served by land planes, and in one section—between Basel and Genoa—by night express trains crossing the Alps. Total flying time consumed amounts to fifty-two hours, and actual time, including rests, to seven days, which compares favorably with the fifteen to twenty-one days required by older methods of travel.

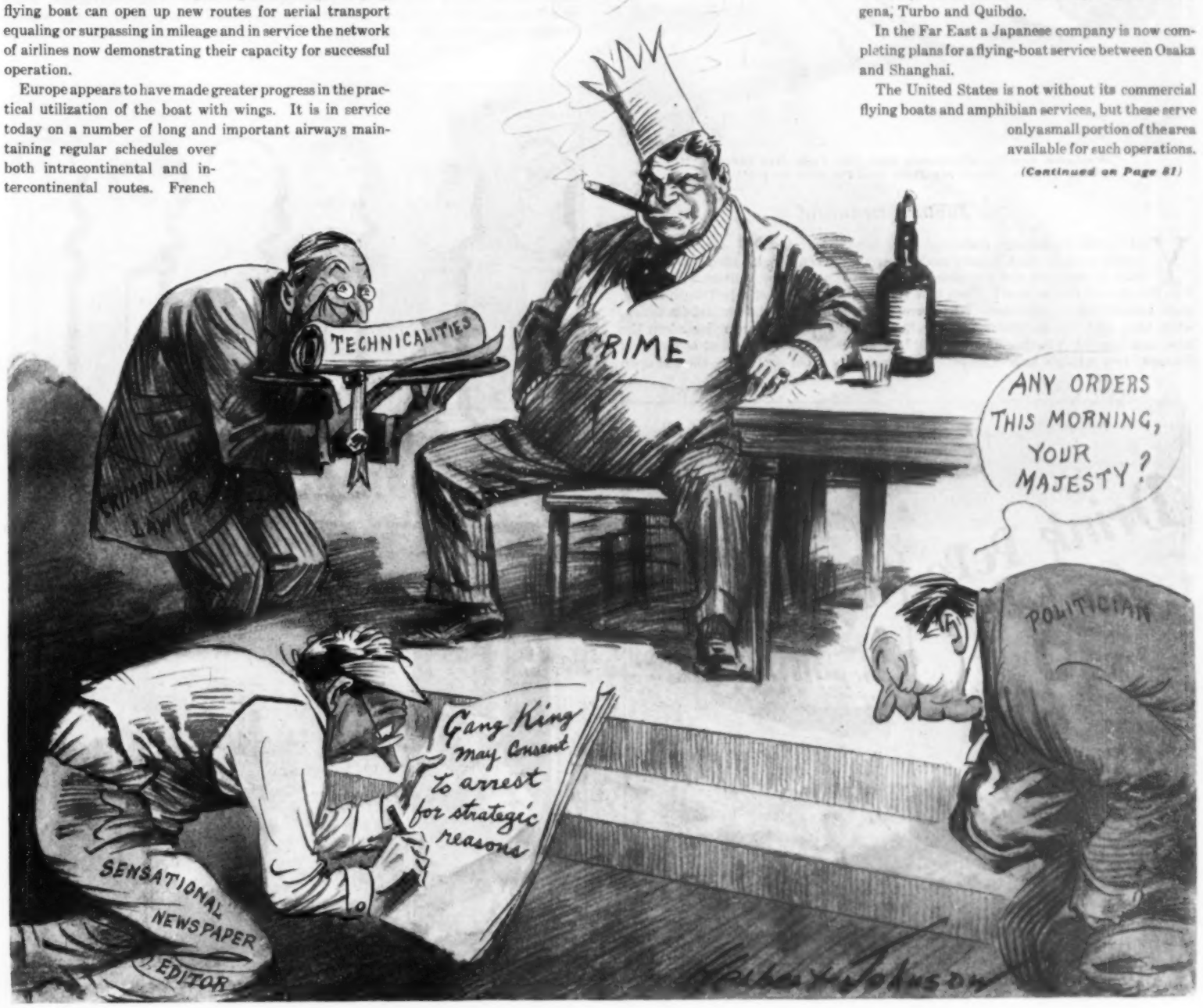
In South America, Colombia maintains at least three transportation services depending on seaplanes or flying boats.

Regular flights are made three times a week over a 625-mile route along the Magdalena River, from Barranquilla to Girardot. A second service offers aerial transportation on weekly schedule between Girardot and Neiva. A third follows the Atrato and San Juan rivers from Barranquilla to Buenaventura by way of Cartagena, Turbo and Quibdo.

In the Far East a Japanese company is now completing plans for a flying-boat service between Osaka and Shanghai.

The United States is not without its commercial flying boats and amphibian services, but these serve only a small portion of the area available for such operations.

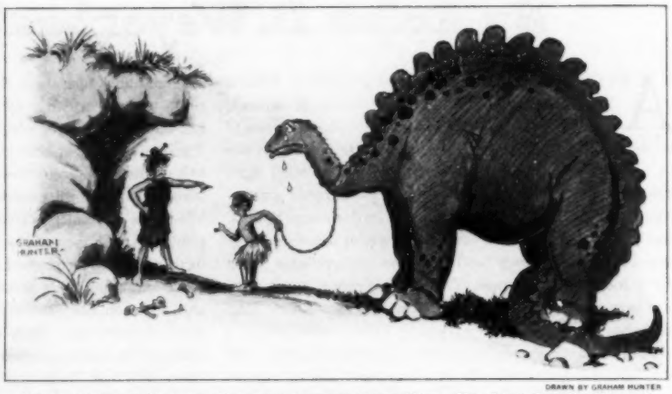
(Continued on Page 81)



SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

DRAWN BY MARGE

"Madame, are You Absolutely Sure You Take Size Sixteen?"
"Young Woman, That's My Story and I'll Stick to It!"



DRAWN BY GRAHAM HUNTER

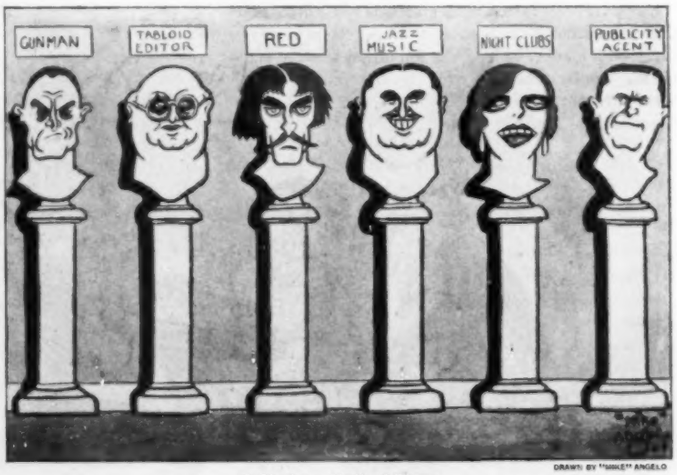
"Aw, Listen t' Reason, Ma, and Lemme Keep Him. He Ain't Got No Home"

The Sublurb Beautiful

YOU'D like to tour the globe and view historic architecture? Sir, why a man should want to roam I really can't conjecture, when here his needs are satisfied with promptness and precision, his art ideals ratified by realtors with vision. You like the old Italian stuff? Then note this reproduction—a simple Tuscan model, quite authentic in construction. Why travel to a country full of danger and discussion, when here, with onion cupolas, is nifty Early Russian? Venetian styles adorn the lake, and, somewhat farther inland, you'll love our rock-ribbed bungalow of medieval Finland; two cottages have Spanish charm, but pray avoid confusion—the one upon the right is Basque, the other Andalusian; beyond them rise the German *Schloss*, the love nest Abyssinian, and next to that a pillared home, real antewar Virginian. New England greets you on the left, Colonial, white and green; our filling station's Moorish, and our office Byzantine; we've Neo-Vorticist decor, and marble super baths; we're handy to the country club, the links and bridle paths.

Within the grassy park below, to camping tastes we cater; a little Navahogan and a cute Norwegian saeter, a tasty kraal from Africa, appeal to everybody, though western campers may prefer our cozy prairie soddy. Our Renaissance apartments take you

(Continued on Page 119)



DRAWN BY "MIKE" ANGELO

A Modern Hall of Fame

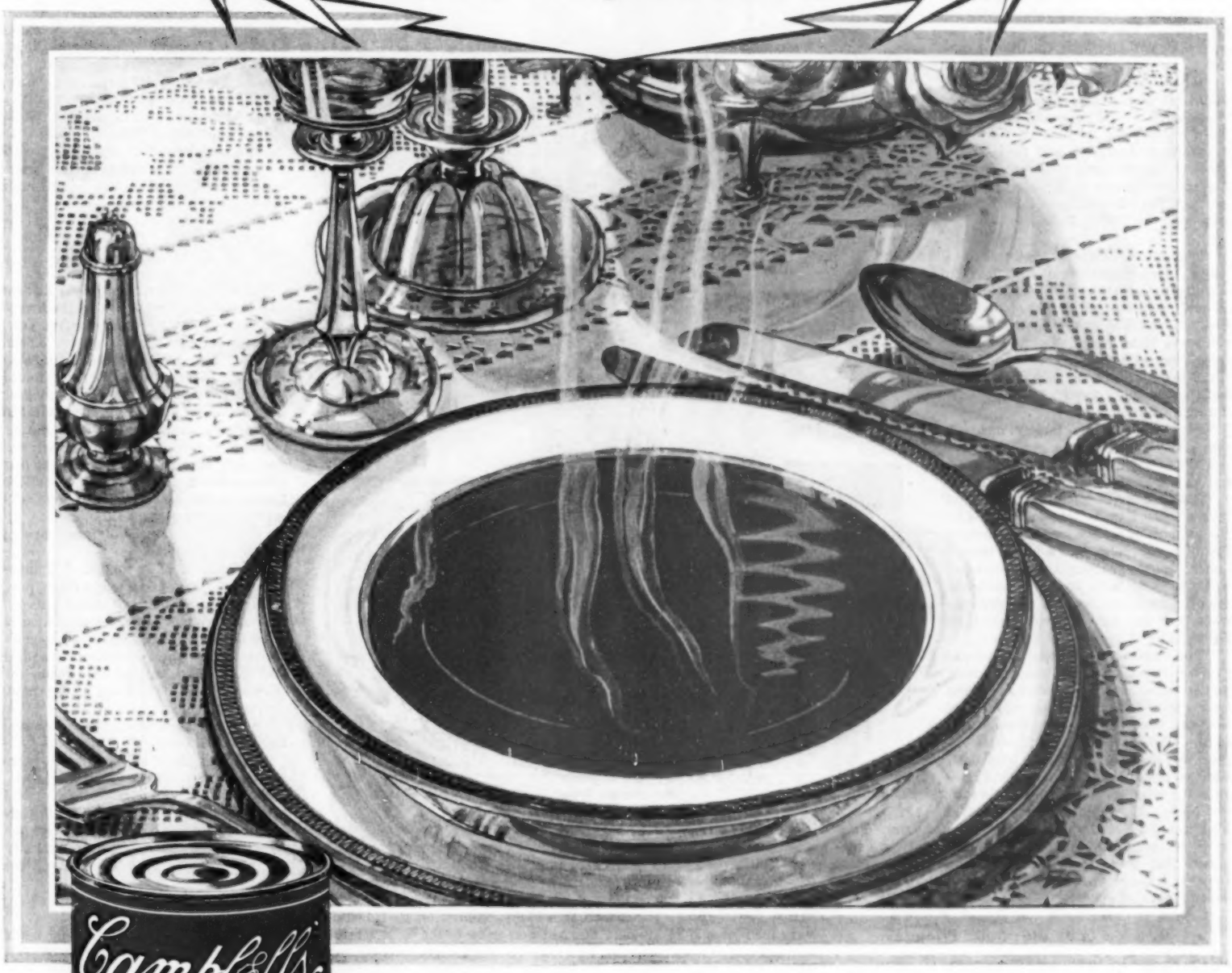
DRAWN BY EDWARD JONES

When the Signboard Craze Extends Into New York Harbor

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

The Kid: "Well, for Heaven's Sake, Dad, Haven't You Got My Homework Finished Yet?"

A touch of warmth makes the cold meal sparkle!



See the full list of 21 Campbell's Soups printed on the label.

Revel in all the cool, refreshing salads and ices! Quicken your taste, benefit your health with a bracing hot soup. Whether you select Tomato Soup or any of the 20 other delightful Campbell's Soups, your cold meals will gain in charm and in healthfulness. 12 cents a can.

Send me lots of Campbell's Soups
And don't you be too slow, sir.
I know you have all twenty-one—
That's why you are my grocer!

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

WAR PROPAGANDA

By One of the War Propagandists

ONE of the leading British propagandists, having the advantage of a German education, was able to mingle freely with the Germans without betraying his origin. I am indebted to him for much valuable information. The war being over, he discussed his activities with the utmost candor.

"The German press in America," he explained to me in a famous Piccadilly hotel, "numbered several hundred publications. Read by several millions of Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, and by the Slav races of the Balkans, these publications had the eye and ear of important political groups. The British, French and Russian papers in the United States were negligible.

"Irish opinion, well organized and politically potent, presented a united front in opposition to all things British. It is safe to say," he continued, "that of the hundred million inhabitants of the States, one-third was bitterly opposed to the British cause, one-third was apathetic during the first two years of the war as to its outcome, and the remaining one-third was pro-Ally, if not pro-British."

This estimate agrees largely with my own division of American public opinion into three camps, although I think that the pro-Ally sentiment was underestimated.

"Even the most friendly American," he replied when I made this point, "had at the back of his mind a scarcely expressed desire to see John Bull's Navy take a knock, though the thoughtful and traveled American was quite secure in his belief that England's victory was a better outcome from the American viewpoint than the triumph of the Central Powers.

"The Germans were excellent propagandists. German films at moving-picture houses depicted the Emperor reviewing troops or witnessing endless columns of Prussian troops, Bavarians, Saxons, and so on. The German Navy, it would appear, was the only fleet on the high seas! German professors at Columbia and Harvard and other seats of learning vied with each other in presenting to a puzzled American public the why and wherefore of the war. Two-thirds of the inhabitants of the United States were convinced that Germany was about to repeat her rapidly achieved triumph of 1870. The remaining third anxiously hoped for Allied victory."

PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., OF N. Y.

Mr. George Creel

By Good Luck Plus Good Friends

"YOUR opinion of German propaganda is more flattering than the estimate with which it is regarded by the Germans themselves," I remarked.

"Never," he replied, "underestimate a resourceful foe. When we arrived the papers were filled with articles, letters and interviews by learned professors. Some of these were hysterical and worthless. Others were well and closely reasoned. Excellent work was done by Doctor Dernburg and Doctor von Mach. George Sylvester Viereck was sometimes wrong in his statements of events. Quite often he was near the truth. It was a battle of wits."

"Was it not also a matter of luck?"

"Doctor Albert had the worst sort of luck, as did Dr. Karl Bertling and Herr von Igel. The private papers of these gentlemen fell into our hands. In each case, if the truth be told, by good luck plus good friends of England! We outwitted enemy agents early in the conflict, but could not touch them until after America came into the war. Masses of material and bulky dossiers were all ready for the American intelligence services, naval, military and civil, the moment Bernstorff received his papers."

"It seems to me," I remarked, "that your people were invariably victorious in your duels with the German spies and propagandists."

"By no means," he replied, his eyes shining with the joy of remembered battles. "However, we are under the impression that we scored more victories and more frequently achieved our ends than did our opponents. Traps were laid for us and we retaliated. Each side attempted to betray the antagonist into a breach of Uncle Sam's laws. To tamper with the United States mails, to monkey with a passport or to procure one or more unlawfully, to enter or leave the States in an irregular manner, were some of the temptations! Without boasting, I may say that not a single British officer was sent home. No less than ten representatives of Central Powers were politely requested to return whence they came!"

"What did you learn concerning the plans of the propagandists?"

"Among the personal papers that found their way into our hands were plans for securing the good offices of all sorts and conditions of society. Lutheran clergymen were requested to preach sermons favoring the German cause, teachers were to interlard their instructions with references to the war and the invincibility of the forces of the Fatherland.

"Later on we ascertained that the Irish, the Hindus and other races were exploited for propaganda purposes."

"What," I asked, "were your greatest handicaps?"

"We were guilty of one colossal stupidity," he replied. "That was the firm and unbendable decision of the British chiefs of intelligence that no pro-German writer or any person even suspected of harboring anti-British sentiment should be allowed to set foot anywhere under the British flag."

"What was the result?"

"Dozens of American and other journalists whose honest opinion was that Germany would prove the victor were refused access to British territory, while having full freedom to visit the enemy countries, where they were impressed by the mighty preparations of Germany and the inexhaustible resources of the Central Powers.

"In 1914, a New York World man was at the Azores awaiting the arrival of Mr. Wanamaker's flying boat, America. War was declared while he was impatiently kicking his heels in the Atlantic island. He was promptly ordered to Berlin. He saw the Emperor and the great war lords, he interviewed the Austrian leaders. They showed him their great guns and told of greater that would presently amaze the Tommy and the poilu. Though he passed through England on his way back to America to tell of Germany's unconquerable spirit and her invincible arms, he saw nothing of Britain's preparations."

A Red-Tape Blockade

"THAT," he continued, "was his last visit to England until after the Armistice. In vain he attempted, year after year, to break through the blockade of official red tape. It was with great difficulty that I was able to secure a visa for him, and for two other World men, more than one year after hostilities had ceased. An appeal to Monsieur Jusserand per long-distance telephone just before the ship started was eventually successful and three of the best newspapermen were allowed to sail to Europe to see something of war's wreckage."

"Was the testimony of these men of such importance?"

"Undoubtedly," he replied. "Millions of doubting Thomases might have been converted to faith in the Allied cause if these men whom the British suspected of being German sympathizers had been allowed to give their testimony of Allied resolve. Indeed, coming from them, the evidence would have been all the more convincing."

"What was the obstacle to their visiting England and France?"

"Although all these gentlemen were American-born citizens, one of them had a father who was born in Hungary, a second had a grandfather who was born in Germany, and the third had nothing more than a German name and was born in the German-American community of St. Louis, Missouri. Just the missionaries the Allies needed!"

"But why did London refuse to accept your advice?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I raised my small voice in vain and certainly made myself unpopular with those in the seats of the mighty in Whitehall."

"To what extent," I asked after a pause, "did you or your opponents use falsehood deliberately as a weapon of propaganda?"

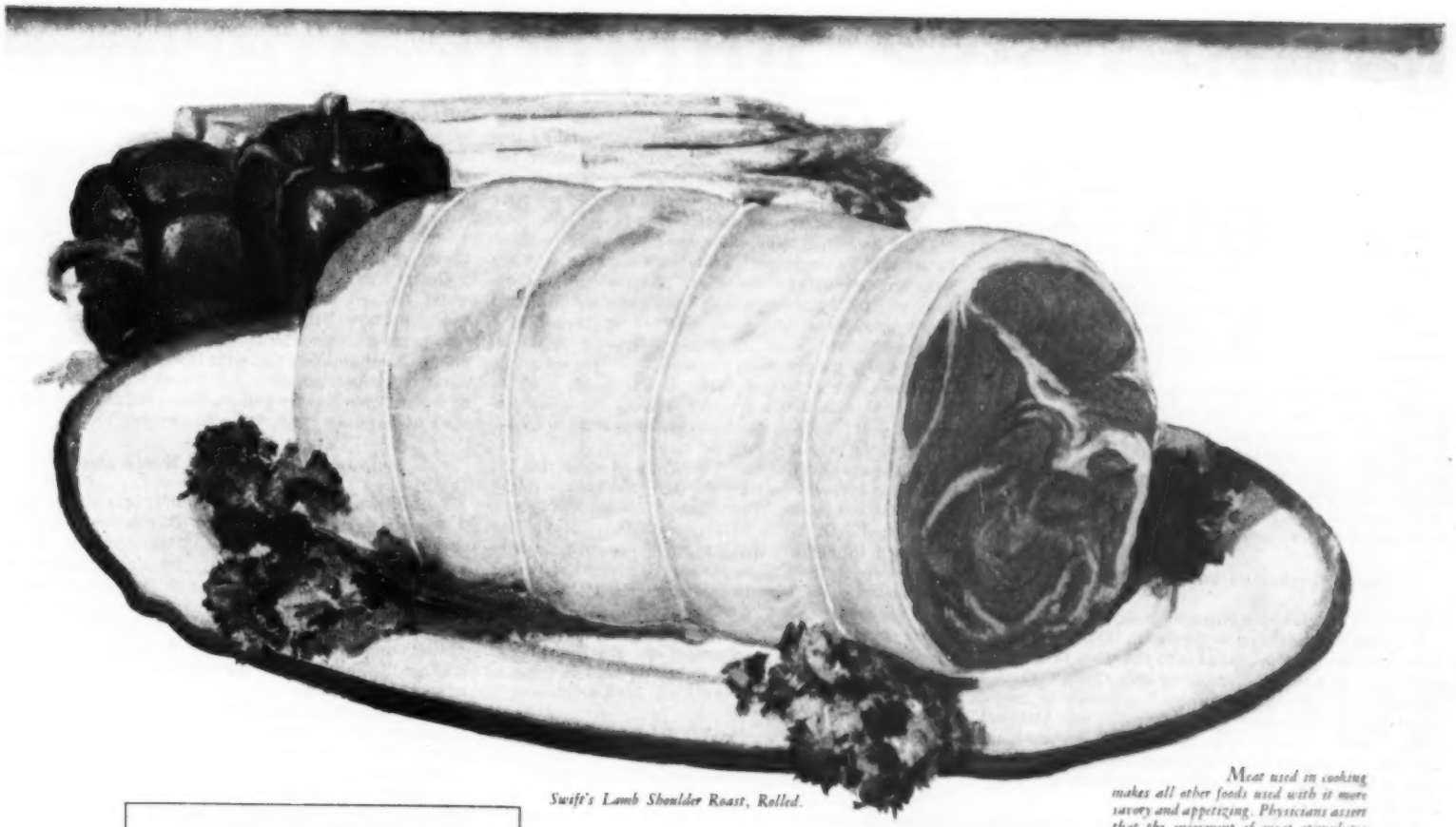
He hesitated. "Propaganda," he replied, "is of two kinds: One class is scrupulously accurate, the other is intentionally inaccurate and willfully untruthful. We are told sententiously that only truthful propaganda is of any use. I wish it were so. One can secure belief in an utterly untrue statement if it is often enough repeated. It is true, however, that untrue propaganda ceases to have value in the long run.

"Stories of atrocities were rife in the early part of the war, and both belligerents were alleged to be guilty. Today everyone is inclined to believe these accounts were exaggerated, although the books of Bernhardi and Treitschke gave color to the belief that German ruthlessness and *Schrecklichkeit* demanded severe measures."

"What was your personal experience?"

"So far as my personal experience is concerned, I never discovered any willful and conscious untruth on the part of my propaganding opponents in the United States. I can say with even greater confidence that not willingly did I circulate, either by pen or tongue, statements that I knew to be false. I will admit, however, that both my

(Continued on Page 28)



Swift's Lamb Shoulder Roast, Rolled.

Meat used in cooking makes all other foods used with it more savory and appetizing. Physicians assert that the enjoyment of meat stimulates the appetite and promotes digestion.

Just 3 steps

TO YOUR DOOR

For lamb of the finest quality, flavor and tenderness specify Swift's Premium. It is delivered to your dealer wrapped and branded for your protection as shown here.

It is a very simple marketing system that delivers Swift & Company's meats to your door.

There are three major agencies involved:

1, the farmer who raises or feeds the animal; 2, Swift & Company who select it, transport, and prepare it for your kitchen; and 3, the retailer who serves you locally.

Certainly no system of wholesale marketing could be more direct unless you secured your meat—either dressed or on the hoof—from the farmer himself. Of course, that is geographically impossible. Furthermore, the important matter of quality must be considered.

The Swift marketing system embraces 400 branch houses and a nation-wide fleet of modern refrigerator cars that maintain, even in the smallest hamlet, an unfailing supply of fresh meat at all times.

This system is complete—it spans the wide gap between farm and retail store—and does it for practically the lowest selling cost in any business.

SWIFT

· Premium · "Silverleaf" · Brookfield ·

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(Continued from Page 26)

enemy opposite numbers and my colleagues and myself have reason to view with disapprobation some of the alleged Facts and Figures with which we were fed by too zealous officials."

"Don't you think," I said, "that propaganda lies are apt to plague their inventors?"

"Yes, indeed. The farcical stories of the destruction of London and other great cities by the Germans undoubtedly had a demoralizing effect leading to the final debacle among the civil population of Germany when they learned of the falsity of this propaganda. In the same way, in 1870, the French lulled both their armies and their population with a false sense of security by wild stories of German defeat. When the truth appeared the destruction of morale ensued with charges of betrayal by their own generals and statesmen. Zola's La Débâcle has shown the folly of such propaganda."

No one knew how to marshal the forces of propaganda more expertly than Lord Northcliffe. When he arrived here in 1917 England owed $400,000,000 to private American bankers. She was unable to pay this debt except with American aid. It was necessary to conciliate American public opinion with the idea of financing the British Empire. The lords of propaganda thought that America underestimated England's sacrifices.

Lord Northcliffe on Propaganda

"THERE is no German propaganda against the French," groans Northcliffe on September 8, 1917. "The whole Irish and German propaganda is to the effect that we are getting all the money and are doing little of the work. We do our utmost to counteract these impressions by means of my personal influence with friends of the American press. But we have far to go before we have placed ourselves on an equality with the French here. To do so, we must at least be as well equipped, scientifically and otherwise, as they are."

Working like a beaver, Lord Northcliffe, through personal contacts and through the press, strove to overcome the handicap of the British. While fanning industriously the fires of propaganda, he did not adopt the scolding tone toward the American Government which some pro-Ally Americans considered proper.

"You may rely upon me," he cables to Balfour, "never to use minatory language. I have been dealing with these people for thirty years. Nothing can be gained here by threats, much by flattery and self-abnegation."

Propaganda was one of the chief topics of discussion in the conferences between Lord Northcliffe and Colonel House. The drift of these conversations appears from a cable addressed by Lord Northcliffe to Lloyd George:

> I do not know how far House speaks for the President in this matter of propaganda, but in the course of our interviews he referred to it again and again. He said the war was being fought without imagination; that where the Germans have spent millions in propaganda, we have only spent thousands, and that ours was poor matter at that. He repeated that it is essential to spread in Germany through neutral newspapers, by aeroplanes and by the numerous German visitors to be found in Switzerland, Denmark, Holland, Sweden, and Norway, news of the immense expenditures and preparations being made by the United States. . . .
>
> House pointed out that the Allies had been altogether outwitted in propaganda—in Russia—and everywhere else. If a small portion of the money which had been expended in war material had been put into effective propaganda in Russia, in neutral countries and in South America, where we had allowed the Germans to spread their lies unchecked, the war would have nearly reached its conclusion.

Shortly after the war, the London Times—July 4, 1919—controlled by Lord Northcliffe, rendered glowing accounts of the efficient propaganda instituted by Northcliffe in the United States and "carried on by those learned in the arts of creating public good will and of swaying public opinion."

What are these arts? What is the object of the campaign? "Efficiently organized propaganda to mobilize the press, the church, the stage and the cinema; to press into active service the whole educational system, the universities, public and high schools and primary schools; to provide for subsidizing the best men to write books and articles."

Nor is this all. We are told: "Histories and textbooks upon literature should be revised. New books should be added, particularly in the primary schools. Hundreds of exchange university scholarships should be provided. Local societies should be formed in every center to foster British-American good will, in close coöperation with an administrative committee."

In all his activities, Lord Northcliffe subordinated his convictions to the policies of his government. Northcliffe, admits his chief aide, Sir Campbell Stuart, was activated by the principle that propaganda must act as a pacemaker to policy, and "mold public opinion without appearing to do so." To try to make propaganda shape policy, Sir Campbell Stuart adds, is as fatal as endeavoring to conduct propaganda campaigns without policy or with conflicting policies.

Not counting volunteer American workers, the British Bureau of Information began with a personnel of nine at the time of Balfour's installation. When the last gun sounded, the number of Sir Geoffrey Butler's aides had risen to fifty-four. Taking a leaf from the book of the Germans, they plastered the country with pro-Ally posters. Volunteer lecturers from England, discouraged for a time by Sir Gilbert Parker, now darkened our skies like locusts. Without assuming responsibility for them, Sir Geoffrey Butler and his assistants facilitated their efforts. They made arrangements for the large number of speakers officially sent by the government. These facts are not based on my own deduction. I am indebted for them to the self-revelation of Louis Tracy, one of Butler's assistants.

"No war in the history of mankind," Mr. Tracy admits, "has been fought with so many aids from the army of intelligence, with so many pens and typewriters and cartooning pencils, conscripted in the same army with the line man, the tank and the bird man."

Big propaganda guns fired from England stimulated the host of American writers mobilized by Sir Geoffrey Butler and Sir Gilbert Parker. The biggest of the big propaganda guns was H. G. Wells. Every detonation of his pen thundered throughout the world and reverberated with special force in the United States. Similarly the British Government exploited with great perspicacity the candor of George Bernard Shaw. To those reading Shaw's extraordinary emanations, England seemed, even in wartime, a haven of free speech. In reality no government can tolerate unbridled tongues or unbridled pens in times of war. Wells and Shaw were the liberal window dressing of the British Empire.

"Do you mind if I tell the story of British propaganda in the United States?"

The master propagandist leaned back in his chair.

"No," he drawled. "We are all of us sinners. War propaganda covered the entire world like the gossamer spun by industrious insects which at times almost chokes vegetation. Every country had its trained battalions of spiders, silkworms and caterpillars, creating impenetrable propaganda nets. Most of their handiwork has been scattered to the four winds. Some threads of the propaganda gossamer remain entangled in men's brains. It may be well to sweep these cobwebs away."

It was a long speech for the master of propaganda. He lit a cigarette and, sinking back into his chair, looked at me quizzically with quiet amusement.

"Won't it make your task more difficult in the next war if I tell tales out of school?"

Half supercilious, half sad, a weary smile crept up from the corners of his mouth to the wrinkles about his eyes. The rest was silence.

"My story," I said, interrupting his meditation, "will be a monument to your ingenuity."

The Advantage of Speaking Our Language

"DON'T," he said, "overestimate our resourcefulness. We made incredible blunders. But we English had one inestimable advantage in the battle of propaganda over all our adversaries, except the Irish. We spoke your language. Our men merged with the crowd."

"What of the Germans?"

"They are less lucky than we, but if they speak English they also pass. Their names may betray their origin, but they are easily mistaken for Americans of German descent. The French are more unfortunate. They can never disguise their accent or their origin."

"But they can hire Americans."

"Their choice in that respect is limited. We can use Americans of all classes and all degrees. The war showed that it was not necessary for us to employ or to bribe them. They did our work for nothing. Some embarrassed us by the extremes to which they went."

"I presume you need men especially trained for the work?"

"No. Some men have a flair for publicity. Press agents are born, not made."

"But publicity is not propaganda."

"The methods are identical. I see no difference between propaganda and publicity, whether Mr. X advertises chewing gum or the British Government advertises certain policies in which it wants to interest the American people. Propaganda is an attempt to persuade. Propaganda may be right or it may be wrong. But the chewing gum, too, may be good or bad."

"In other words, the man with the largest pocketbook wins."

"That depends upon the adroitness of his appeal and upon the good will which he has already created. In the beginning of the World War, propaganda was a battle between the wireless and the cable. The Germans flashed every day 1000 to 1800 words of propaganda disguised as news. But they mixed too much propaganda bitter with the sweet of the news. We knew better."

"Did all governments use the great news-distributing agencies?"

"Of course. We used Reuter's. France employed the Havas Agency. The Germans relied on Wolff's Telegraph Bureau."

"America?"

"The United States," the master of propaganda replied, shrugging his shoulders, "controlled no cable service."

George Creel, when he undertook to sell the war to the world, realized our shortcomings in that respect. "We were," he says, "and always had been, dependent upon foreign press agencies for intercourse with the world. The volume of information that went from our shores was comparatively small, and after it had been filtered in London or Paris it grew smaller and smaller, until it amounted to mere flashes when it reached a far country."

Propaganda Flavored World News

IT IS surprising that American public opinion has often been, in the picturesque phrase of Professor Lasswell, a cockleshell floating helplessly and unconsciously in the wake of the British man-of-war. America interprets not only current events but the past in the light of British traditions. "Americans," Lasswell goes on to say, "knew Shakspere and not Gœthe, and they thought the Battle of Waterloo was won by the Duke of Wellington and not by Blücher." Nothing that the Germans could do or plan offset this advantage.

The predominance of London as a purveyor of news and of thought was no improvisation, but the slow growth of years. During the war the British, controlling all cables, monopolized the news. The wireless from Germany was less expert. Nauen wireless talked with a German accent. Moreover, the wireless had not reached its present perfection. As a result, even newspapers painfully anxious to preserve neutrality were inundated with pro-Ally news.

Newspapers were influenced to a certain extent by interpretations of international law emanating from eminent attorneys. Some of these attorneys were retained by Great Britain. This fact is no reflection on their sincerity nor does it invalidate their arguments. It is, nevertheless, worth recording. They were at all times assiduous propagandists for Great Britain. Their efforts to gain public recognition for the British contentions were aided by a host of attorneys employed by the manufacturers of war materials. These legal luminaries were unquestionably pro-Ally at heart. But they would not be human if the fact that their treasure and their hearts were in the same place had not increased their devotion.

We see the names of these men appear again and again in various pro-Ally organizations which sprang up like mushrooms. Like similar societies with which Bernstorff and his associates had been linked, they were camouflaged as the American "this" and the American "that." The propagandists hid themselves behind the folds of the American flag.

The English, for various reasons enumerated, were better able to conceal the goatlike cleft in the hoof. In most cases, men who thought they were leading were themselves led. Sometimes they were led by the nose! The rank and file, however honest, were dupes of alien influences. They shouted themselves hoarse for American rights. Their sincerity and their integrity were unquestionable. But there was always a propagandist around the corner.

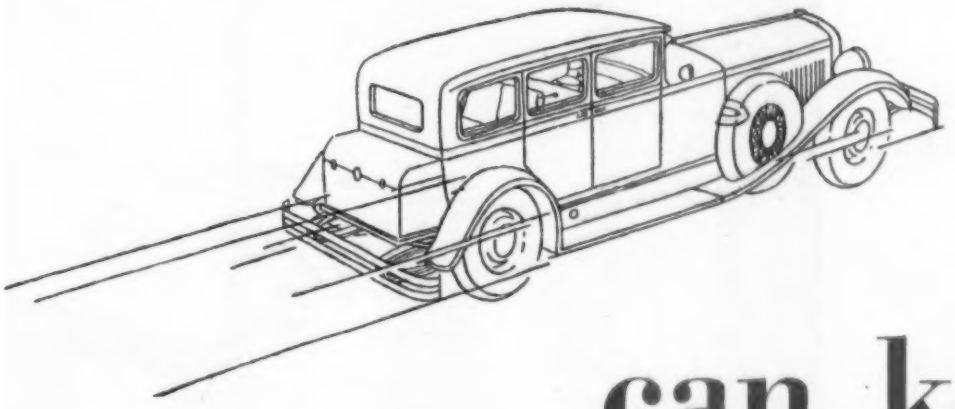
It was unnecessary for Great Britain to finance such organizations. Mesmerized by British propaganda, we defrayed the expense ourselves. England was the immediate or remote mother of most of us. Our hands steered straight for the port of 100 per cent Americanism, but the needle of our compass was deflected by the magnet of our affection for England. Even those who were conscious of this invisible pull did not realize the extent to which it deflected their judgment. They plundered its arsenals of logic to justify their bias. A thinking animal, man always attempts to rationalize his emotions.

Irrespective of rights and wrongs, some of us were instinctively pro-Ally, some—though not so many—spontaneously cheered for the Kaiser. Each group had no difficulty in persuading itself that the interests of the United States were intertwined with the cause which it had at heart. The pro-Allies were in the majority from the beginning.

Though Great Britain, through arbitrary action and procrastination, sometimes made the work of her defenders in the United States difficult, she showed herself, as

(Continued on Page 134)

Careful driving won't do it
Good gasoline won't do it



Only oil can keep your engine's first-year feel

Why did you choose the make of car you drive?

To this question probably 9 out of 10 car owners will reply, "Because I liked its performance." In other words, you chose your car mostly because of the engine's powerful "first-year feel."

No single upkeep item is so important in preserving this first-year feel as the quality of the oil you use.

As the result of thousands of miles of driving tests on the Atlantic City Speedway, on dirt roads and paved highways, we confidently say this: The New Mobiloil will keep your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles. We say "confidently" because *actually* the New Mobiloil has kept the first-year feel in many engines for more than twice 30,000 miles.

Also in fair comparative tests the New Mobiloil developed increased power and showed a 20% less consumption than many competitive oils of the same viscosity.

And it is an established engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speeds is the oil which lubricates best at any speed.

Again may we repeat that no single item in preserving your engine's first-year feel is so important as the oil you use. Get full protection for your engine by using the New Mobiloil—the achievement of 63 years of specialization in the manufacture of scientific lubricating oils.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

the New Mobiloil

Motor cars or millinery, silverware or sandwiches . . . no matter where or what you sell, Armstrong Floors will help your sales setting. Below is a corner of the attractive Isotta Fraschini Motors' display room, in which the product on sale is mirrored by a colorful Armstrong's Linoleum Floor—Embossed Inlaid Design No. 6007. Each color goes through to the burlap back.

If you sell from the floor

let your floors help you sell

"DRESSING UP IS GOOD BUSINESS," SAY ISOTTA FRASCHINI MOTORS, WHO SELECT ARMSTRONG'S EMBOSSED LINOLEUM FOR THEIR CHICAGO SHOWROOM FLOORS

"$17,000, sir." . . . "The Victoria? Yes, that's $18,000." And as prospect and salesman talk about Isotta Fraschini motor cars, they walk about on modern floors of Armstrong's Linoleum . . . each footstep muffled to a whisper . . . each cushioned in soft resilience . . . it seems the floors are trying to do their bit to give the product every show to a satisfactory sale.

The picture gives you a hint of how these Armstrong Floors look. They are as custom built as the cars that stand upon them. Trimly cemented in place over builders' lining felt, they nestle up to every nook and cranny.

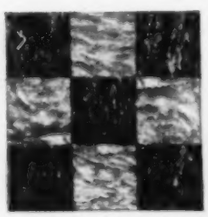
Their mortar-like interliners—actually pressed below the surface of each tile—catch the soft play of light and shadow. These Armstrong Floors are truly worthy to mirror the best any motor car maker can build!

Or any other product, for that matter. You'll find Armstrong Floors doing sales and display service for refrigerators, radios, and railroad tickets, stocks and bonds, shoes, and summer resorts. For there's an extremely generous range of designs . . . and a generous price range, too.

You can learn how really easy it is to dress up your business home from local merchants who feature Armstrong Floors. A telephone call brings samples to your door.

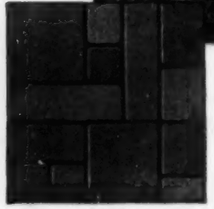
You will also learn how cleaning costs may be cut. For Armstrong's Linoleum has the new stain-proof Accolac-Processed surface. Maintenance means a quick, light waxing and polishing, a simple dry-dusting. Or, where floors may call for frequent washing (lobbies, corridors, elevators), keep the surface satin-smooth by occasionally renewing it with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

If you agree with such business leaders as Isotta Fraschini Motors, General Electric Company, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Oneida Community, Ltd., that dressing up your floors is good business, please send for the complete story of Armstrong's Linoleum. Just have your secretary write for "Enduring Floors of Good Taste." Illustrated in full color. Pictures all types of business homes. Sent free. (Canada, 25¢.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 320 W. Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pa.



Armstrong's Handmade Marble Inlaid Design No. 97. Each color, as well as those in the Embossed effect at the right, goes clear through to the sturdy burlap back.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back



Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid Design No. 6042

Armstrong's Linoleum FLOORS

for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · PRINTED · · ARABESQ · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

When Lonesome Came to Solitude

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

HIS first glimpse of the brown-skinned trapper had already convinced Old Reliable why it was that folks called him "Lonesome." Only once did Zack ever see this man in the woods, an erect phantom that vanished along the forest trail, with shotgun, deer knife, and two bristly dogs at heel. He seemed more Indian than negro, and his eye discouraged familiarity. By lake and brake and jungle bayou Lonesome kept to himself; even on his periodical Saturdays in Delta City to buy supplies he didn't loaf about Judy's Eating House swapping yarns with his own color.

For months the woods bandit had had no chance to swap yarns. Six weeks he'd spent behind the jail bars awaiting trial, and was then hurried to the penitentiary for life—the first murder that could be actually proved against him. Yet, in spite of his record, on circumstantial evidence a cautious jury refrained from breaking his neck. Now those twelve good men and true regretted that they hadn't made a complete job; for the escaped Lonesome was reported at his old haunts, vowing a load of buckshot to Uncle Amos Ferriday, upon whose testimony he had been found guilty.

The murderous outlaw must be stopped. Sheriff Morgan phoned for Colonel Spottiswoode, who raced his big blue car into Delta City and halted at the courthouse.

When the colonel sprang out, Old Reliable publicly and ostentatiously remained behind. On this ticklish occasion Zack didn't buzz around and mingle with the crowd. No, sir-ree. He desired the colored population to observe him taking no part in this white folks' drive to capture such a desperado. If he made himself prominent, and the sheriff failed to get Lonesome, then Lonesome might get Zack.

What one negro sees, every other negro immediately hears by grapevine telegraph, and the notoriety of Zack's attitude must flash a wireless to Lonesome that he was neutral, if not friendly.

Colonel Spottiswoode never sat on a fence. The world might see his tall, linen-clad figure go striding into the sheriff's office, where he met a group of disappointed men, a posse that had returned empty-handed from their fine-combing of the swamps. His neighbors were present—leading planters—and deeply concerned. No outlaw could be suffered to lie in ambush and stampede their tenants. The Ferriday boys had been forced to rush a terrified Uncle Amos out of danger—an excellent old negro, their straw boss—and they added three hundred dollars to the outstanding reward. But men are unwilling to be driven off their property, and in a country full of hiding places have only one sure protection against an assassin—get the killer, and get him first.

Being practical woodsmen, the sheriff's conference had agreed that, as Lonesome knew every bayou and bear path, no cumbersome posse could hope to surprise him. They must resort to a still hunt, and Sheriff Morgan had imported the stalker—a commonplace little man whom he introduced as Mr. Nelson.

He said, "Colonel, Nelson has a knack for picking up criminals, but we need your help."

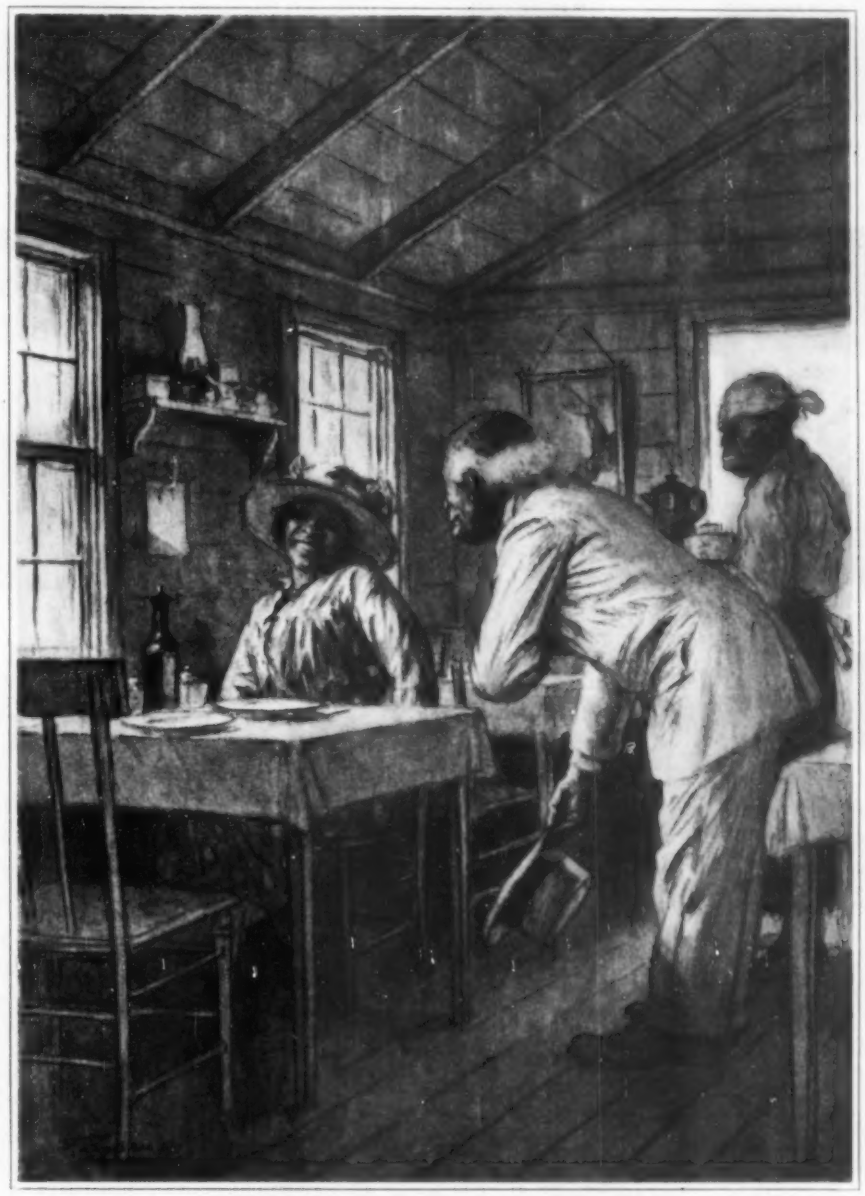
"I'll do anything, Joe—anything."

"Sure. You have a camp on Twisty Bayou?"

"Yes."

"Not far from that negro trapper, Porter Grimes?"

"About a mile. I know him. Buy minnows from him."



"Bless My Soul of Here Ain't Miss Lerissa!" And Jingling the Silver in His Pocket, He Entered. "Has I Yo' 'Lowance to Set Down?"

"Very good. Can't you let Nelson have the use of your camp? He'll go fishing. Get acquainted with Grimes and watch him."

"Why watch Grimes?"

"Because Lonesome hangs around his daughter. You understand, colonel," Morgan explained, "if we go after that convict in force, he's apt to kill some good citizens. Every chance that he'll see us first. He has two huge dogs and we couldn't sneak up on him—unless he gets drunk. That's his weakness—whisky and women."

"Certainly, Joe," Spottiswoode assented. "Mr. Nelson is welcome to my shack. But I'm wondering. Day after tomorrow we'd planned to go up there ourselves with a party that includes ladies. Better just call that off and ——"

"No," the sheriff considered, "go ahead with your party and take Nelson, apparently a stranger such as you entertain every season. The presence of ladies will make it look more innocent."

The three men talked for half an hour and developed their scheme—that Zack should be sent to camp next morning, as originally intended, and prepare for the colonel's guests. The following day his entire party, including the ladies and Nelson, would arrive and arouse no suspicion. As usual, the fishermen would buy their bait from Grimes and get in touch with him. Through subterranean channels the sheriff had also arranged that Grimes should get a supply of liquor, and it was hoped that by Lonesome visiting the girl he might be caught drunk.

"Sounds all right"—the colonel finally rose—"and safer for everybody except Mr. Nelson."

"I'll take my chance." The little man smiled.

Leaving the car at Ed's Garage, Colonel Spottiswoode blew along the single street of Delta City—a genial old-timer in fluttering linens, panama hat, wearing the gray mustache and imperial so prominently plagiarized by Napoleon III.

Old Reliable tagged the boss, one step behind in point of distance and two years behind in point of style. Season before last the Spottiswoode taste had expressed itself through striped suits and brilliant neckties, to which Zack now fell heir. He showed up fine, with a panama hat that became jostled over one ear as he made extra hops and jumps to keep pace with a longer-legged walker.

"Goin' fishin', cunnel, ain't we? Goin' fishin'?"

"Yes. Going to get away from work for a week. Have a bully time."

"Sho will." The negro grinned delightedly, his eyes roving everywhere to spy Lerissa Grimes, who was in town with her pa.

In search of a dusky vamp, Old Reliable wasn't studying about a man hunt when he followed the colonel into Mr. Atkins' hardware store. The important fact was that he saw Porter Grimes examining some coon traps and guessed that Lerissa would be waiting for her father at Judy's Eating House.

Full of philandering purpose, Zack began sidling toward the front door. Just as he was fixing to sneak past, Colonel Spottiswoode held out a paper and said:

"Here's our list. Drive around to the grocery and help Alec to load the truck."

"Yas-suh. Goin', suh."

"Wait." The colonel dropped a handful of coins into his palm. "Better pick up some fruit or whatever else we may need."

As a rule of life, Old Reliable would have traveled along with Alec, just for the thrill of watching sardine cans come off the shelf, and jars of preserves. But a man must choose between delights, so he went to the yellow chauffeur who lounged against his truck, and said:

"Alec, cunnel wants you to load dese rations ready for camp tomorrer mornin'."

"Sholy, Uncle Zack. Climb in an' ride."

"No, I got p'tickler business."

"Look here, ole man"—Alec glanced warily around him to make sure that no whites were in hearing—"ef you don't know it, I'm puttin' you wise—Lonesome's done broke out."

"Huh! What's dat got to do wid my business?"

"Got a heap to do wid it," the mulatto warned him. "Ef Lonesome ketch you skylarkin' 'roun' his gal he'll nail yo' hide to de barn do'."

"Huh! I ain't studyin' Lerissa." It tickled every one of his seventy years to be accused of frolicking among the girls, and Zack snickered as he took out a half-smoked cigar, fired it gloriously, then proceeded to promenade in the direction of Aunt Judy's.

(Continued on Page 33)

How's this for a hot-weather dinner?

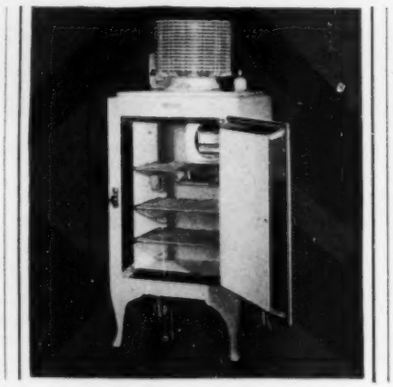
One of these evenings, when you're exhausted from the heat and nothing tastes good, how would you like to sit down to a dinner like this? An ice-cold fruit cup, jellied chicken and ham, a salad of crisp lettuce with a stuffed tomato in aspic. And, for dessert, a strawberry sundae.

Tempting, isn't it? And so pleasantly easy to prepare. All the real work can be done in a very short time in the cool of the morning. Then your General Electric Refrigerator will do the rest . . . chill new flavor and soothing coolness into every course.

The Correct Temperature Always

Fifty degrees is accepted by scientists as the "danger point" in the preservation of food. When the temperature rises even a degree or two above that, bacteria multiply, foods become unsafe to eat . . . a positive menace to health. In the General Electric Refrigerator the temperature is *automatically* kept several degrees below fifty—always.

Countless superiorities give the General Electric Refrigerator its outstanding position . . . an hermetically sealed, dust-proof mechanism, mounted on top . . . an accessible temperature control . . . a new standard of quiet operation . . . no oiling . . . no troublesome machinery . . . simplified installation . . . no radio interference.



Prices on the new all-steel models now start as low as $215 at the factory

Now, in addition to all these proved superiorities, General Electric offers an *all-steel* cabinet! Beautiful. Non-warping. Strong as a safe. Mounted on legs with broom room underneath. The new *all-steel* cabinet and the hermetically sealed mechanism combine to produce what we believe is the finest refrigerator ever made.

For full particulars send a post card to Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio. Ask for booklet S-7.

A Guarantee Fulfilled

More than 300,000 homes are enjoying the convenience, economy and health-guarding service of the General Electric Refrigerator and not one has spent a single dollar for repairs—that was our guarantee to them. You can be certain that these owners would not exchange their General Electric Refrigerators for anything in the world which could be purchased for the same money.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

(Continued from Page 31)

Three blocks farther on, where brick stores and concrete walks degenerate into dirt paths and rattletrap shanties, Zack came to Judy's Eating House, a low affair, not in morals but in height.

Inside, at a table covered with sticky oilcloth, he saw Lerissa Grimes, the black filly whose eyes glittered white, like a runaway mustang. After strolling past the door as a gentleman of leisure who displays red socks and enjoys his Havana, Zack turned to bow with Spottiswoodian grandeur.

"Bless my soul ef here ain't Miss Lerissa!" And jingling the silver in his pocket, he entered. "Has I yo' 'lowance to set down?"

"Wid pleasure."

"Ugh! Ugh!" The leering beau leaned closer and patted one of the big white spots on her red dress. "You sho is a winner."

At the luring click of coin, wasplike old Judy flounced her scrawny self to their table and inquired, "Brother Foster, does you crave some vittles?"

"Whatever de lady call for. Possible she's hongry."

"I sho is." Lerissa took a knife, pried up her plate from the gluey oilcloth, turned it over and asked, "Aunt Judy, what you got?"

"Ham 'n' eggs, poke chops, catfish, stew, sassages ——"

"Poke chops," Lerissa decided promptly, "cup o' coffee an' baker's bread. Den, ef Brother Foster ack real nice, I'll eat a can o' sardines."

"Go far's you like," Zack answered. "Tomorrer's my birthday. Judy, gimme some catfish an' coffee."

In the kitchen her skillet began to sputter, and catfish incense haloed them as Zack whispered, "Lerissa, I'm goin' to camp tomorrer wid a truckload o' sardines."

"Truckload?" she gasped.

"Co'se dat truck won't be all sardines. 'Sides dem sardines I got barrels o' sody pop, hot dogs, ginger snaps." He rolled his tongue around each item while the girl's eyes dilated.

"Sh!" He nudged her (under the table). "You mought drap in an' eat dinner wid me?"

"Who's goin' to be dere?"

"Nobody. Jest me an' de sardines an' pop. You kin take a can opener in dis han', wid a bottle opener in dat han', an' go to it."

"Ugh! Sholy I kin come, 'cause pa'll be settin' his traps till plumb night."

"Fine!" Old Reliable grinned like a baked possum as he pinched Lerissa's arm. "Wait till Alec's truck passes yo' house on his way back home, den hurry 'long—hurry."

Lightly falls the foot of time that only treads on roses. The first extraneous sound that Zack really heard—he wouldn't have heard that except for Alec's shaking him—was, "Come 'long, Brother Foster, onless you 'zires to walk home."

The colonel's homebound car rolled in through Sherwood gate and stopped beneath the oaks at a broad white gallery where Miss Betty stood, trying not to look pleased as she called:

"Uncle, Mrs. Wailes has just telephoned that she and Edith can't come."

"Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Nothing except some unexpected guests. Two college chums from Philadelphia, and their mother."

"Betty, why not phone Edith to bring them all? We can go down to Lafayette Club instead of Solitude, and ——"

"No, suh, cunnel—no, suh," Zack protested. "Fish is bitin' greedy at Solitude. Got to hide behin' a tree to bait yo' hook."

"But accommodations for ladies are better at Lafayette, and ——"

"No, uncle," Betty agreed with Zack. "I didn't urge Edith to bring her guests, because you and the doctor need relaxation. You must invite six more men and have your regular poker game."

"Dat's a heap nicer, cunnel."

As if to clinch his decision, huge black Selina appeared at the hall door, her lips twitching with grins as she spoke. "Cunnel, ef dem ladies ain't comin', I needn't go to camp wid Zack an' fix up for 'em?"

"Huh!" Old Reliable gave a startled grunt and argued mighty fast: "Cunnel, 'tain't no sense in Seliny goin' up dere. Jest Doctor Wailes an' you to wait on. I kin do ev'ything, suh. Do ev'ything."

"Certainly." The colonel nodded. "Selina can stay at home and cook for Miss Betty."

"Lissen to me, Zack," the wife issued her undisobeyable orders. "You make up two beds on de porch wid plenty blankets, 'cause it gits cold in dat swamp at nights. Bed-clo'es in de closet an' key hid in dat chiny jar on de kitchen shelf. An' furthermo', Zack, don't you let me hear o' no skylarkin', 'cause I'll nacherly romp on you."

"Shucks, Seliny, how's I goin' to skylark when 'twon't be nobody dere 'cept me?"

With Zack and Alec on the front seat, their truck went speeding through glades of mystery, beside the edge of stagnant sloughs, beneath arches of moss-draped oaks, until it burst into a sunlit clearing where stood the shack at Solitude. It faced on Twisty Bayou, a crude wharf and some boats, with none of which Zack had the least concern.

Old Reliable leaped down, friskier than a squirrel, and announced, "Here we is, Alec. All I 'zires you to do is put dis fo' hundred pounds o' ice in de box. Den you kin proceed to 'rive back home."

"In a rush to git rid o' me, is you?" The mulatto leaned against his car and regarded Zack queerly, then added: "Ole man, I sho would hate to travel up here wid our lodge brudders wearin' white gloves, an' 'scort yo' reemains to de graveyard?"

"How come?"

"'Cause I seed you grinnin' at Lerissa when us passed her house."

"Huh! Cunnel sent me to clean up dis camp."

"Sholy," yellow Alec answered. "But dat ain't what's itchin' yo' hide. . . . Uncle Zack, what make you douse all dat puffumery on yo'self?"

"Does I smell sweet, Alec?"

"You smells like de bark part of a drug store. An' wearin' Sunday clo'es. Slicked up wuss'n a barber."

"Aw, shucks!" Zack snickered.

"'Twon't be no shucks. Don't you know dat Lonesome is loose agin in dese woods? Dis is his reg'lar hangout, so's to

(Continued on Page 74)

Old Reliable Might Have Suspected a Trick, Except for One Convincing Fact—the Gun

Blueprint plan of Goodyear equipped conveyor system in the mine of the Hitchman Coal & Coke Company, Wheeling, West Virginia; with insert photograph at surface discharge point.

Copyright 1929, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

2,000,000 "run of mine" tons—and the G. T. M.

It takes a real belt to move 2,000,000 tons of "run of mine" coal from galleries to markets above the surface and still be in first-class condition. This is the record of a Goodyear Conveyor Belt in the service of the Hitchman Coal & Coke Company, Wheeling, West Virginia. Think of it! Literally a mountain of coal trundled out to market and the belt still *indefatigably* at work.

Nearly five years ago the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—prepared this massive delivery. He computed loads, grades, distances, speeds, and power. He arrived deliberately and expertly at his recommendations—1680′ of Goodyear Conveyor Belting (822′ centers), 36″ in width, 7 ply, 3/16″ top cover, 1/32″ pulley cover, to ascend under full load and at 300′ per minute a 17½ degree slope. On September 15, 1924, coal began to move over the new equipment.

"Like a bottle's neck," says the superintendent, "is that point down below in the dark where we load our belt. One slip, and we're clogged for sure. We pride ourselves on reliable production and, believe me, it has meant something for us to know the belt would take all the boys could give it. 2,000,000 tons is considerable coal-pile."

Though an imposing record, the five years' service and the tonnage carried by this belt in the Hitchman service are not unusual for G. T. M.-specified Goodyear conveyor belting. The G. T. M. *knows* the industries for which he specifies rubber. He has a wide practical knowledge as well as technical skill. He adjusts his product to the special conditions. The result is *consistently* a special fitness, a special economy, a dependable and regular production.

Your industry, too, can profit by application of the G. T. M.'s contribution to your special problems. His analysis may mean many thousands of dollars saved through elimination of wasted labor, or as much gained through increased production. To get in touch with him and his expert knowledge of rubber's place in your business write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

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GOODYEAR

REAL-ESTATE BAROMETERS

By Joseph P. Day

As Told to Marie Beynon Ray

I REMEMBER reading in a book on Russia that the celebrated Tchitcherin, revolutionist, couldn't be bothered with home life, but lived in his place of business, the Foreign Office; that he never went out, did the work of a whole clerical force in addition to his own, and worked all night and most of the day. When finally persuaded to take an assistant, he stipulated, "It must be someone who works during the day, so he is free at night."

I've felt that way myself at times. Since work is the most interesting thing in the world, why do people want time off for pleasure? All one needs is a variety of work, a change of activity, which in itself is recreation. A hard doctrine that seems to those who really understand pleasure, but, after all, so few do. In the early days I actually did work almost twenty-four hours a day; for late at night, when I finally got to bed, I slept with a little light burning on a bedside table, a pad and pencil beside it. Half a dozen times during the night I was awakened by the flash of an idea across my slumbers, hastily made a note, tore off the sheet, dropped it beside the bed, and fell asleep again.

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

What the Well-Dressed Bather Wore on the Fashionable Quogue, Long Island, Beach in 1899

Though I no longer permit myself to carry the burdens of working hours into the period of rest, I still continue to work an unusual number of hours out of the twenty-four—and have found great help in doing this in Arnold Bennett's admirable little book, How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day—and, for myself at least, I have proved the theory that energy, like money, increases by use, not by hoarding.

Some businesses, I presume, are what might be called one-track businesses, but the real-estate business certainly demands a wide range of activities and interests if success is to be achieved. So many and such varied factors affect it, one must keep in touch with so many fields of activity, that twenty-four hours a day hardly seem enough.

An Appraiser Appraised

THAT branch of real estate summed up under the word "appraising" alone demands that the expert appraiser be a walking encyclopedia. Technical knowledge and scientific accuracy are necessary, and yet these alone would not give a competent appraisal. When all the facts and figures have been taken into consideration, there yet remain the imponderables to deal with. An appraiser without imagination and the gift of prophecy would be a poor appraiser indeed—enough, yet not too much, imagination. As in determining the value of a gem, after its weight, its purity, its hardness, its cutting—all its tangible values—have been considered, we still have the intangible qualities which only the expert can judge—the number of dollars that must be added to the price for its exact degree of brilliancy or for almost imperceptible gradations of color.

Some of the dominant factors in regulating city real-estate values are: First, the growth in population.

Second, increase in the purchasing power of the population. The population of Manhattan has been declining since 1900, but the purchasing power of the residents has enormously increased, and this, with other factors, has created the phenomenon of increasing values with decreasing population.

Third, improved rapid transit from the outer regions of the metropolitan area, tending to facilitate commutation.

Fourth, intelligent zoning which can be legally enforced. Certain areas are thus reserved for exclusive purposes and are protected against invasion. This has a harmonizing effect on city planning and also establishes and supports values.

Fifth, good government—by which is meant administration by capable officials who will eliminate all expenditures which do not contribute to the general wealth, health and happiness of the community, and make a genuine effort to keep taxes down in order to attract business enterprises.

Sixth, building regulations limiting the height and construction of buildings.

Seventh, increased cost of construction. This benefits existing buildings by preventing new buildings being brought into competition with them except at higher rates than for the old buildings.

Eighth, temporary shortage of space without means of supplying the deficiency.

Ninth, artificial restrictions such as labor strikes or excessive demands or wartime restrictions on materials.

These are some of the tangible factors with which the appraiser, who is necessarily one of the most thoroughly equipped technical men in a real-estate organization, must deal. But the appraiser, who is a veritable human barometer, must also be conversant with many fields that would seem, on the face of it, to have nothing to do with real estate—if there is anything that has nothing to do with real estate. I verily believe that there is nothing under the sun which cannot and may not affect real-estate values; and the more sensitive a man is to remote pulsations of world conditions, the more valuable is he as a real-estate barometer.

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.

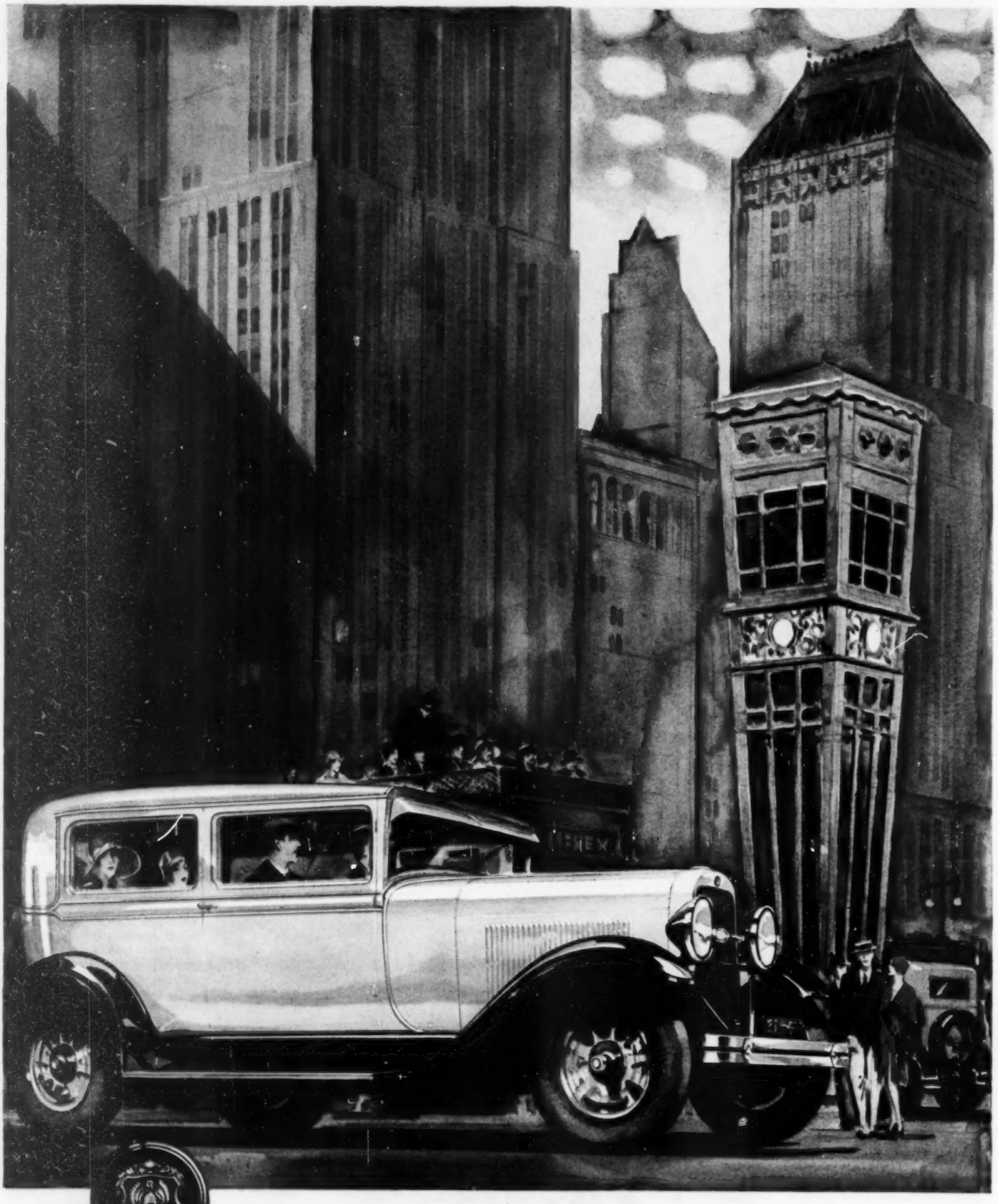
Tenting on the Beach at Rockaway in 1905

Easily Depressed

INCREDIBLE the events, the trifles, that may work world-wide mutations of property values. When I consider some of the trivialities that have changed the values of properties, causing, overnight, sudden and unforeseeable drops or rises in value, I think of the remark a mathematics teacher once made to me: "A crow cannot light on the Brooklyn Bridge without depressing it."

Such remote happenings as the breaking of a thermometer in a Berlin laboratory or the discovery by a French scientist of the bacillus of fermentation in beer; such trivial incidents as the vogue of bobbed hair or the boyish, corsetless figure,

(Continued on Page 38)



This emblem identifies the fine car of low price

OLDS

PRODUCT OF

NOT HOW MUCH BUT HOW MUCH SATISFACTION

Two thoroughly practical considerations will surely draw you toward Oldsmobile—price and value. For high quality at low price is the fundamental reason for Oldsmobile's constantly growing success. But even price and value are over-shadowed by the complete and lasting satisfaction that comes with Oldsmobile ownership.

Consider the price—only $875 for the two-door sedan. Compare what Oldsmobile offers you with what other cars offer. We think you will discover that it is doubtful economy to pay less than Oldsmobile's price—and unnecessary to pay more. For a car of lesser price will never bring you all that Oldsmobile offers—and you'll have to pay a good deal more than Oldsmobile's price to obtain the same fine qualities in another car.

Oldsmobile's big 62-horsepower high-compression engine provides ample power for every emergency—acceleration to take you out front when the signal light changes—speed to keep you there. Oldsmobile's sound, progressive engineering is based on fine car principles. Pressure lubrication to piston pins, for example, and full-length vertical radiator shutters are typical fine car engineering features.

Oldsmobile's sturdy chassis reveals further evidence of the fine car standards observed throughout its manufacture. Exceptional provisions for durability and dependability are evident in every detail of construction. A low center of gravity combined with balanced weight gives uncanny roadability. Four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers assure restful riding ease.

Examine the features of Oldsmobile's Fisher bodies. Test their deep-cushioned, form-fitting seats. Note the glove-like fit of the soft upholstery fabrics—the luxurious quality of the materials used. Try the new comfort of the Fisher adjustable front seat.

Go and talk with owners. See how they praise Oldsmobile's performance, comfort, economy, and dependability in daily use.

Then come and inspect this car. Drive it yourself. Compare it, feature for feature, with other cars. And when you have compared its price, and considered its value—keeping in mind that Oldsmobile stands high by a dollar-for-dollar measure . . . remember that it stands even higher in the test of owner satisfaction.

TWO DOOR SEDAN
$875
f. o. b. factory, Lansing, Mich.
Spare Tire and Bumpers extra.

Consider the *Delivered* Price
Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing automobile values. Oldsmobile delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing.

M O B I L E

G E N E R A L M O T O R S

(Continued from Page 35)

or the preference of some stage beauty for a certain perfume, have been known to change real-estate values overnight.

Take the broken thermometer. One of the problems on which chemists all over the world were working for many years was the discovery of a synthetic blue which would take the place of the indigo blue derived from a plant grown in India and yielding a perfect vegetable dye. One day, just as a German chemist who was working on this problem had pulled the stopper of a basin containing various chemicals, he accidentally broke a thermometer over the basin. The mercury flowed into the solution and instantly he noted a strange working of the compounds in his solution. Quickly replacing the stopper, he continued his experiments and discovered that mercury was the long-sought secret of synthetic blue.

What had this to do with real-estate values? Synthetic blue meant the substitution of chemical dyes for vegetable dyes. Many planters in India whose livelihood had been derived from the growing of the indigo plant were thrown out of business and their plantations deteriorated in value, and did not recover from this depression until the automobile industry, with its enormous demand for rubber, again put this land to work for the cultivation of the rubber plant. Once more, when a synthetic rubber is discovered—on which problem chemists are now working furiously—these rubber plantations will suffer a drop in value. And not only were land values in India affected by this laboratory accident but likewise property values in Germany; for a greater dye industry was built up and many industrial properties increased in value.

But how, you may ask, could bobbed hair possibly affect real-estate values? Bobbed hair meant the passing of the hairpin and the consequent throwing on the market of hairpin factories—and hairpin factories are hard to sell! The boyish figure? Gone are the hourglass figures of yesteryear, gone are the corsets which molded them, gone are the factories which made the corsets which molded the figures of yesteryear!

One day some years ago a man whom I recognized, but who didn't remember me, came into my office. I remembered him because he was the president of a corset company to whom, as a boy, I had applied for a job. He had asked me—how vividly I remembered!—this question: "Young man, if you were asked to go to Chicago tonight to sell our Armorside Corsets"—ah, those Armorsided ladies of the 90's—"how would you proceed?"

I recklessly gave birth to a complete plan of procedure, the climax of which was that I would engage two women—one divinely fair and most divinely tall, the other ill-favored and low of stature—to parade through the shopping centers, she of the divine tallness wearing on her back a placard which read "I wear Armorside Corsets," and she less favored by nature one bearing the legend "I don't."

Forced Sale

CIRCUMSTANCES prevented my taking the position and threw me into the real-estate business. Nevertheless, I recognized, twenty years later, the man who had offered me that job.

His business had always been most prosperous, so when he explained the reason for his visit, I was amazed.

"Mr. Day," he said, "I've got to sell my factory. This craze for the corsetless figure has ruined my business. I'm out of the game."

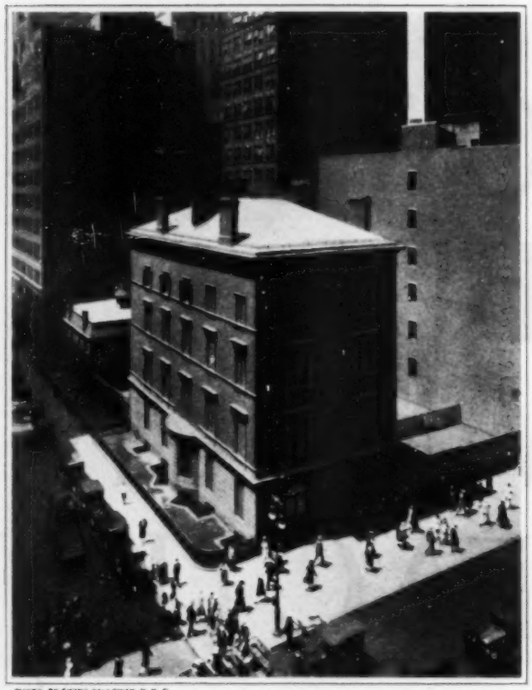


PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Fifth Avenue's Only Yard. The Owners Have Refused Mounting Offers of Millions for it, and They Apparently Plan to Keep On Living There

And he was but one of many, and corset factories hither and yon were thrown on the market to be sold.

Thus do such insignificant and remote contingencies affect real-estate values, and real-estate barometers all over the country must register these continual variations. A rumor—"a certain big publisher is moving his plant from New York to the suburbs"; "a dam is to be built across the Mississippi"; "a new process for making synthetic silk has been discovered"—and real-estate appraisers prick up their ears and try to figure out how these seemingly irrelevant events may affect values. Such a rumor may presage the moving of an entire industry from one locality to another, drastically affecting real-estate values in both localities; as, for example, the moving of the publishing business from New York to Garden City and Greenwich; the moving of the shoe industry from interior towns to the banks of the Mississippi to obtain cheap electrical power when the Keokuk Dam was built, and later the reinstating of this industry in the interior when high-voltage cables carried this cheap power back into the country. There is no wisp of fact or fancy so alien but that it may precipitate a change in values, or that the real-estate broker may not bend it to his own uses.

All of which may sound to the layman as though real-estate values were as inconstant as the moon, but, as a matter of fact, few values, on the whole, are more stable. Sporadic changes that are swift and almost unaccountable there are, but the general level of real-estate values rises and falls less swiftly and less frequently than most other values; and—most optimistic of all—in this country the general tendency is decidedly upward. During my thirty-five years as a broker the assessed value of Greater New York has increased by considerably more than $13,000,000,000. At no other time in the world's history has so colossal a development taken place, and surely never will again; at least not until our own civilization has been wiped out and another taken its place.

A Square Foot on Wall Street

THE steps by which this phenomenal increase has mounted are indicated by the following figures: Today values in the financial section are from $400 to $800 a square foot. Ten years ago these same properties were worth around $200 a square foot; and thirty years ago they were quoted at $25 to $50 a square foot. And for those who think it is now too late for Wall Street property to increase in value, consider this: that Wall Street values have increased more in the past ten months than in all the previous ten years. This is due to the recent world-wide speculative activity, greatly increasing the demand for space for clerical help, and also to the demand of bond houses to own or to enlarge their present quarters. Thus, much property has recently been taken out of the market permanently and therefore record prices have been paid. To show the activity of real estate in the financial district today, the following incident will serve: A few weeks ago I became interested in selling a Broadway property to a well-known real-estate operator. The contract was already drawn for this sale for $6,250,000, when I learned that another prominent operator had come into the market with an offer of $6,500,000. However, I obtained a twenty-four-hour option on the sale, but with the understanding that my customer would have to meet this new price.

My argument to him was that already the rumor that he was to purchase this property had led to an increase in value, and if he bought it, even at the advanced figure, it would immediately appreciate even more. I was confident that this would be the case, since the property had been inactive for a number of years, and it is a well-understood principle of the real-estate business that as soon as a prominent investor becomes interested in a certain locality, intense interest and activity are generated. My customer paid the $6,500,000, and as soon as the deed was signed I was approached by the other operator with an offer to buy it at a profit of $500,000.

(Continued on Page 52)

PHOTO. BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., N. Y. C.

Forty Years Ago on a Metropolitan Bathing Strand

A small section of the surface of an average car magnified 20 times. The left side is still covered with Traffic Film. The right side has been cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish.

Why let TRAFFIC FILM *hide the beauty of your car!*

TRAFFIC FILM is not just a layer of dust on the finish of your car. It is a hard, dull film which soap and water cannot remove.

Traffic Film is an accumulation of oily, sticky particles of dirt which are constantly settling on the finish of your car—on the streets and even in your own garage. These particles are baked by the sun and the heat, and are cemented together to form a hard, dull film which hides the beauty of the finish.

The Safe Way to Remove Traffic Film

You can easily remove Traffic Film, and bring back the original color and lustre of your car, with No. 7 Duco Polish. Use it regularly and your car will retain its beauty season after season.

No. 7 Duco Polish is made by du Pont, the makers of Duco. It is a scientific cleaner as well as a polish. It quickly penetrates and softens Traffic Film—"puts the skids under" the dirt particles and, almost without effort, you wipe away the dull film which formerly resisted the most strenuous scrubbing.

Bring Back the Hidden Beauty with No. 7

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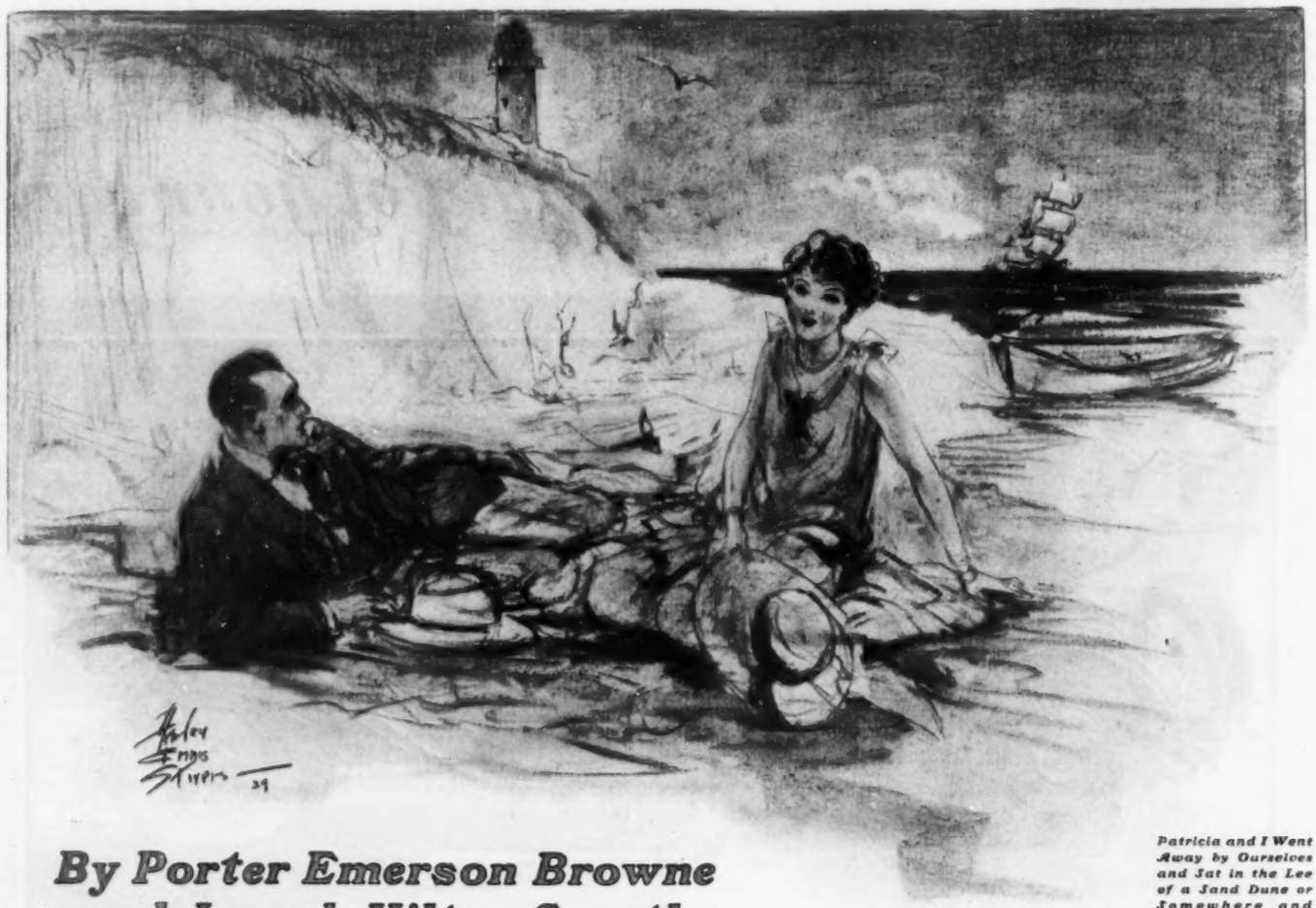


Patricia and I Went Away by Ourselves and Sat in the Lee of a Sand Dune or Somewhere and Talked

By Porter Emerson Browne and Joseph Hilton Smyth

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

I SAW Mimi Scott for the first time about eight o'clock on a Friday evening, and two weeks later I was married. Even Tod Walker, who claims that if the French were half as slow as I am they'd never be able to feature snails on their menus, said it was pretty good work. He said a lot of other things, too; only I didn't wait to hear them.

We were having dinner at the Copley—Tod and I—and Tod was singing a sad litany on all the lost landmarks that had once helped to remove the curse of culture from Boston.

"All—all are gone," he moaned, deepening the tone of his ginger ale with the contents of a flask. "The old gray mare ain't what she used to be."

I took a sniff at the glass he pushed my way.

"Neither is the White Horse," I said, "but you ought to be used to it by now."

"The Thorndike—the Georgian—the Woodcock—dust unto dust," Tod went on, not paying much attention to me. Then he launched into an attack on prohibition, and censors, and an uncle who took care of his property, and I looked at my watch and wondered how late the theater would be in starting. Then finally he said, "Well, how about it?"

"What?"

"Are you coming down to the Cape with me, or not?"

"No," I said, "I'm not."

"And why not?"

"I've told you ten times. Work. I want to get started."

"Work," said Tod. "You should talk about work. You should ——"

Just then a party got up from a table near by and started out, and one of the girls called to Tod and waved her hand, and Tod waved back and kept on talking to me. I let him go for a while, and then at last he said in disgust:

"Are you paying any attention to me?"

"No," I said. "Who was the girl?"

"What girl?"

"The beautiful one," I said. "The one who looked as Lilith must have looked. The one with the red hair and slumbrous eyes. The one with lips that you dream about and a smile that awakens you. The one with legs ——"

"Listen," said Tod, "I'm no Ziegfeld. Ask me another. And how many have you had anyway?"

"The one," I said, "who waved to you."

"Oh," said Tod. "That was Mimi Scott. Her people have a place near mine down at Denstable."

He called the waiter, and I paid the check and we got up.

"Are they staying down there now?" I asked.

"Who?"

"The Scotts."

"Sure. Mimi's just up in town for the day. . . . Come on."

So we went to the theater, which wasn't so good, and then to a night club, which was too good, and then back to the University Club, and the next day I drove down to Denstable with Tod.

I didn't feel much like working anyway.

On the way down, Tod gave me a line on what he called the colony.

"We live in a place called Puritan Park," he said.

"Land of the Pilgrim's Pride," I said. "Rocks and everything. I thought you said it was Denstable."

"It is. Only this is a restricted section of it."

"Restricted?" I repeated, thinking of a lot of things, but not saying them.

"Ye-ah. A crowd of us got together and bought up a lot of land, and we only let the right sort of people in. And when they get in they have to spend a certain amount on their houses and what not."

"I see," I said. "Only I don't. I never thought Cape Cod was a Coney Island. Why all the sudden exclusion?"

"You can't be too careful nowadays," Tod explained, "what with real-estate booms and everything. Look at Florida."

"All right," I said. "I'll look at Florida. Booms that faw down and go boom. Places in this Puritan Park of yours must cost a heap more than places outside then."

"Sure," Tod said, "but it's worth it. Just to be on the safe side. And we're sure of congenial neighbors."

"That's all right with me," I said, "as long as one of the neighbors is Mimi Scott. Who are the rest of the blue-ribbon entries?"

"Well, there's the Tollivers—Judson and Marge. He writes these debunked biographies. Great stuff."

"I know," I said. "I read one. He's a wise boy."

"How come?"

"To stick to biographies," I said. "There's no comeback from the grave. Ghosts can't sue for libel. Go on."

"There's Tom Dunster," Tod went on. "He's a lecturer. And Basil Dayne, the actor manager. And the Van Alstynes."

"Where do I come in, in this bunch of sophisticates?"

"I was thinking about that," Tod admitted. "If you want to go over big with Mimi you'll have to be something more than a school-teacher. If, that is, you still insist you haven't done anything in Europe for the past eight years but teach English to a lot of Czechs somewhere in Prague."

"I taught American history, too," I said, "and it was a pretty snappy course."

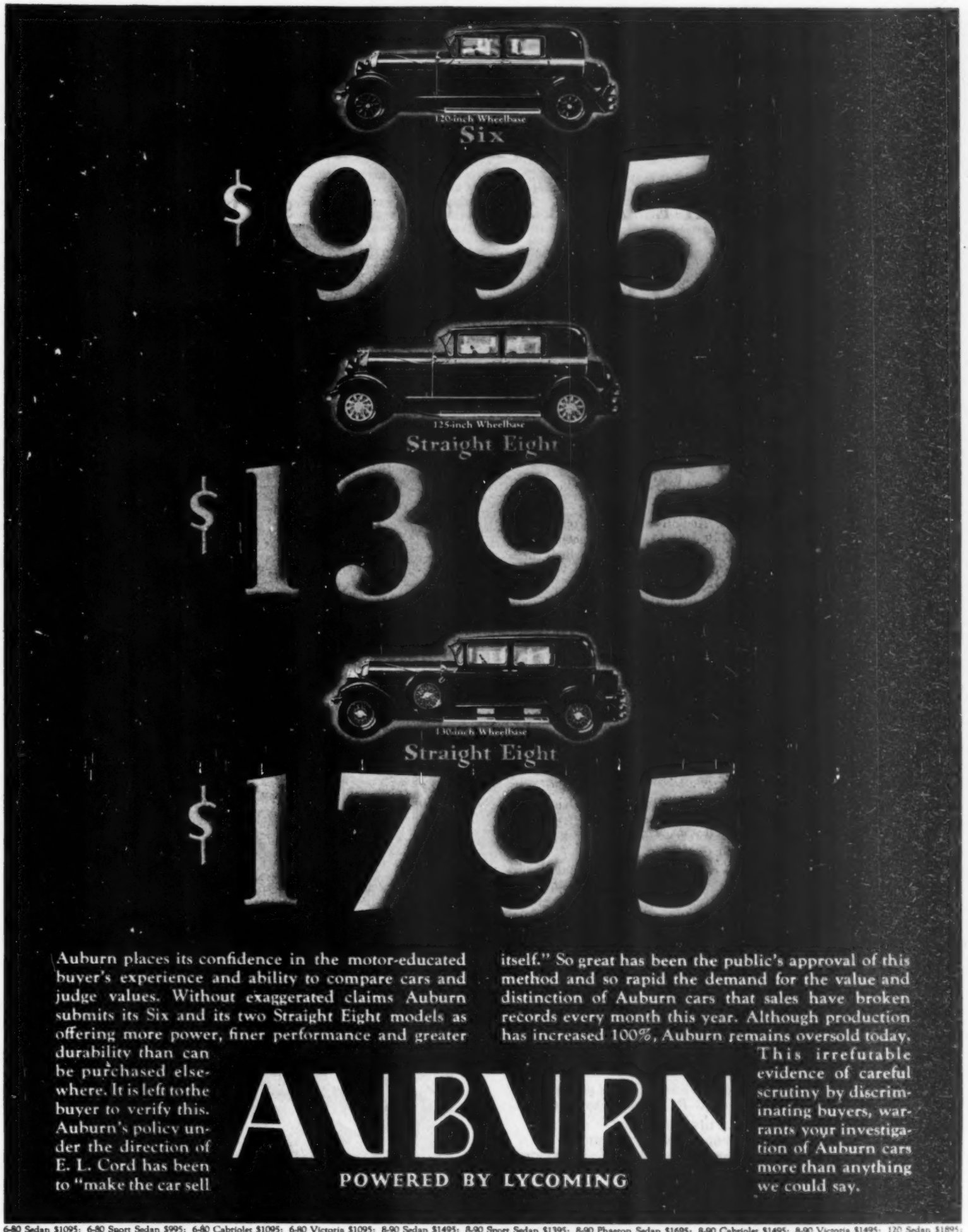
"Ye-ah," said Tod. "Didn't you do anything human? . . . I'll say you're writing a book."

"That's what ——"

"I know—I know," he cut in. "Forget it."

By this time we had crossed the Cape Cod Canal, and Tod stepped on the gas, and I forgot everything but my

(Continued on Page 43)



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(Continued from Page 40)

life insurance, and forty-five minutes later a cop started to arrest us for speeding, and I discovered we were in Denstable.

It was late in the afternoon when we got into the house Tod had built himself out of the money his father had left him and his uncle looked after, and I took a hot and cold shower and put on some white flannels with pleats in them that I had bought in London, and a tie that one of my female students had given me in Prague, and went down to see whether or not my preparations had been in vain.

There were a lot of people gathered in the lounging room that ran the length of the front of the house, but I couldn't see anyone who looked like Mimi Scott. Tod came up and took me in charge. He introduced me to a man with a pair of mustaches that might have been the Kaiser's if the Kaiser had been a little careless, and to a woman who looked as though she regretted being his wife, and to a girl whose hips seemed to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion, and to a man with a lot of important-looking teeth, and pretty soon I knew a lot of people and a lot of names, but didn't know which belonged to which. Not that it seemed to matter very much, because everyone seemed to be called by anything but the name they had been christened by.

"How does it seem," the woman who looked as though she were a wife wishing she were a widow asked me, "being back in America again?"

"Well," I said, "it's certainly different than it used to be."

"You're right it is!" The man with the mustaches, who turned out to be both her husband and Judson Tolliver, picked me up. "I'll say it's different! A lot of fanatics running the country. The intellectual aristocracy in this country is between the devil of puritanism and a deep sea of blue laws. Take all this censorship business."

Then the girl with the perpetual-motion hips, whom everyone called Teddy, said, "What about censorship?"

"They've suppressed Gerry Sander's new book. There won't be a decent writer remaining in America soon. These dictators of public morals are killing off all creative instinct, that's what they're doing."

Tolliver looked pretty sore about it, so I said, "Have they been banning your stuff too?"

Teddy said, "Did you say 'panning' or 'banning'?" and Tolliver gave her a dirty look and said, "No. They haven't, yet. And they'd better not start. It's the principle of the thing that gripes me."

He swallowed a cocktail in a gulp, and for a moment his face looked as though the principle of the thing was griping him then and there. Finally I decided it might be the gin, and put my drink behind a couple of books on the table.

Then Teddy said to me, "If that isn't just like Mimi!"

"What?" I asked, and then followed her gaze and saw Mimi Scott and another girl standing in the doorway.

"Always trotting around with someone who'll make her appear even more striking by contrast," Teddy explained. "Somber backgrounds for her flaming beauty"—and she gave a funny kind of laugh.

I was still looking at Mimi, and she looked just as good as she had the night before, with no parts missing or anything, and then I looked at the other girl. She wasn't so bad, either, only she looked sort of out of place. She was dressed all right, and had pretty eyes—black, with sooty lashes—and a pleasant smile that seemed to have a permanent resting place on her lips.

"Who is she?" I asked.

"Mimi?"

"No. The other one."

"Name's Patricia Dale. That's all I know, except that she comes from Chicago and that she's staying with her aunt over at the Fairview Hotel. She's all right."

"The way you say it," I said, "makes it sound as though she were all wrong."

"I didn't mean to. She's a good dancer and a good swimmer, and all that. A little quiet, that's all."

"Old-fashioned, you mean?"

"I guess so."

Just then Mimi came over, and Teddy introduced me and said, "I see you're still going in strong for backdrops, Mimi. You ought to be on the stage."

"Yes?" drawled Mimi. "If your skirts were as long as your tongue, dearie, only your mother'd know how thin your legs are. . . . Tod's been telling me about you, Mr. Bradford."

"That was nice of Tod," I said. "I'll speak to him about it. I saw you last night at the Copley."

"I know," she said. "Tod told me all about that too."

"Did he?" I murmured. "He seems to have told you about everything."

"He usually does," she said, "but you might try to fill in the blank spaces."

Before I had a chance to get started, however, the man with all the teeth and the green-and-white blazer came up and announced that everyone was coming over to his place after dinner for bridge and honey beer, and then the party started to break up.

It appeared that Tod and I had been invited over to the Scotts' for dinner, and so we all piled into a car and drove about two hundred yards, and then got out and went into the Scotts', where there were cocktails waiting for us, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Scott. At first I thought they were an older brother and sister of Mimi's that were trying to act younger, but that was just another of a lot of mistakes I made.

There were only six of us at dinner and it was, comparatively speaking, a pretty quiet dinner; only I didn't realize that until quite a long time afterward. About ten days, to be exact. Anyway, most of the time until the Turkish coffee was served I was busy thinking up all the things I was going to say to Mimi Scott when and if I got the chance, but before I did we were on the way over to Tom Dunster's.

We sat around there for a while, and everyone talked about prohibition and personal liberties, and drank honey beer, and then somebody set up the card tables and brought out the cards, and between deals and revokes the conversation kept on in the same general trend. After about three hours of it I began to feel as though the Czar and a bunch of Cossacks might ride in at any moment and stage a massacre, but nothing much happened except that after his twelfth brandy Basil Dayne—the one who managed to be an actor or acted to be a manager, or something like that—decided that something he'd eaten for dinner must

For the Next Two Days I Didn't Get a Chance to See Pat Alone at All, and Then the Third Morning I Ran Into the Two of Them When I Went Down for an Early Swim

have disagreed with him and he went out to sit on the beach for a while. Then Patricia Dale discovered it was after eleven, so Tod offered to take her back to the hotel, and they went out, and everyone said wasn't it a shame?

So I said "What?" to Marge Tolliver, and she said "About Patricia."

"What about her?" I asked.

"She's such an awfully good sort," she explained, "it seems too bad that she's kept down so."

I said "Who's keeping her down?"

"Her father, I guess," Marge said. "He hasn't shown up yet, but he sent her on here with an aunt who never appears at all. They seem to think it's still the Victorian age. Pat can't drink or smoke or stay out after midnight."

"I don't see how she stands it," I said. "Maybe she has a secret vice of some kind that helps her along. It must be tough."

About this time everyone decided that they hadn't wanted to play bridge in the first place, so someone started the radio and we danced awhile, and then talked some more, and then went home—all except Basil Dayne, who had fallen asleep on the beach and objected strenuously to being awakened.

The next morning we all went swimming together. It seemed that Puritan Park was right next to the Fairview Hotel, so that the beach wasn't quite so private as you might have expected, what with the restrictions and everything; but Tod explained that the Fairview was very expensive and exclusive, so that made us all expensive and exclusive together. And after all, he said, it was being in a congenial crowd that counted.

From the beginning there wasn't much question about the crowd part of it. It was all of that. No one seemed able to do anything unless everyone else did it, too, at the same time and in the same place. I spent most of Sunday afternoon trying to corral Mimi Scott in a corner or behind a sand dune or somewhere where I could pour a few Balkan bromides into her ears, but I was about as successful as a hot-dog vender would be in Palestine. There seemed to be plenty of exclusion in Denstable, but not much seclusion.

That evening we all collected at the Van Alstynes' four walls and a roof and mortgage, and I met a lot of other people I hadn't seen before, and everyone sat around and drank and agreed that the country was shot to pieces.

Mimi Scott was there with a dress of some kind of sea-green chiffon on, that set off her red hair, and quite a bit of stockings that looked as though they weren't stockings at all, and I went and sat down beside her where I could look into her eyes instead and keep my mind on being intellectual in a sophisticated way.

"You really should be kind to a stranger returning to his native land," I said. "I feel like Rip Van Winkle."

"I know," she said quickly. "You have my sympathy. Isn't it awful?"

"Awful," I agreed, thinking she meant all the noise in the room.

"I don't see how you stand it," she went on.

"Well," I said, "it must be just about as bad for you. Or maybe you're used to it."

"I'm leaving soon," she said.

"Good," I told her; "I'll go with you."

She laughed. "That's a date," she said. "I'm sailing in September. I'll miss the crowd here, of course, but ——" and she shrugged her shoulders.

"Excuse me,' I said after thinking a moment, "but I guess we're talking at cross purposes. Just what were we talking about?"

"Why," she said, "all this suppression now. The death of personal liberties."

Just then a man about twenty years old, who seemed to have been enjoying a lot of personal liberties in the butler's pantry or somewhere, had a little accident, and after everything quieted down I said, "How about going out and seeing if there is a moon?"

"Fine," said Mimi. "I'll get the crowd and we'll all go for a moonlight swim."

"On second thought," I said, "I don't believe that there is a moon. Let's dance instead."

So we danced a couple of times, and it was like dancing with nothing at all and a whole lot at the same time, if you know what I mean; and then Tod cut in and I went and sat down by Mrs. Van Alstyne—only nobody called her Mrs. Van Alstyne, because her other name was Mercedes.

She corrected me right away. "Call me Mercy," she said; "that's what everyone else does."

So I said that was all right with me, and that it sounded like a fine name, and I hoped she had a lot of it. And while I was wondering if I could get away with saying something about the qualities of Mercy not being strained, or whatever it was, she started telling me what a problem it was bringing up girls.

So I agreed with her that it must be quite a problem, and we sat and talked about problems for a while, and then I saw Patricia Dale sitting alone, so I asked to be excused and went over and danced with her.

It didn't take long to decide that she was even better-looking than I had thought in the first place, and that it didn't matter so much her not talking a great deal, because when she did she usually said something. And then the music stopped; so we sat down, and Tom Dunster came up with some glasses and said:

"Try some of this. I made it myself."

So I took a glass and Tom said, "I'll bet you're a good judge of liquor. I can always tell a good judge because I used to be a judge myself, and one good judge deserves another. . . . I was a colonel in the war, but I'm Tom to all my friends. . . . Did you meet Mussolini in Italy?"

It Didn't Take Long to Decide That She Was Even Better-Looking Than I Had Thought in the First Place

I said no, I hadn't met Mussolini, but that I'd been arrested once for speeding in San Remo.

"I did," Tom said; "I met him, and he told me I was a good judge too. He's a pretty good judge. And you think so, too, don't you?"

"Sure," I said.

Then he turned around to Marge Tolliver, who had just appeared from wherever she had been, and told her I was a great fellow and an apostle of freedom. Then he took up another glass and said that nobody was going to pass a law telling him what to drink and what not to drink, and tried to drain the glass; only it was empty, so he walked away toward the source of supply.

"I'm glad he feels that way about it," I said to Patricia. "Because I don't feel like drinking this, and now I won't hurt anyone's feelings if I don't."

About this time Jud Tolliver started singing about some king of England whose ancestors were kind of careless, and Pat looked at her watch and it was 11:30, so I walked back to the Fairview with her—which took about ten minutes—and about one o'clock she went in and I went back to Tod's house and up to my room and got into bed and did some heavy thinking.

When Tod came home he woke me up by asking me if I was asleep, and after I had expressed my feelings somewhat, he said "Well, how do you like it here?"

"Swell," I said. "The ocean is great."

"How are you and Mimi coming along?" he asked.

"Like a couple of century plants," I said—"born to rush unseen."

"She told me you wanted to go back to Europe with her."

"Did she?" I said. "Well, well."

"You're making a great hit with her," he said. "Keep up the good work."

"I must be getting pretty good at long-distance target practice, then," I said.

"You don't seem very interested."

"Appearances," I said, "aren't always deceitful. I'm not."

"Mimi's a great kid."

"I don't doubt it," I said; "but I know a lot of great kids I haven't any yen to marry. She'd probably want to take a jazz band and the whole of Denstable on a honeymoon."

"You thought she was pretty fine when you first saw her."

"I still do," I said, "but I was wrong when I said I'd like to marry her. Mistakes happen in the best of families. Look at the Siamese Twins."

"What are you going to do?"

"Work," I said, "eventually. And in the meantime I'm standing pat. Think that one over."

And I went back to sleep.

Monday was pretty much like Sunday, and Tuesday just a little more so. Most of the time was spent in going from house to house and doing the same things in all of them, and every once in a while Patricia and I went away by ourselves and sat in the lee of a sand dune or somewhere and talked.

She was kind of reserved, although now and then she'd tell me something about herself. She couldn't remember much about her mother, and it seemed that she had grown up with her father, and they'd always been pretty much together. She expected him on from Chicago any day for the rest of the summer.

The more I saw of her, the easier it was to understand why everyone liked her, even if she didn't quite fit in. There was something sane and comfortable about her, and she didn't plaster everything she thought and felt all over the surrounding landscape.

We got into the habit of going swimming together early in the morning before the rest of the crowd was up, and by the end of the week I had told her everything that seemed important and to the point about myself and was beginning to wish that there was more.

Only Patricia seemed to think that there was enough of it as it was, and told me, anyway, that she'd be a sister or something of the sort to me.

"Listen," I said; "I'm not trying to start any Big Brother Club for the radio kiddies. That's not what I asked you."

She said, "I heard you. But I'm not marrying anyone."

"I'm not asking you," I said, "to marry anyone. Just someone. Just me."

We were sunning ourselves on one of the floats in front of the Fairview, and she said, "Let's not talk about it. Let's swim."

She started to get up and I reached out and grabbed her by an ankle, and said, "Nothing doing. I'll take a chance on getting into hotter water instead. Why won't you? Last night ——"

"Last night," she said quickly, not looking at me, "I was just being foolish. And don't ask me to explain, please, because I couldn't without hurting someone else."

"All right," I agreed reluctantly, "I'll change the subject. Did anyone ever tell you your eyes were the color of midnight in the tropics?"

"I won't ——"

"And that your lips are like a pomegranate cut in two?"

"I ——"

"And that ——" But before I could finish I was talking to a couple of ripples where Pat had dived into the water.

The next day Pat's father arrived from Chicago. He was fat, jovial and about forty-odd, and right away it was plain to see that he thought nothing was too good for his one and only. The Van Alstynes invited him to dinner the first night, and before the evening was over it was generally agreed that he was a pretty good sport, even if he didn't drink.

For the next two days I didn't get a chance to see Pat alone at all, and then the third morning I ran into the two of them when I went down for an early swim. I sat on the beach with them for a while and looked reproachfully at Pat, until she went in to get dressed. After she had gone her father talked about the weather a bit, and then said:

"The Tollivers have been after me to buy a place in Puritan Park."

"Yes?" I said.

"I understand," he went on, "that it's supposed to be a pretty exclusive hangout."

So I said yes again.

Then he looked at me kind of funny and said "You're the one Pat's been telling me about, aren't you?"

"I don't know," I said. "I hope so."

"You're the one who's been away in Europe for so long, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said, "in Prague."

"Well," he said after a long pause, "friend to friend, what do you think of it?"

"Prague?" I said. "The beer's fine."

"I'm asking you," he grunted, "about something a whole lot nearer than Prague, and you know it." Then he grinned kind of apologetically and added: "I don't mean to be blunt."

"That's all right," I said.

"You ain't answering my question."

"What do you want me to say?"

"Listen," he said, getting a little more serious. "I sent my daughter on here because a friend of mine told me everything was on the up-and-up around this place. And

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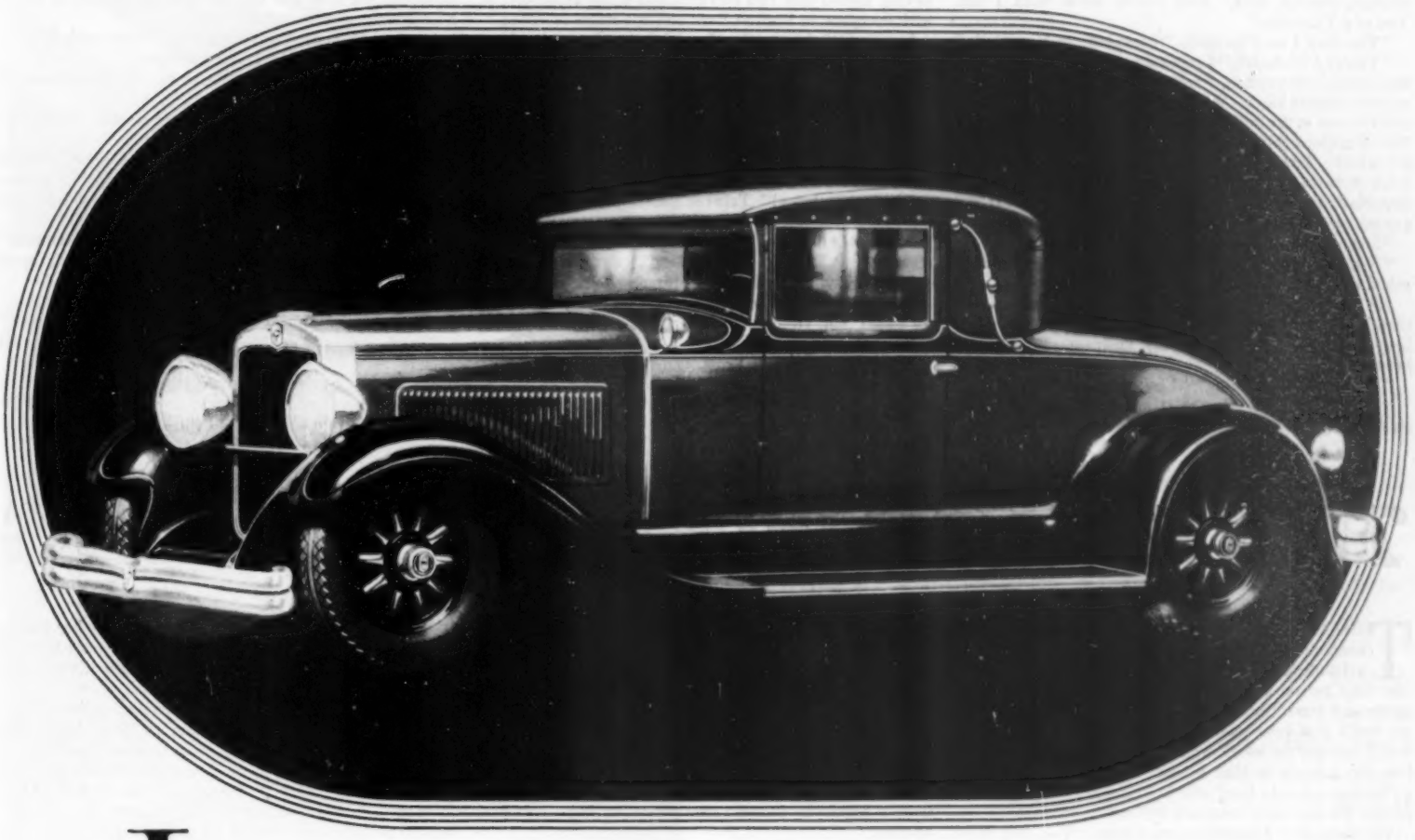

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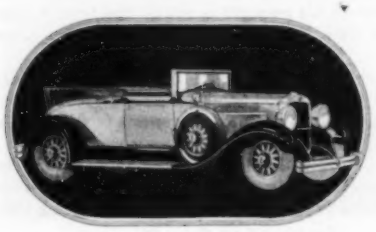
Here is the old-time, first-car thrill, recaptured again, in the smooth, quiet, responsive rhythm of Twin Ignition power—in Twin Ignition's velvety pick-up—in Twin Ignition's instantaneous change of pace from one road speed to a higher one—in the stamina and reserve energy of Twin Ignition power, especially noticeable on a difficult climb.

By actual test, the same Nash motor, with Twin Ignition, instead of a single spark plug per cylinder, produces 22% more power, 5 miles per hour more speed, 2 extra miles from a gallon of gasoline.

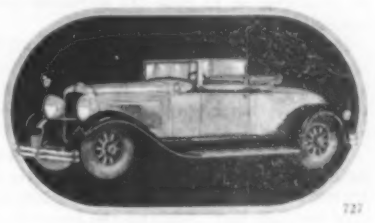
And this is only one of many brilliant "400" advancements. Nash engineering has developed the "World's easiest driving control". Bijur Centralized Chassis Lubrication oils 29 chassis bearings at the pressure of a pedal. Houdaille and Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers have a Nash outboard mounting which makes more certain their control of road irregularities.

Let nothing prevent you from having a ride in the Nash "400". Any Nash dealer will cheerfully supply the car.



There are three Nash "400" Cabriolets (Convertible) the Advanced, Special and Standard Six. All have a big, roomy, rumble seat.

All three "400" Cabriolets have smart nickel framed windows which may be raised for protection from the wind, even with the top open.



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I figured that nothing was too good for her. She don't have many friends in Chicago for—well, for a lot of reasons. And I wanted to get her in with regular people. Do they just, maybe, act this way over the week-ends down here, or does it go on continual?"

"What?" I said.

"The drinking and the loose talking, and all."

I sat up. "Don't ask me," I said. "I'm a stranger in a strange, strange land. And you're worse than I am. You're a Victorian."

"The devil I am," he said. "I was born in New York."

"You're a Victorian," I repeated, not paying any attention to his interruption, "and that means that you are a narrow-minded bigot. What you don't appreciate is that you are now in the midst of a lot of intellectual aristocracy. The important thing is personal liberty or libertines, I forget which. Freedom from censorship. No one can pass a law dictating what I can and what I cannot drink. The important thing is the freedom of the sprees. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

"Son, do you know what you're talking about?"

"No," I said, "but I'm learning fast. And you've asked me."

He sat and looked at me steadily for a moment, and then he sort of grinned again and said: "I wish you was a lawyer. I could use you in my business. What's this between you and Pat?"

"Has she said anything?" I asked quickly.

"No," he said. "It's the things she hasn't said that started me thinking. I know her pretty well, you see."

So I explained how I felt about Pat, and he listened and didn't say much, except something about everything working out in time, and then he shook hands and went into the hotel, and I went back to Tod's and dressed and drove over to the country club with Mimi Scott to do a little driving on the greens and putting on the fairways.

Two nights later the bombshell burst.

Tod was giving a big dinner party, Mrs. Van Alstyne having loaned him two servants and a jug of applejack, with everyone in Puritan Park and the Dales included.

I was a little late getting downstairs as the result of several buttons rebelling against the puritanical censorship of my best shirts and popping off in a search for personal liberty on their own, and when I did I found the whole crowd just ready to start in to dinner. Everyone, that is, but the Dales. They weren't there.

So I asked as casually as I could where they were, and then everyone started firing questions and answers at me.

"It's an outrage!" Tolliver yelled, the points of his mustaches climbing up around his eyes.

"It sounds like one," I said. "What book's been banned now?"

"Haven't you heard?" said Marge.

And then Teddy Van Alstyne butted in and said, "And we called 'em Victorian. Victoria Vat would have been better."

I appealed to Mimi Scott. "Let me in on it, won't you?"

"And how," she said. "A family from Chicago landed at the Fairview this afternoon."

"Really?" I said. "What did they do? Start a gang war?"

"No," she said, "they saw the Dales."

"Did they?" I said. "What a coincidence!"

"And," said Mimi, "your shy little violet turned out to be a bootlegger's bud."

I looked at her blankly, and she gave a short laugh and said: "You just escaped, brother, having the leading bootician of Illinois for a father-in-law. Hereafter you'd better stick around and play in my back yard, even if it is a little noisy and crowded."

I turned to Tod. "Is that a fact?" I demanded.

"Absolutely. They're leaving tonight."

"They'd better," Tolliver broke in. "I never heard of anything so scandalous."

"And me," Mercedes Van Alstyne wailed, "trying to bring daughters of my own up respectably."

Tom Dunster waved a cocktail glass. "I knew," he said thickly, "the moment I saw him that he wasn't a gentleman. I'm a good judge of men. Mussolini said so, and I knew ——"

"Shut up," I said, "or talk about something you know."

"You can't talk to me that way," he said, his teeth becoming very dignified. "I'm a gentleman."

"Every other inch," I said.

"Forget it," Tod broke in, "and come on in to dinner."

"Lord knows I'm broad-minded," Tolliver started again, "but never in all my life ——"

About then my nerves began getting a little ragged, and I was tired, anyway, and I forgot I was the guest of a lot

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THE ART OF PARTY-THROWING

By Edward Longstreth

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

THE American people seem to have an uncontrollable urge for throwing parties. Our attitude toward the thing is absurdly simple: One person alone is a hermit, two's company, and three's not only a crowd, it's a party. If people could just take their parties or leave them alone, it would not matter much what kind of parties they gave; but the trouble is that human weakness makes party gatherings not only inevitable but essential to human happiness. No one could imagine a civilization without parties.

The moment a prospective guest says, "Yes, Mrs. Wilkins, I shall be delighted to come to your party," that person is at the mercy of Mrs. Wilkins. Mrs. Wilkins must be merciful. Up to eleven P.M. her guests are helpless; they cannot decently walk out on her before that hour, even in self-protection. On the other hand, Mrs. Wilkins herself is in danger of walking the plank socially. She must either make her guests happy or take the consequences.

There is no social agony so great as sitting through a dull party. The tension is ghastly. Men bite their nails, their cigars, anything. Women pluck hectically at their gowns, their hair, their friends' reputations. There is a threat of hysteria in the air. The hostess herself has nervous prostration—and serves her right.

There is no excuse for it. With even just a little forethought and care, each and every party could be remembered for some degree of success. It is not a matter of money, it is simply a matter of plan.

Invite Birds of a Feather

THE first logical place to begin planning a party is the moment the list of guests is begun. That woman is rash who tries to mix crowds and throw together people of various contrasting tastes and temperaments. The party will fail to jell. The hostess has not yet been born who can mix uncongenial people together on a small party and get away with it—not even if she maroons them at several bridge tables.

Here at the invitation stage is where there is need for a fine discretion. There must be at least one girl who is popular, and at least one man who is a good leader, who can be depended on to take the initiative and keep things whooping.

It might appear an obvious tactical error for a hostess to invite the village jazz wonder, who can be counted to show up clutching his saxophone, to meet a snug little group of the literati; but misguided young women are doing that sort of thing all the time.

The various ways of entertaining a crowd of people depend pretty much on the motive behind the party. Parties are not always small, intimate affairs, although that is the kind we know best. Some parties are given to raise money for some charitable organization. Some are grandiose affairs staged as a gesture of greatness and power by our captains and lieutenants of industry. With these magnificent orgies, most of us, alas, have little to do. We are more likely to be called in on a committee for a strawberry festival, a bazaar or a card party to benefit some church or hospital.

One thing many women bent on entertaining their friends often fail to realize is that decorations do not make a party. At least, men never make this mistake. Of course, it makes the setting attractive to have fresh flowers in the house, to have nice linen and glass and china on the dinner table, to have amusing place cards and favors beside each place, but all that is really beside the point.

The main question is: What is she going to do with the guests from 8:30 to midnight? By nine o'clock the place cards and table ornaments are forgotten, or at least their effect on the conversation has ceased to be of any help. Everyone is sitting around looking expectant. "Now what?" is the query written clearly on every face. May providence pity the host and hostess who have not a ready answer in their hour of whoopee.

The old, hackneyed forms of entertainment are hardly worth a passing glance. Bridge is for the quartet. It breaks up any larger party into fours and hampers or entirely destroys good fellowship. Bridge should never be resorted to when the party is larger than four. Dancing is for the many. It is almost dangerous to risk a party of any size without providing for dancing in case couples feel so inclined. No matter how small the dance or how intimate the couples, there must be many more men than girls. This would seem to be self-evident, yet it is appalling how often this simple rule is ignored. Disaster is then inevitable. The reason for this is that not all the men want to dance at the same time and, in fact, none of them will want to dance if they see there is small hope of changing partners in less than an hour.

For a small dance, the orchestra may be small, but it must be hot. There must be a peppy trap drummer. Five is a good number of players—piano, drummer, saxophone, clarinet and violin. If any are to be added to this, it would better be horn and trombone rather than another violin and a cello, for a good jam in the brass will put a party on its feet like nothing human, and nothing else but.

Some people who give rather large parties have a weakness for calling in paid performers to do things with cards or to do acrobatics, ballad singing, and things like that. These acts cramp the free-and-easy spirit a party should have. They pass time, to be sure, but when they are over the hostess must still begin to rouse her guests. It is much better to have the guests take an active part in the program themselves; they have a better time that way.

There is a lot to be said—and we could say it—in favor of the cozy, intimate, living-room party of interesting people. Those present may include good *raconteurs*, a local celebrity, or just a group of people well read on current topics from psychology to jury trials. Nothing should be allowed to spoil a pleasant evening of good conversation. But it is very rare, indeed, to find an evening passing quickly entirely on talk. At any rate, no hostess should risk it. If things drift that way, well and good—only a silly bungler would interfere—but should the talkers begin to talk about the weather or the younger generation, it is time to do something, and do it quickly. It is then high time to rush forward with some device that will relieve the tension and rescue these good people who are about to flounder and sink in the slough of commonplace chatter.

Now is the Time for All Good Guests ——

THAT naturally raises the point: What is the thing to do? What is the device that will rescue the situation and save the party? The answer is very simple. The hostess should be ready with one of her repertory of new party games. We can suggest several new good ones.

As a matter of fact, it is perfectly safe for a hostess to plan a whole evening of games if she knows her crowd well enough and tactfully considers their tastes and temperaments. She can even prepare the minds of her guests in advance of the party, so that they will show up all ready for the special brand of whoopee she is about to offer them. If her invitation has a hint of novelty in it, her friends will arrive in an expectant mood. They know something has been planned.

The guest also has a few responsibilities toward the success of a party. The perfect guest owes certain obligations to any party he is invited to. It is up to him, for instance, to follow along in anything that is taken up by most of the crowd. He may even have to make a few little personal sacrifices, such as throwing a few moments to the girl from out of town while his own girl is out on the terrace with that slick kid from Southampton, but it's all part of the game.

Based on the sound principle that people like to do things on a party, there is a good adaptation of the tournament idea which may keep everyone busy and amused between the time they arrive and the refreshments. And just a word about those refreshments. Like youth, they must be served. No matter how humble, there is nothing like something to eat at a party. Before the guests go home they

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FREE Get a generous sample tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—the cleansing dentifrice—simply mail the coupon below and be convinced.

A 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste

. . . than any other leading brand priced at 25c. More important—Colgate's has a greater penetrating power—its active foam washes away decayed impurities in crevices not reached by ordinary brushing. Hence Colgate's cleans better.

AN ordinary dentifrice which polishes the teeth on the surface and makes them look attractive has a single appeal. Likewise, a dentifrice which is merely cheap may win others.

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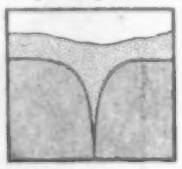
Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

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must be fed. It may be no more than ginger ale and cake, cheese and crackers; it may be more elaborate and include salad, sandwiches and ice cream, but whatever it is, there must be refreshments. No party is complete without them—certainly not from a man's point of view anyway. And what is a party without men—contented, happy men?

It is easy to get up a good tournament at small cost. The equipment is simple and inexpensive. Two or three target games with darts and little arrows to throw or shoot at them, a board or two over which to slide weights or at which to throw balls or quoits for a score—these and several allied games can be bought for a dollar or two apiece at any toy or sports store.

For such a party score cards—one for each guest, with his name at the top of it—must be provided. Each apparatus is numbered and a corresponding number is placed on the card. Every guest must try once at each apparatus, and the score of his or her first try is the only one that is marked down. The player with the highest score wins a prize. When the official scoring is over there will no doubt be several bitter duels for championship on the various apparatuses. There may even be team competition.

The Right Game at the Right Time

THERE is more than one way of running a tournament. When the party is small the player may be allowed to go to any apparatus he chooses at any time and try his skill. If the party is large, it is better not to risk confusion, and it is best to divide the company into squads of four or five which will progress from game to game in rotation. If there are twenty people and five games, five teams of four each will keep everyone occupied at once.

Another way to handle a large group is to make the whole tournament depend on separate competitions. In this case the procedure and method of scoring are different. The guests are at first divided up as at a progressive bridge party, but with much more noise and medley. If there are twenty-four guests, there may be six games, and four people are assigned to each game at the start.

After each of the four has tried his skill at the first game, the one with the highest score is marked five for winner, and he progresses on to the next game. The second highest score is marked three, but he stays at the same game for another try at it. After several periods—it may be six or it may be more—the highest score wins. In case of a tie, those tied must play it off on one or two of the apparatuses acceptable to both or to all of those tied.

There ought to be no great problem involved in selecting the right party game for the right crowd at the right moment. When the right moment comes there is no mistaking it. There is a lull in the conversation, a slight tension grips the atmosphere, somebody looks at his watch. It is then time for the hostess to make a move.

There are still a lot of unfortunates who look upon games as something one drags out of the attic with grandma's wedding dress. Say "games" to a livewire, high-pressure business man and he has a sickening recollection of Spin the Plate, Post Office, and other quaint old kissing games. Kissing is not so coy a maneuver these days.

Salesmanship is valuable in putting across the game idea when a few hard-boiled business men are sitting in on the party. Once sold, they are the last to quit. The spirit of competition enters into all our best modern party games and it can be relied on to enslave the best of our bingo boys.

The hostess who is trying to put over a few party pastimes on her friends for the first time will be discreet.

"Do any of you know a game called Emergency?" she may ask.

Probably no one will, because we invented it ourselves. So they will say, "No."

"I played it the other night at the Bisbees'," she converses with casual innocence; though really about to spring a new one on the crowd. "Ray Bisbee put us all on guard first with a warning of what was coming, then he briefly described an emergency. The second afterward he pointed at us each in turn and asked, 'What would you do?' It was amazing the weird things we thought of as being the first things we would do. Of course, it goes much faster than my describing it, and shows really what a person's judgment is in an emergency."

"Rats," the village cynic mutters under his breath.

"What sort of emergency?" someone fortunately asks.

"Well, just to show you," the hostess explains, closing in on her quarry, "I'll name an emergency, and immediately after, ask each of you what you would do first."

"All right, shoot."

The hostess tries to hide the glint of satisfaction in her eyes, for she has painlessly inveigled her guests to the brink of a game.

"Suppose the maid suddenly appears in the doorway there and shouts that there is a fire upstairs in my bedroom. What would you do?"

She points rapidly to each guest in quick succession and each calls out his first spontaneous reaction, if he has one.

What Would You Do in a Case Like That?

IT IS surprising the number of things the people in the room will say is the first thing they would do in such an emergency. Most of them will say, "Run for water," "Call the fire department," and things like that. Perhaps no one will think of the one proper thing to do first, which is to run upstairs and see how serious the fire is.

Of course, an impromptu game like that, though easy to start, should not be played very long. It will lead to considerable discussion, but as soon as anyone shows the first sign of having had enough of it, the thing should be dropped like a hot iron. A game may be an amusement or a godsend, but it should never be an instrument of torture.

Whether or not another game is in order to follow up this one entirely depends on circumstances. Sometimes a game like this starts conversation going for hours. Everyone is

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Take, for Instance, the Game Called Ice. This is Very Simple, But Terribly Exasperating

YOUR opinion, please, Mr. Truck-Owner

[A SINCERE REQUEST]

PLEDGED TO BETTER DELIVERY *for*
1 SAFER STREETS
2 LESS TRAFFIC CONGESTION
3 MORE ECONOMICAL DELIVERY

IN your own business you are probably striving toward closer and more resultful co-operation between seller and buyer.

A purpose exactly parallel backs this frank statement from a maker of trucks to users of trucks.

Here are some steps already taken in that direction, in the field of commercial transportation. What do *you*, as a truck-owner, think of them?

Frank expressions are sincerely asked for. They will be used *only* in study and research where exchange of ideas has tremendous value.

USED TRUCK TRADE-INS

A used truck is worth just what its remaining service-life can be sold for—and no more. That figure should be its trade-in value. Any allowance *over* that is bloated *somewhere*. Used truck trade-ins on General Motors Trucks bring full, fair allowances, but no excess. Our list prices share with buyers the benefits of manufacturing advantages wisely used; they are based squarely on built-in value—with no camouflaged "trading" margin. And, even in competition with excessive trade-in allowances, a General Motors Truck price is usually the low one. QUERY: *Isn't it to the truck-buyer's interest to invest on analysis of actual value rather than by "hoss trading" around to get the highest used-truck "bid"?*

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Capacity Information

Many wastes for the truck-user have been concealed in the old rating method: "one ton", "two ton", etc. Few trucks of the same given rating have similar chassis weights; differences of as much as 1,500 pounds are common. Body types show proportionate discrepancies. These are the factors which *make* true pay-load capacity. STRAIGHT RATING is a modern way to know—in advance—the top-efficiency pay-load of any General Motors Truck. It is based upon maximum allowable total gross weight; is simple and accurate. It eliminates the risks of over-loading, and any need for "over-investment" (as in vehicles of greater real capacity than is required). QUERY: *Is not this clear, advance knowledge an aid to wiser investment—just as it is to more efficient operation?*

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Performance of any General Motors Truck is proved, in advance, by General Motors Proving Grounds tests. And by actual experience of thousands of owners.

Those facts make possible an offer unique in truck history: *We provide whatever available model, chassis or body, most closely meets a truck-owner's special requirements. Without obligation or liability he finds out: how much time that truck can save him; how much it can increase work-capacity; how much it can reduce cost per ton-mile;* and *other facts of equal value.* QUERY: *Do you know of a more thorough or practical way in which the truck-buyer can get accurate advance information?*

It applies to the complete line of General Motors Trucks (Chassis only, f. o. b., Pontiac, Mich.)

PONTIAC-powered light duty equipment (7 types of different basic Straight Ratings; $625 to $1085).

BUICK-powered medium- and heavier-duty (33 types of different basic Straight Ratings; $1395 to $3315).

BIG BRUTE-powered for heaviest duty (two types of 28,000 lbs. Straight Rating capacities; $4250—$4350).

These steps have been taken to further the progress of modern commercial transportation. They result from more than a quarter-century's experience, and from the strength that is necessary to make advances. What do *you* think of them?

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Step up to the box office of the nearest theatre where Paramount Talking Pictures are playing and shake hands with Broadway! Wherever you sit, you have the "best seats in the house" for Broadway's greatest dramas, most lavish musical comedies and revues—without paying Broadway prices! ¶ You meet Broadway's greatest stars face to face! You hear them talk and sing . . . The Marx Brothers, Moran and Mack, Dennis King, Jeanne Eagels, Ruth Chatterton, Hal Skelly, Walter Huston, Helen Morgan—to name a few! ¶ You see a new Hollywood, with your favorite screen stars talking and singing . . . Harold Lloyd, Clara Bow, Maurice Chevalier, George Bancroft, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Nancy Carroll, Gary Cooper — and more. ¶ It's a New Show World, with the best of Broadway and Hollywood combined and it's greater than both were ever before. It's a New Show World and it's yours to enjoy wherever there's a theatre playing Paramount Talking Pictures. ¶ Paramount–because the cream of stage and screen stars are Paramount. Paramount—because the greatest authors, composers and directors are naturally drawn to Paramount. Paramount—because the greatest name in motion pictures for 18 years is the greatest name in the New Show World today! ¶ See and hear all this great entertainment—watch your local newspaper for announcements of Paramount Super Shows.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

THE MARX BROTHERS *with* MARY EATON *and* OSCAR SHAW *in*

"THE COCOANUTS"

New Yorkers paid $6.60 to see "The Cocoanuts" on Broadway and this Paramount Talking, Singing, Dancing Picture is even bigger and better! Imagine . . . The Marx Brothers, *plus* Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw, musical comedy stars, and music by Irving Berlin! ¶ Directed by Joseph Santley & Robert Florey. Monta Bell, Producer.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION. ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N.Y.

(Continued from Page 48)

reminded of some story concerning an emergency, someone else may want to go into the psychology of the thing—the game suggests plenty of topics for conversation.

Another good game which tests mental powers, and especially the powers of observation and concentration, is the game called Star Witness. It begins with a bit more preparation than the other, but conversation about the latest crime in the newspapers will very naturally suggest it.

The hostess can either go right into the game at the first opening or, like Napoleon, she can make her opportunities. A few remarks about jury trials and how difficult it is to tell which witnesses are deliberately lying and which are honest but uncertain of their facts, will make a move in the desired direction. One might think that an eyewitness to a serious crime would have the whole thing photographed indelibly on his mind. It is easy to test this theory.

Let three or four of the guests get together in private and reconstruct a crime—probably one based on a murder which is attracting some attention in the papers at the time. All the other guests are to be eyewitnesses to this crime. The three or four arrange briefly a little scenario. Then they come out and enact it before the others.

When the acting of it is finished, everyone is given paper and pencil. The actors of the crime then read off a list of questions and the witnesses must write down their answers from memory. They have the advantage over most witnesses in that they can make a record of what they saw immediately after the crime.

The questions are quite simple and direct. About twenty of them would be fair. Supposing the crime has been a murder, the questions based on the acted scenario may very properly be something like these:

How many shots were fired?
Were any shots fired after the victim fell?
If so, how many?
What were the last words of the victim?
What was the cause of the murderer's action in shooting?
What was the name of the servant?
Who was the person who left the room just before the crime?
Did that person leave before or after the murderer entered?
Did they speak to each other?
What did they say?
Did that person leave the house?
How do you know?
Was there a light in the hall?

After all these have been read and answered, the lists of answers are signed on the back, shuffled and handed out for marking so that no one marks his or her own paper. The correct answers are then read. Each answer in a list of twenty counts five if entirely correct, and three if partly correct. The witness who scores the highest is the Star Witness and may be given a prize.

Putting a Whoop in Whoopee

Sometimes a group of people are in the mood for almost any kind of nonsense. They would walk on stilts or roller-skate down the main street if anyone made the suggestion. There are such times. Every now and then people are all set just to have fun, come what may.

It may sound silly—in fact, it is silly—but there is a lot of fun in an eggshell on the dining-room table. It must be a complete eggshell, and empty—that is to say, a blown eggshell.

The way to get this bit of equipment is to put a small hole in each end of the egg with a pin. Put the egg over a dish and blow through one of the holes until all the inside of the egg has been blown out the opposite hole. In making these tiny holes, be careful that none of the skin just inside the shell acts as a valve, for then it would close over the exit hole.

The dining-room table is divided in half by placing two markers, one on each edge of the table and opposite each other. The rim of the table would then be divided into two equal halves. The crowd is divided into two teams, one for each half of the table, and they kneel so that their faces are just above the rim of the table.

The empty eggshell is placed in the center of the table. It is very light and rather erratic. At a signal, everyone starts to blow. The object is for one side to blow the eggshell over the edge of the table guarded by the opposite side. Every time the eggshell is blown over the edge of the table it scores a point for the side that blows it off. The eggshell cannot be touched while it is on the table.

This is a swell game as long as the eggshell lasts, which depends on how often the players catch it before it hits the floor. But the shell will be tougher than you expect. Not everyone blows at the same time, for the simple reason that so many ridiculous things happen in such rapid succession that half the players are roaring with laughter and can't pucker their lips. Try it sometime and see for yourself. It is one of those amiable little games which amuse children, debutantes and those in their second childhood separately or collectively. Any game like that is worth its weight in gold, even though it weighs more than an eggshell.

Any Ice?

Contrasted with this sort of game is the kind which keeps everyone sitting tense and breathless, working his brains time and a half for overtime. Take, for instance, the game called Ice. This is very simple, but terribly exasperating. It will plague and torture you like a Chinese puzzle, and yet it is ridiculously easy and simple.

Take a look at the list of words given below. For each one of these words there is a word ending in "ice" which can be fairly used as a substitute. Moreover, there is in each case only one word ending in "ice" which can be substituted for some meaning of each word listed below.

For example, take the word "cereal." There is only one word ending in "ice" which can be substituted for it, and that word is "rice." This is a very simple illustration. Some of the words below are just as easy, some much harder to get. Just a word of warning, however—it is well to remember that some of the words in the list have more than one meaning, and the word you seek ending in "ice" will be a substitute for only one of the meanings.

All right, then; any "ice"? Run down the list and put down those which come easiest to you—a substitute word ending in "ice."

1 small woods	26 opening
2 confection	27 clerical gown
3 fine	28 sap
4 value	29 cliff
5 cut	30 tooth paste
6 clove	31 saffron
7 interweave	32 tumbler
8 paste	33 fretwork
9 instant	34 regard
10 bones	35 recruit
11 countinghouse	36 rite
12 vermin	37 cunning
13 conduit	38 bias
14 guidance	39 confederate
15 repeated once, plus one	40 omen
16 in place of	41 express
17 motto	42 whim
18 lure	43 crack
19 pass muster	44 selection
20 atonement	45 frieze
21 building	46 drill
22 equity	47 bill
23 truce	48 spite
24 constabulary	49 lava
25 the second time	50 exult

The correct answers are given at the end of the article.

After you have tried these on yourself, try all of them or just a few of them on the next party you give or go to, where the guests think they know the English language. They ought to know every word in the list, but it is one thing to know a word when you read it and quite another thing to be able to summon it forth from your memory at will.

If you want to make this a feature of your next party, give your guests paper and pencil and let them write down the words as you read them off, unless you want to take the trouble to do this for them in advance. Explain the idea to them and give an example, as we have done above. Then let them have thirty minutes. It would be very unusual for them to get a perfect score in this time. Each word counts two when it is the right substitute. The highest score wins. This is a grand way to keep a roomful of people quiet and occupied for half an hour or more. The time will pass amazingly.

There are several much less formal games with words which you can spring on a party any time. These little games will briefly entertain a whole roomful of people or just a little group which happens to be near you. Just for the sake of humanity, it is wise to bear in mind that these games should be casually introduced as occasion suggests and not dragged in willy-nilly.

For instance, how many words do you know which begin with the letter *i* and end with the letter *m*? Proper names are not allowed, and the words must be in good English usage. Just offhand, you may get "idiom" and "interim," but there are several others. How many can you recall? Here is another brain teaser for your wise friends.

Then there is the absurd situation which results from placing a time limit on a person's vocabulary. All you do is give the person one minute by the clock and a letter of the alphabet. In this minute he or she must call out as many words as possible beginning with that letter. Imagine anything simpler than that.

Suppose the letter is *w*. There are thousands of words beginning with *w*, certainly hundreds of them in daily use, but it would be most unusual for a person to rattle off more than a dozen in the minute allowed. If you don't believe it, try it. Get one person to hold a watch and another to count the words. Then select any letter in the alphabet, except the letters *q*, *j*, *x* and *z*, which do not begin many words. Here, again, proper names do not count. The minute will pass rather quickly.

Keep 'Em Busy—Make 'Em Like It

There are only a few general principles at the basis of all good party-throwing, whether it be an outing for the local brotherhood or a pleasant evening at home with a few friends.

For instance, people get a lot of fun out of doing things for themselves, so let them do things.

The spirit of competition is a leading spirit in America. We love it. Whether watching or playing, listening or talking, the spice of competition enlivens whatever we are doing. If it is possible to divide your guests into sides or pit them against one another individually, lose no opportunity for doing it, whether it be a competition of brain or brawn, or both.

The invited guest appreciates leadership. It is a great relief to know that the burden of keeping the evening smoothly developing has been assumed by someone who can be relied on to keep the crowd amused till bedtime. But on the other hand, no one likes to be bullied into doing a lot of uncongenial things. The leader must literally lead his crowd, not drive them. He must make his program irresistible because it is so appropriate, not force it down unwilling throats.

In any program, whether it embraces the convention of hundreds, the picnic of scores, or the private party of a dozen guests, there should be no long waits between events. The party should move smoothly, but also swiftly, from one feature of the plan to the next. Nothing is more deadly than stalling around between events, for it means you must begin your party all over again after each wait. There may be plenty of time for leisure, certainly, but as soon as action enters the party there can be no lull without danger of entire collapse. Once the tempo of a party has been quickened, it can never successfully be allowed to lag again. (Continued on Page 142)

IMPORTED Sumatra wrapper . . . finest domestic long filler. Match ROCKY FORD against any ten cent brand. "When it's got the stuff . . . a nickel's enough."

If you can't get ROCKY FORDS from your favorite tobacconist, send 25 cents to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th St., New York, for a trial package of 5 cigars.

To DEALERS: If your local jobber cannot supply you with ROCKY FORDS, write us.

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Mail coupon below for free booklet telling all about Carbonic Gas. Be better informed.

Try this
"*Double* Action" Cooling
during hot weather!

Scientists know that *extra water* in the body, when the weather's hot, *cools you in two ways*—by absorbing the *internal* heat, and by dissipating *surface* heat through *external evaporation*. But you don't *drink* enough, because water lacks *flavor*.

Carbonated Beverages

have a *tang* that water lacks—in two ways. They are usually flavored with fruit juices. And they are full of stimulating bubbles of *Carbonic Gas!* They break water's monotony. Result is extra liquid, extra *double action cooling!*

Also extra *healthfulness*, because Carbonic Gas stimulates the kidneys, circulatory organs, and the stomach. Babies get carbonic gas in Mother's Milk. Thus Nature recommends it.

In bottled drinks Carbonic Gas has a *germicidal effect*. So in these sterilized beverages there is *double purity assurance*. What could be a better summer health measure, therefore, than Carbonated Drinks several times a day?

Look for This Sign

"Liquid" Red Diamond is a brand of the highest grade Carbonic Gas, made by the world's largest manufacturers of Bottlers' and Soda Fountain equipment. More than half the Bottlers and Soda Fountains in the country use it. Most display the "Liquid" Red Diamond to indicate the fact.

Look for this "Liquid" Emblem whenever you buy cold drinks or fountain sodas.

Mail coupon for booklet, now, to be better informed on Carbonated Drinks.

THE LIQUID CARBONIC CORPORATION, CHICAGO
34 *Distributing Points*

RED DIAMOND GAS

Liquid

The Liquid Carbonic Corporation,
Dept. 7-27, 3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me, without charge, a copy of your booklet, "Bubbling Health for the Whole Family."
*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

REAL-ESTATE BAROMETERS

(Continued from Page 38)

Half a million profit in twenty-four hours is a great temptation to an active operator—one which it takes considerable will power to resist—but my purchaser resisted. The old adage of a bird in the hand being worth two in the bush does not always apply to real estate. His judgment was vindicated when, eleven days after he bought the property for $6,500,000, he sold it for $1,000,000 profit.

To show how the ripples spread, starting with a new high price thrown into the market in the financial, the shopping or the theatrical district, take this comparison of prices: Values at 125th Street and Broadway, rippling gradually northward from Wall Street, 14th Street and Broadway, 23d Street and Broadway, and 42d Street, are today exactly what values in Wall Street were thirty years ago—that is, about fifty dollars a square foot. And thirty years ago this 125th Street property was worth only ten to twenty dollars a square foot. It has taken only thirty years for prices to travel approximately nine miles.

Now, when a human barometer steps out to register the value of a piece of property—an even more delicate task than registering the weather—he may consider the problem from two points of view: a valuation based on fair market value or on commercial or reproduction value. Although the field of the latter is large and is used, for example, by fire-insurance companies to determine replacement costs and by manufacturing plants to ascertain depreciation properly chargeable for taxes, and so on, the fair market value is what most people are interested in, for they want to know what a certain property will bring in the open market.

The fair market value is the price that would be agreed upon by an owner willing, but not compelled, to sell, and a buyer willing, but not compelled, to buy; and it is assumed that neither a boom nor a depression exists which might blind either to actual values.

Not What it Cost, But What it Earns

The human barometer, after registering the temperature outside—that is, the neighborhood, the rentals actually being collected thereabouts, the future prospects of the locality, what changes are taking place or are likely to take place which might affect the character of the neighborhood and therefore the value of the property—after recording these conditions, the human barometer enters the premises and begins to register construction costs, date of construction, modernity, fireproofing, a hundred considerations which, combined with the outside temperature, give him his final reckoning: "Fair and warmer" or "barometer falling." But even in the case of a modern steel skyscraper the value of the building is, in Greater New York, subordinate to the land value, so that sometimes the former does not even enter into his calculations. In fact, a skyscraper that has cost a million or two million dollars to build may even figure as a liability in a purchase—actually as a minus quantity, and a very large one, for the wrecker's bill for removing it, which may amount to thousands, must be figured into the cost of the land.

When the real-estate appraiser is all through, his report of value is, after all, merely his opinion based upon his experience and knowledge of sales and the workings of the law of supply and demand. While mathematical calculations enter into his result, the report is not primarily subject to scientific proof.

This method may seem to be a vague, indeterminate way of arriving at a valuation, but it must be done this way; and the expert appraiser becomes very expert indeed at registering all these fine shadings, weighing all these imponderable factors, and arriving at a result that is a masterly mixture of mathematics and imagination. In the end, an expert appraiser can classify real estate in accordance with its intrinsic value, just as stocks and bonds are classified.

Two parcels of real estate—for we speak of real estate as though it were something which could be wrapped up in brown paper and carried home—both improved and yielding an equal net income, are not necessarily equal in market value, although they may be similar in physical characteristics. The reason for the difference in value may be due to difference in location, with all that may mean in potentialities. Or it may be more subtle even than that. Within a stone's throw of each other on comparable corners in New York stand two commercial buildings, one of which cost almost twice as much to build as the other. The more costly building, however, is not today twice as valuable as the less costly; indeed, its value is almost exactly the same as the other. And the reason for this phenomenon is that the net income from the two buildings is approximately the same. Not the original cost of the two buildings, but what can be got out of them in the way of income, is, therefore, the basis for valuation and the basis on which the buildings would be bought.

The Value of Leaseholds

Practically all of our financial institutions depend upon the real-estate appraiser for guidance in the placing of mortgage loans and the financing of stock promotions for building. The position of the appraiser is becoming increasingly important every year in the real-estate field.

One of the most difficult and highly technical problems in appraising is the valuation of a leasehold interest. A correct conception of the value of a lessee's interest is becoming more and more necessary for the competent appraiser, because it is increasingly common practice for owners of land to lease the land to builders on long-term leases, paying the owners a fixed rental for a number of years and, in addition, paying all taxes and assessments and charges against the property and all operation and maintenance charges, thus giving the owner of the land a fixed net income. The lessee's interest in a case of this kind may, in the final analysis, be summed up as the value of the right to the exclusive use of the land and the building for the purpose of operating it for his own use or for profit from subletting. The fair market value of a lessee's or tenant's interest may briefly be stated as being a sum which, if at the present time invested at a certain rate of interest and allowed to remain invested for a certain number of years, would amount, principal and interest, to the same sum of a series of annual income receipts, each year's receipts being placed at interest. The thought is that if you purchase a lessee's or tenant's interest at the present time you will have received, at the end of a certain number of years, a return of your principal plus a certain rate of interest. For example, if you receive one dollar a year for five years and place each year's installment out at interest each year at 6 per cent it will amount to a total of $5.63. If you invest $4.21 at 6 per cent interest compounded for five years, it will amount to a total of $5.63. Therefore, the present value of one dollar a year for five years is $4.21, and that is the answer to the principle of valuing leasehold interests.

In England, where large parcels of land in the cities were entailed and could not be sold, leasing became the common method of handling the land, and the English mathematicians worked out tables for computation of the purchase value of leasehold interests for any number of years up to ninety-nine years and for fractions of years and at various rates of interest. Knowledge of the use of those tables enables one to make a calculation of leasehold values without going through the laborious work of making long calculations of compound interest. The theory of holding land in fee and leasing it rather than selling it is becoming more and more a practice in the United States, and a knowledge of the correct principles of valuing the lessee's interest is becoming more and more a necessity for the real-estate appraiser. Banks and other institutions are recognizing that a leasehold interest may have a very real and substantial value and be good security for loans. The buying and selling of leasehold interests is becoming a much more common practice in this country. Likewise the feeholder is assured of a fixed net income without the annoyance and work of caring for numerous tenants—a satisfactory arrangement for both sides.

One of the largest estates in Manhattan today is the Wendell estate; larger even than the Astor estate. A Wendell was one of the partners of John Jacob Astor, in the fur and hide business, the firm name being Astor, Wendell and King. Astor and Wendell both invested in New York property, and today the sole inheritors of the great Wendell fortune in real estate, now on leaseholds, are two elderly sisters who occupy that notable old family mansion on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street about which there has arisen so much speculation and romance. There—most oddly and conspicuously and picturesquely, in the very heart of the exclusive shopping district of Fifth Avenue—stands the unpretentious old red brick house, shades down, a sign out for any who may have business within, to try the back door. Shuttered, dead as a house can be, it remains a puzzle to all who pass, a secret to all who inquire. Here, coveted by every merchant who desires a Fifth Avenue location, lies a plot 98.9 feet on Fifth Avenue by 185 feet on Thirty-ninth Street, part occupied by the old brick house and part just vacant land with a high, brown board fence around it—and try to buy it. No one even attempts to any more. Put the figure as absurdly high as you like—beyond any conceivable price—and you are just as likely to get it as if you offered ten cents a square foot. For this is the one spot on earth where the two old ladies wish to live, and what are a few millions more or less to them?

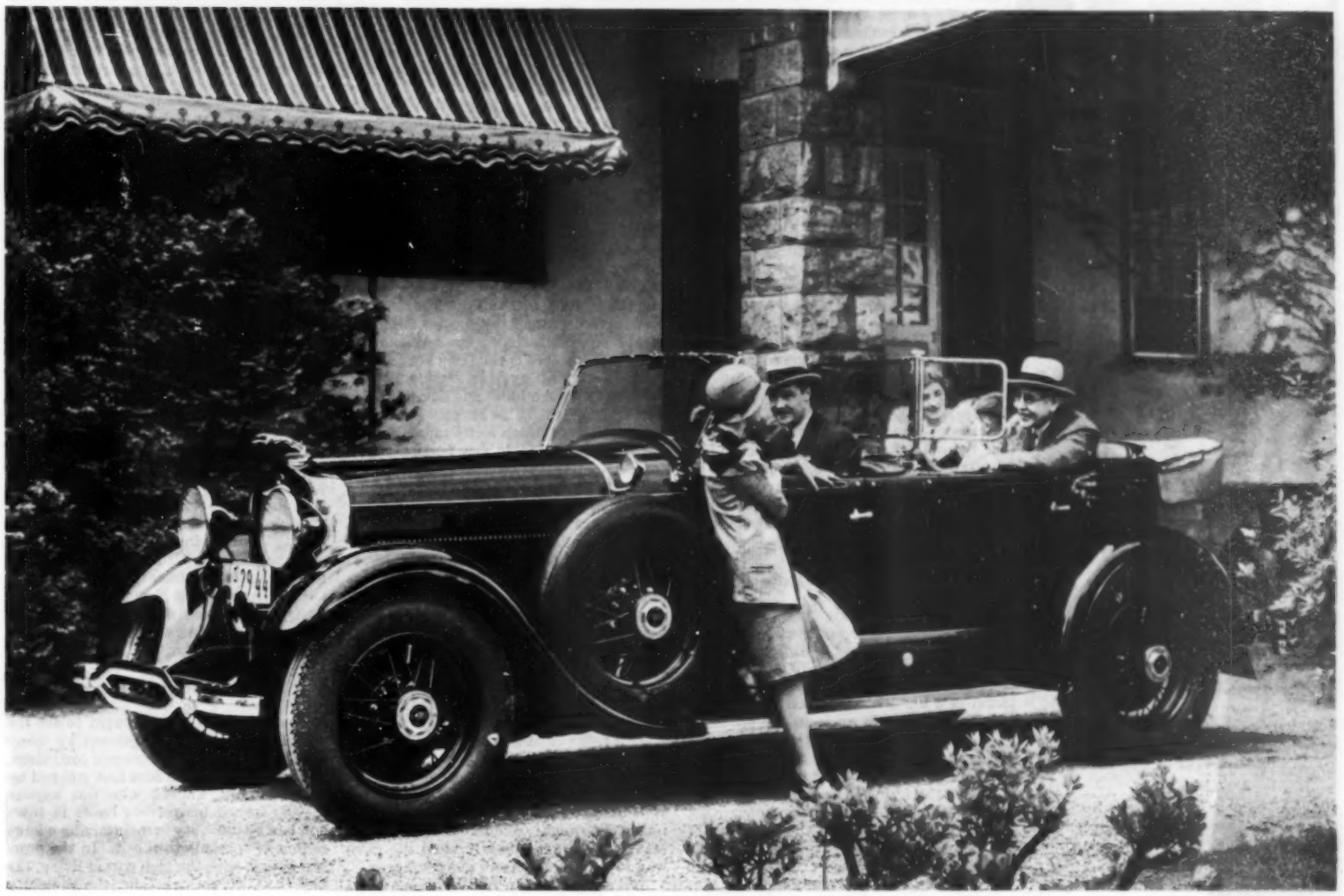
Not in the Market

A quarter of a century ago one of our prominent brokers offered Mr. John G. Wendell the then fabulous price of $900,000 for this property and Mr. Wendell refused it, adding jocosely, "One of my sisters has a pet dog which she likes to exercise in that yard. Where would she exercise him if I sold it?" As good a way of refusing a sale as any, but the story, starting as a jest, is now retailed in dead earnest. Yet that Fifth Avenue site today would net an income, on leasehold, of $200,000 a year. The Capitol Theater and many other prominent buildings stand on leaseholds of the Wendell estate, all belonging to these two elderly, but more wealthy than elderly, ladies; and at their decease, they having no heirs, one of the largest estates in Manhattan, including that much-coveted house and yard, over which many a big merchant has bitten his nails, will go to charity.

Many interesting developments have taken place in the methods of handling real estate in the past fifteen years. It may readily be seen that this must be so, especially in a city like Greater New York, where, in a period of thirty-five years, real estate has increased so incredibly in value. Everything that will conduce to the swift and facile transference of property must be given a trial in a city of such fluid character. What has happened to New York in the past fifteen years is indicated by such facts as these: That fifteen years ago a large real-estate brokerage had holdings of $6,000,000—today, fifty million dollars; fifteen

(Continued on Page 54)

YOUR LINCOLN WILL BE EQUALLY AT HOME IN NEWPORT OR MEDICINE BOW



An open car that combines grace and beauty of contour, with unusually happy effect

SUMMER takes the measure of a motor car. In the mountains, in the deserts, at the seaside resorts . . . wherever tired city dwellers seek the sun and air, it is called upon to show its mettle. If it has failings, it will show them there.

That is why so many Lincoln owners fail at first to realize how really fine a motor car they drive. Its perfect performance on smooth highways and city streets has given them no indication of its powers. The first real test comes almost as a revelation.

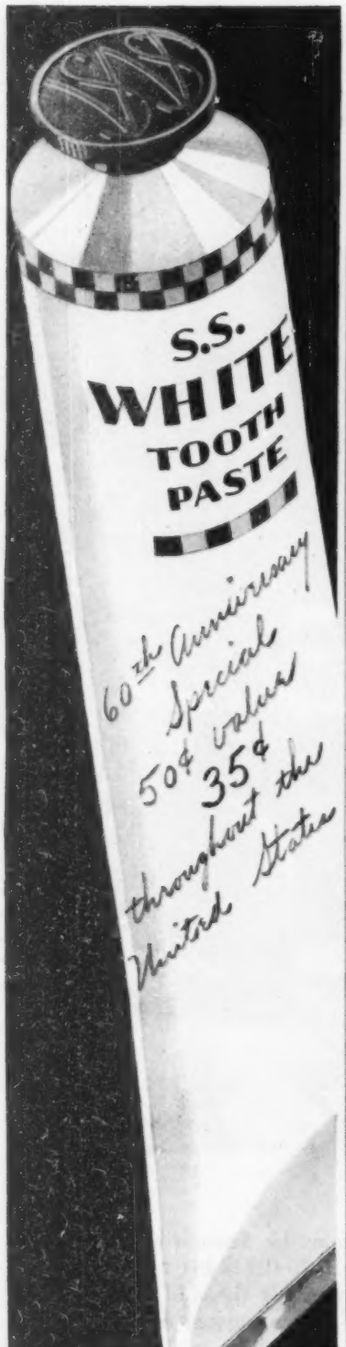
The Lincoln is admirably adapted for touring. It is comfortable. It is powerful. It is fast. Vibration has been reduced to the vanishing point. It is easy to steer, and very safe to drive. It needs no breaking in. And it has back of it nation-wide service facilities.

To the man who spends the greater part of his vacation in his car, that means a lot. Utter confidence, freedom from worry and care . . . these are absolute necessities. And it is delightful and gratifying to feel 90 horse-power under you, the speed of the wind, the security of a mechanism so superbly made that it will be equal to any need. It is not a common feeling.

And to the man who takes his car to a resort and keeps it there, it is gratifying to see how smart his Lincoln looks . . . how creditably it reflects his taste. For the Lincoln represents the skill of such internationally known custom coachmakers as Dietrich . . . Judkins . . . Locke . . . Willoughby . . . Le Baron . . . Derham . . . Brunn. It is a beautifully constructed motor car, inside and out.

It is because of their complete faith in the Lincoln and what it will do, that its makers urge upon every Lincoln owner the most extensive use of his car this summer . . . knowing that it will make its sure and rich return of pleasure . . . of satisfaction . . . of loyalty . . . of confidence and pride.

THE LINCOLN



The regular use of S. S. White Tooth Paste will keep the teeth clean and protect them from the ailments resulting from neglect. Can be used safely on the teeth of the youngest child.

Also cleans and deodorizes false teeth without scratching or injuring rubber or metal parts.

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In Scientific Service to the Dental Profession Since 1844
211 S. 12th Street Philadelphia
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(Continued from Page 52)

years ago a large private sale was one-quarter of a million dollars—today, five to ten millions; a record auction fifteen years ago was half a million dollars—today, five millions; and a big day's sale at that time disposed of from 300 to 400 lots where today we sell as many as 3000.

Auctioning is one method of speeding up sales, and of this I have already spoken—a method without which New York could scarcely exist today in its present form. A more recent development toward making real estate more fluid is the tendency toward forming large corporations to deal in real estate on the same basis that other securities are handled. In other words, real estate is being put on the open market, and real-estate securities soon will be bought and sold on the Exchange just as are oil, steel, grain, and other stocks. If this movement continues, as I believe it will, it will not be long before real estate is as liquid an asset as any other. If one considers large public utilities, shipping lines, electric-lighting companies, railroads, telephone lines and kindred enterprises whose stocks and bonds are sold on the stock exchanges, he will find that the assets consist of lands, buildings and equipment. Against these assets mortgages are placed, and in order that the investment in these mortgages may be divided, the mortgages are trusteed and bonds are issued. In this same way, railroads are liquid. There would be a very narrow market for a $5,000,000 mortgage on a railroad, but through the years the bankers or brokers for the railroads have educated us to buy $1000 units of that $5,000,000 mortgage on the railroad. Further, they have educated us to buy their equity in the shape of preferred or common stock in $25, $50, $75 and $100 units.

Thawing Out Real-Estate Assets

Real estate is just beginning to profit by this long experience of railroads and industries. Today real-estate corporations are formed, land is purchased, buildings are erected, and the financing is placed in the form of a bond issue, preferred stock and common stock. These securities are being sold, in some instances, on the stock market and also on the curb. Also, the Real Estate Board of New York City has plans under way for the formation of an exchange for the purchase and sale of these securities. There is no reason why the securities of real-estate corporations should not be as attractive as the securities of public-utilities corporations and large manufacturing concerns. Real-estate assets as a rule are visible, the prospective investor can examine the property and can secure the opinion of real-estate men qualified to tell him of the value of the security back of his bond or stock. There are whole communities which have been built up by real-estate corporations.

Other corporations have undertaken the construction of large office and apartment-house buildings in cities, and because they were able to secure large capital, have been able to carry through projects which an individual would hardly have the courage to undertake. Their securities are offered in the market, and the individual who thinks of investing in these securities may examine the property himself and may obtain expert real-estate advice as to the value back of the security.

I believe if our real-estate boards will establish markets for the purchase and sale of these securities in the same manner that the Stock Exchange operates for the securities of public utilities and industries, a wide field is open for the sale of these securities. And further, if the real-estate boards will carefully scrutinize such securities before admitting them to trading, they should be found to be a safe type of security in which to invest. I am inclined to believe that in the next few years 50 per cent of the large real-estate transactions in the country will be carried through in the form of corporation transactions, followed by a sale of securities. These are the days of larger business transactions, larger banks, larger manufacturing combinations, larger public utilities, and larger building developments.

Another phase of the organized development of a community is illustrated by the growth of our recreational beaches such as Manhattan Beach, Brighton Beach, Ocean Parkway, Long Beach, and Rockaway Beach. The story of Manhattan Beach is romantic, starting, as it did, with a case of croup and finishing as the largest bathing beach in the world.

A Summer Resort Within Ten Miles

One day in the early 80's a rich man's son developed a bad case of croup, and the father, remembering a quaint old inn he had once seen on a point of land thrusting out into the Atlantic only ten miles from New York City, sent the boy down there to recuperate. This rich man was Austin Corbin, then president of the Long Island Railroad. Charmed by this seaside life, he decided to build a hotel and develop Manhattan as a fashionable summer resort. So the Manhattan Beach Hotel came into existence and fashionable New York entrained for this aristocrat of beaches—entrained because at this time, three decades before the advent of the automobile, there was no other means of transportation.

Having initiated this migration, Mr. Corbin found himself with a colony on his hands demanding to be amused. Mr. Corbin was not the man to flinch. He built bathhouses, engaged Gilmore's band, and, one thing leading to another, finally was going full blast with the celebrated Oriental Hotel, fireworks, the famous Sheepshead Bay Race Track, built by the late William K. Vanderbilt, who initiated the richest stake race in this country—the great Futurity—and, as a climax, the great Sousa leading his band at daily concerts.

But in 1907 a change came over the character of Manhattan Beach, for the advent of rapid transit opened it up to the influx of the mighty middle classes, the fashionables fled, and summer hotel life gave way to suburbanites and daily trippers.

And now to turn to another recent trend in real estate. Some fifty years ago a pioneer builder conceived a new angle on the private-house-versus-apartment-house problem, or, we might say, the owning-versus-renting problem, and, like most pioneers, he failed, though his idea eventually succeeded. Pioneers are like prophets—without honor because they are too far in advance of their times. Their ideas are right, but the world lags behind; and by the time the world has caught up with one of them, the pioneer is dead.

This pioneer conceived the idea of the coöperatively owned apartment house. But people were distrustful. "What is this new-fangled idea? I own, and yet I don't own. I buy a house, and yet I pay rent. No, no, I don't understand that. Either I'll buy a house and be settled for life, or I'll rent an apartment and be free."

So those first charming apartments, which were neither flesh, fowl nor good red herring, went begging, and finally were foreclosed, wiping out those who had bought.

And then the knowing ones shook their heads and said, "You see! It was just a wildcat scheme!" So the coöperative idea was killed for many years.

But I, for one, liked the idea enormously, and thirty years ago I bought one of the first coöperatives built, in Gramercy Park. And there, like the old woman in the shoe, I have lived ever since; and there's nothing so old-fashioned or inconvenient about it but that I love it all the more for that, for Gramercy Park is one of the first quiet, green, restful spots one comes to on the way up from Wall Street. This house was one of the few early coöperatives that survived the initial failure of this movement.

And today they can't build coöperatives fast enough. For at last people understand the theory on which they are based—the desire to own one's home and yet be free from the expense and care of owning a private house. It likewise gives the advantage of living in a neighborhood where the purchaser of the apartment could not afford to buy a private residence.

A coöperative apartment is erected, we'll say, on a prominent residential corner of Fifth or Park Avenue, in the Seventies, on a plot 100 by 100 feet. It is twenty stories high. The ground would cost $1,250,000 and the building itself about $2,000,000, making an investment of $3,250,000. The managers of this property go to a life-insurance company or banking house and borrow, we'll say, about two-thirds of this on first mortgage. That leaves $1,250,000 to be purchased by twenty individuals buying from $50,000 to $100,000 units, according to the size of the apartment. But even on a unit costing $100,000—which is not high as prices go for the magnificent coöperatives now going up, one of which cost more than $250,000—it would not be possible for a man who wished to invest only this amount in a home to own a private residence, even with the same number of rooms as the apartment, on one of these particular corners in New York. And thus many families can enjoy a location that none of them alone would feel justified in holding individually.

The Craze for Coöperation

The public has been brought to see the advantages of this arrangement by many changes in social and economic conditions. In the 80's, when this idea first cropped up in New York, anyone who was anyone socially owned his private house in town and had no difficulty in maintaining a large retinue of servants to run it. In the post-war period, with the high cost of living, the high cost of construction, the difficulty of getting servants at reasonable prices, the maintenance of a large private residence became so impracticable that people began to see the wisdom of the coöperative idea. Not only did they mean a smaller investment and the cutting down of the number of servants required but they often solved the servant problem completely by supplying service. And finally, the expense and trouble of closing up this apartment when the family left town for the summer or went to Europe or Palm Beach or Lake Placid or any of the thousand and one places one's family is always going, was as nothing compared with the Herculean labor of closing up a private residence.

And now, so far and so fast has spread the idea of the coöperative apartment, that it is practically a national institution, not confined merely to New York, and there is no sign of its popularity decreasing. And, from another point of view, we see that it is simply another way of making real estate liquid—which is the whole trend of the new era in real estate.

THE Old Well gave an *Extra Service*

"*. . . The old oaken bucket which hung in the well!" Cool was its water, and refreshing! Yet that well gave an* Extra *service which has gone unwritten and unsung. For in its depths the rotund watermelon was cooled—the butter dripped beads of chilled crystal . . . Wells were the source of water, surely—but they gave an* Extra Service *as the countryside's refrigerators.*

• • •

. . . things that do an *Extra* service are doubly valuable. Certainly, the motor oil that does an Extra service is doubly valuable in your engine. Opaline is that *Extra Service* Motor Oil!

Not only does it lubricate the engine perfectly, cushion bearings and protect all moving parts—. . . Opaline does the Extra Service of *sealing pistons to prevent power from blowing by.*

Please remember: motor oil goes up into the cylinders . . . it comes between moving pistons and hot cylinder walls.

The size of the space between pistons and cylinder walls in the engine changes as your car clicks off mileage. When the car is new and pistons fit snugly, this space is small. At 2,000 miles it has worn larger. At 12,000 miles, and over, still larger.

To get precision in lubrication of a new car a lighter grade is required, and as wear increases that space, heavier grades are necessary to get *piston seal.*

Opaline not only fights friction but *seals* that space—*prevents power from blowing by!*

The degree of wear in your engine is indicated by the mileage reading on your speedometer—your mileage tells which grade of Opaline will *fit the degree of wear* in your engine! That's the Sinclair Law of Lubrication*.

Piston Seal! It's the extra service you get from Opaline. Having the right *grade* of motor oil is just as important as having the right *quality.* It is the responsibility of the Authorized Opaline Dealer to see that you get both. Tell him the mileage reading on your speedometer—he will give you the grade of Opaline that will render the Extra Service of Piston Seal!

30c a quart is a reasonable retail price for Opaline in bulk.

♦ ♦ ♦

**The Sinclair Law of Lubrication: For every machine, of every degree of wear, there is a scientific Sinclair Oil to suit its speed and seal its power!*

SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SINCLAIR REFINING COMPANY, INC.
District Sales Offices:
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Meets every demand of present-day engines and seals power at every degree of wear.

Use Sinclair H-C Gasoline, the better, all-year, High Compression, anti-knock fuel for all engines.

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Lovejoy Duodraulic

SHOCK ABSORBERS

With Lovejoy Duodraulic Shock Absorbers now available for all types and makes of cars, a comfort-conscious nation can enjoy an entirely new order of riding and driving ease. ▪ ▪ Actually two shock absorbers in one, with independent valving which controls downward and upward action of car springs, Lovejoy Duodraulics provide a soft, "boulevard" type of ride under ordinary driving conditions, and maximum roadability over rough country roads. Patented features assure permanency of adjustment, regardless of weather or season. ▪ ▪ This new achievement in comfort-giving is readily understandable, for Lovejoys have been the accepted worldwide standard in shock absorbing equipment for many years. It remained only to apply the Lovejoy principle of hydraulic resistance in a double-acting capacity, and to perfect two styles of Duodraulic shock absorbers so that all types of spring suspension, all problems of installation and all makes and weights of cars could be accommodated. ▪ ▪ Already, a number of prominent fine car manufacturers have adopted Lovejoy Duodraulics as standard equipment. For, to these manufacturers, and to the motoring public, the name Lovejoy now more than ever typifies the supreme in shock absorbing equipment—the ultimate in riding comfort.

SUPREME RIDING COMFORT

PRICE INSTALLED UP TO $125 PER SET OF FOUR

Delco Products Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

Lovejoy Duodraulics are manufactured in opposed cylinder construction and in V-type cylinder construction, as illustrated above... making them adaptable to all makes and types of cars. Supplied as standard equipment by many car manufacturers, they are available for individual car installation through Branches and Authorized Lovejoy Distributors of United Motors Service.

SANCTUARY

(Continued from Page 17)

thousand dollars' worth of corporate bonds—practically all the bonds in the trust fund—and invested the proceeds in Liberty bonds?"

Ellis did not answer.

"Why Liberty bonds?" the other asked, staring at him.

"There was an increase in principal," Ellis began after a moment. "We figured out the market's going down and I thought I'd put her into government securities in the meantime and take advantage of the break."

"They were bonds you sold," the other interrupted. "Gilt edge. What are you talking about?" Ellis was silent. "So you expect a break?" Oliver Lane added.

"Sure," Ellis said. He went on easily: "We figure everything is too high."

"Everything?" the older man asked softly. "In that case why are you personally long eight hundred shares of Lavideo Syndicate? On a margin account opened within the past week? And where did you get the stock which you put up as margin?"

"You must have hired a detective," Ellis sneered.

"I have," Oliver Lane said.

Silence, sudden, terrible, fell between them.

"At present," the older man went on slowly, "it has gone no further than a private, confidential investigation. My name, coupled with the fact of our relationship, was sufficient to open the way to certain information. That is all, so far." He lifted the letter from the desk and ran his eye down the first page. "Let me refresh your memory.

"Three months ago," he said, "you opened a margin account with the firm for which you are now working. As collateral you deposited fifty shares of stock. The market broke almost immediately and you were called upon for more margin. You put up a further fifty shares—of another stock. Miss Stanton's holdings include fifty shares of each of these stocks. Furthermore, the deficit in her income last month and this month corresponds exactly to the amount of the dividends paid on these hundred shares. For your account was sold out. You were requested, a second time, for more margin, but you did not furnish it. Why you did not, since it was so easy, I don't know. Or perhaps I do. It was because once again you were irresolute. You could not decide whether or not to risk more, and while you hesitated the account was closed. I don't know if Miss Stanton can recover the stock—that is a legal question. The fact remains that to date she has lost ten thousand dollars"—he paused and added slowly, deliberately—"by theft."

Still Ellis said nothing.

"A week ago," Oliver Lane continued, "after the market turned you opened another account, depositing as margin fifteen thousand dollars in stock—several different stocks. All of these, in the exact amounts which you turned over to the brokers, were also included in Miss Stanton's list." He was silent for a moment. "What puzzles me," he said, his eyes fixed on Ellis, "is why you sold all the bonds in the trust fund and bought Liberty bonds."

"She'll be paid back," Ellis broke in suddenly, "if that's what you're worrying about. Lavideo's up five points. There's a pool operating. We've got the inside dope."

"Ah!" the other said. "Have you indeed? This morning, you know, the market opened off."

Ellis stared at him. "What do you mean?" he asked sharply.

"I mean exactly that," Oliver Lane said. "The whole market is off. My broker telephoned me just before you came."

"I don't believe it!" Ellis snapped.

The older man indicated the telephone which stood on the desk. "You'll find also, I think, that your Lavideo account was closed this morning."

"You ——"

"The evidence was so conclusive," Oliver Lane went on, "that the investigator took it on himself to notify"—he glanced at the second sheet of the letter—"Mr. O'Brien of your firm not to jeopardize the collateral which you had put up. He advised him to close the account and explained that I would stand responsible. That was last evening. Mr. O'Brien stated that the account would be closed this morning."

Ellis leaned over the desk, picked up the telephone and gave a number. "Freddy?" he asked presently, and then: "How did she open this morning?" The wire crackled sharply. "How's Lavideo?" he asked in a flat voice. . . . "Thanks. Let me speak to Hoyt, will you?" As he waited he found himself gazing at the top sheet of the letter which lay in front of Oliver Lane. The letterhead, in heavy black letters, stood out: HENRY A. FAULKNER, INC. He had heard of it—a well-known detective agency. . . . "Hoyt?" He spoke into the transmitter. "Hullo, Stanton speaking. That Lavideo account of mine —— What?" A voice at the other end interrupted, spoke briefly. "All right," Ellis said. "Tell him I'll be down in a few minutes and explain. . . . Yes." He hung up and set the telephone on the desk.

"They sold me out," he said, his mouth an ugly line, "a point above what I bought it at."

"Exactly," the other said. "At least we have saved Miss Stanton fifteen thousand dollars. But ten thousand is gone."

"Damn you!" Ellis burst out. "They were going to put Lavideo up twenty points! She would have got it all back and more!"

"No," Oliver Lane said, leaning back in his chair, "she would have lost that too. As it happens, I saw the engineers' report yesterday. It was nothing like what was expected. But you wouldn't have known that until tomorrow. And then what would you have done—more margin, to save the wreck—Liberty bonds? Why Liberty bonds?" He broke off suddenly, staring at the younger man. "*What were you going to do?*" he asked. His eyes bored into Ellis'. "Sixty thousand dollars in Liberty bonds—easily disposed of any place in the world."

He stretched his hand out toward the letter on the desk; then turned in his chair and picked up a telephone directory from a small table at his side. "Excuse me a moment," he said. "There's a call I should have put in." He turned the pages of the directory and then took up the telephone. He spoke a number into the transmitter and waited.

After a moment he said, "Mr. Lane speaking—Oliver Lane. I wish to speak to Mr. Faulkner."

Ellis' heart leaped. Faulkner! He was calling the detective agency.

"Yes, I'll hold the line," Oliver Lane said.

"What are you going to do?" Ellis asked in a low voice. The older man looked at him without answering. Ellis glanced down at the desk. His eyes jumped from the bronze ruler to the long shears which lay at Oliver Lane's elbow.

"Mr. Faulkner? This is Oliver Lane speaking."

"Wait!" Ellis spoke in a whisper. "This thing can be fixed up—wait."

"Yes, I have your letter," Oliver Lane spoke quickly. "Yes, just what I wanted. What I want you to do now is —— What?" He paused, listening.

Below Ellis' hand the telephone wire ran across the desk. He leaned over, picked up the shears with his right hand and placed the wire in the crotch of the shears. The other man, twisting suddenly in his chair, saw him just too late. Ellis, with his left hand pressing together the ends of the blades, cut the wire cleanly in two.

Oliver Lane set the useless telephone down on the desk and stood up. He was a short, delicately built man, but he faced Ellis staunchly.

"You can go if you like," he said contemptuously, "and I shall send the police after you, as I would after any common thief."

Ellis stood motionless. This—this, then, was to be the end. This rich, smug little man who had always treated him with scorn, who had never trusted him, who could have thrown so many good things his way. And now he was talking of the police! Ellis felt his lips draw back stiffly from his clenched teeth. A wave of fierce, bloody hate swept over him. He stepped forward. Oliver Lane put up his hand and kicked backward at the chair which held him at the desk. The scissors in Ellis' hand were a knife. He threw his right arm aloft and struck with all his force. The scissors went in and stuck, carrying the other man back into the chair. Ellis let go and stepped away.

He heard his own voice chattering, "You will, will you?"—over and over.

Oliver Lane lifted his hand and then let it fall. Ellis saw that the scissors were deep in his chest, near the left-hand waistcoat pocket. A dark stain spread on the gray cloth.

Ellis was suddenly, strangely calm. The man in the chair was coughing—a tearing, rasping cough—coughing his life out. Ellis watched him. He felt no horror. Now, in a flash, it was out—what he really was, his true self.

All his life, up to that moment, had been a false show, a compromise. He had obeyed the rules because he had never had courage to disobey them. Yet his heart knew nothing but contempt. Actually he had never believed in anything, had cared for no one but himself. That blow had set him free forever.

Oliver Lane had stopped coughing. His head was bowed on his chest, but his eyes, strained to the top of their sockets, looked steadily at Ellis. Ellis set his lips in a sneer. He cursed the other once, in a whisper, feeding his hate.

Then Oliver Lane spoke; slowly, in a faint, hoarse voice, forming the words with an immense labor:

"What are you going to do?"

Ellis caught the note of mockery. He stepped closer to the desk.

"Do?" he repeated. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do. Just what you thought. There are sixty thousand dollars in Liberty bonds in my safe-deposit box—good, just as you said, anywhere in the world."

"Your aunt ——" the dying man said. He brought out the word "penniless."

"I'll leave her the stock," Ellis said. "O'Brien can give her the fifteen thousand and my one-point profit and there'll be about fifteen thousand left in the box. She won't starve. Somebody'll take care of her. You, perhaps," he added, grinning.

"I. . . ."

"Then," Ellis said, "I shall simply disappear. Hammill won't be back till 11:30. It's very simple. I shall have a good twelve hours' start."

"Ah!" Oliver Lane breathed. He went on slowly, gasping out each word: "Disappear? That's not so very simple. Where to?"

"That's my business," Ellis said.

"It's most important," the other said. He continued, with a terrible earnestness: "The most important thing in your life—now." His voice sank to a whisper: "Think it over carefully. You have stolen and killed." To Ellis it seemed that he was keeping himself alive with a superhuman effort, holding off death until he could free himself of some last message. The dying man repeated, "Think it over carefully." His voice grew fainter: "There may be one place—only one place in the world—where you will be safe. You cannot afford—you cannot afford—now—to—to

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After the first thrill of the trip has worn off, let music cast its spell over you . . . music golden and joyous . . . music that will transport you thousands of miles from dull monotony. Here's a Victrola that will do it . . . a *portable* Victrola . . . the finest portable that Victor ever built . . . at a sensationally low price—listing for only $35. Its Orthophonic-type sound box gives you tone reproduction such as you can get from no other portable. Records stop automatically after playing—special winding feature makes it easy to wind anywhere. Carries 10 Victor records. Handy as an overnight bag . . . indestructible . . . smartly designed . . . ideal for small apartments . . . a Victrola as beautiful to behold as it is to listen to!

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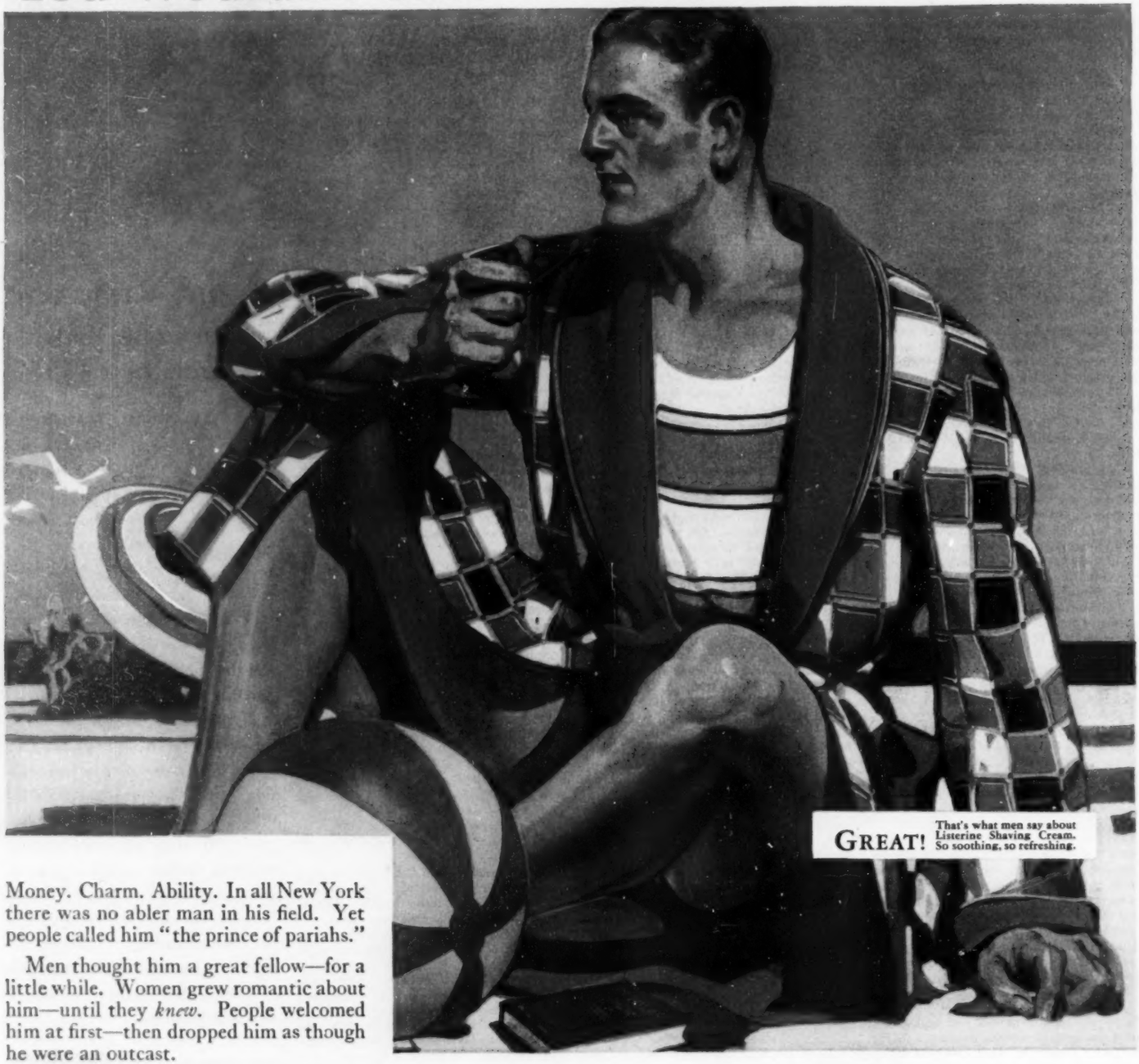


Money. Charm. Ability. In all New York there was no abler man in his field. Yet people called him "the prince of pariahs."

Men thought him a great fellow—for a little while. Women grew romantic about him—until they *knew*. People welcomed him at first—then dropped him as though he were an outcast.

Poor Marvin, yearning so for companionship and always denied it. Poor Marvin, ignorant of his nickname and ignorant, likewise, of the foundation for it.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infections. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Night and morning. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide* which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Carry it when you travel. Take it with you on your vacation. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

* * *

* **Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) and Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.**

LISTERINE

(Continued from Page 57)

put off—your destiny. It may be dangerous to try one thing—and then another; to shift, to wander. No"—his breath came in great sobbing gasps—"this time you must decide rightly—now—within the next few hours—once for all. Weigh each plan. Choose—the right road or ——" He stopped. A tremor seized him.

Ellis looked at his watch. It was ten minutes to eleven. Hammill would not return until shortly before midnight. There was practically no chance of anyone else entering the apartment before that time. He had twelve hours and more to get away. No one could telephone—Faulkner, though, might be trying to call back. He would fix that.

He left the room, locked the door behind him and put the key in his pocket. That would mean a further delay. In the hall he tried the outer door of the apartment and saw that the lock caught.

Telephoning from a corner cigar store to the Faulkner agency, he explained that he was Mr. Oliver Lane's secretary, that Mr. Lane's telephone was out of order, that Mr. Lane was now engaged in an important conference, but would call Mr. Faulkner later that day or the following morning.

He then went directly to the nearest Subway station. The bank in which he kept the securities of the trust and his own checking account was downtown. Within the last week he had arranged for just such an emergency. How remote it had seemed then! The chance of irreparable loss, a situation in which he could not possibly make good, ultimate exposure and ruin—these had flitted vaguely through his mind, and he had taken certain precautions. Now the emergency was at hand—with a new element. His heart pounded. Now it was a thousand times more pressing. The most important thing in his life. The words came back to him. It was a strange thing—the man in the chair impressing that on him, repeating it, almost as if he were trying to point the way to safety.

On his way downtown he began to plan. A train to the West that afternoon, and then on to China, Japan, the South Seas. Or to Canada, and then across to Europe. Or South—South America—or some Western city. But the thing to do was first to finish at the bank and then figure it out.

There had been sixty thousand dollars in high-priced bonds in the trust. Ellis had sold them all. He had then bought six ten-thousand-dollar Liberty bonds at several points under par. The remainder of the proceeds he had deposited in his checking account.

From his box in the vault he took the six bonds and buttoned them in his inside coat pocket. The stock certificates, representing about fifteen thousand dollars, although they were registered in his own name, were too dangerous. He would leave her those and the other fifteen thousand which he had put up as margin. She would have about thirty thousand dollars, which was more than most people. . . . At the teller's window upstairs he cashed a check for six thousand dollars—in round numbers his total credit balance—explaining, with affected carelessness, that he needed the cash for a new business venture and would bring the balance up to the required amount within a few days.

It was a quarter to twelve when he left the bank. The thing to do now was to find out about trains leaving New York that afternoon and evening; also sailings, possibly. There was a travel agency near his apartment. He would go there first and then straight to his apartment and make his plans. He would need a bag—or it might be better not to have a bag.

He took the Subway uptown. It was stifling hot, and he felt empty, slightly nauseated. He turned his mind again to what he should do afterward, but he could not think clearly; the roar of the train, doors clanging open and shut, people pushing by—no, he would put it off until he was alone in his apartment.

There was a drug store near the Subway exit. He went in and ate two sandwiches and drank a glass of milk. He felt better, stronger. At the travel agency he explained that he was about to take a six months' holiday, but could not decide where to go. He obtained time-tables of trains to the West, the South and the North, and lists of sailings from every port in the United States and Canada. That left no clew.

In the quiet of his apartment, which was on the second floor of a remodeled private house, he spread the time-tables and sailing lists on a desk, lit a cigarette and sat down to think.

It might be well to pack a bag first—get everything ready—and then plan. But that depended upon what he decided to do. He looked at the sailing lists and saw that two boats were sailing from New York at midnight. If he went by boat that night he could take no baggage of any kind. For he had no passport. He could not travel as a regular passenger. There was a way, though. He knew a man who had won a considerable bet by crossing to France, spending two weeks in Paris and returning, without a passport and without buying a steamship ticket. This man had gone on board as one of the jam of visitors at a midnight sailing, picked up an obliging member of the crew to whom he explained the wager, and had, through a lavish distribution of bribes, been successfully stowed away for the trip. Money, address and unlimited nerve had accomplished the landing in France and, subsequently, his departure. He had returned by the same boat, carefully secreted by the same grateful friends. It had been absurdly easy, he had told Ellis; money could fix anything—which was precisely Ellis' own unexpressed belief.

That was one way to be considered—money and nerves of steel. Once embarked, there could be no turning back. In that case there was no need of packing anything. First of all, then, he should decide where he was going. Also, if he didn't take a bag, something would have to be done about the bonds and the cash. In any case, they shouldn't be carried in his pockets. The bonds and most of the bills could be sewed in the lining of his coat. That was the traditional way. No, what he should have for the cash was a money belt. He should have thought of it on his way uptown. The six bonds could be pinned on his undershirt with safety pins, around his middle, like a life preserver. But he had no safety pins in the apartment.

He looked at his watch. A quarter to two. The afternoon was beginning. He could take a taxi to a department store, buy the belt and pins, and be back in fifteen minutes. He would do that and put off any decision until he had made sure about the bonds and the money.

It was ten minutes past two when he got back—longer than he had expected. There were plenty of trains leaving New York in the late afternoon. And night trains to Boston, and to the West, probably. In the money belt he put all but two hundred dollars of the cash. He pinned the bonds to a clean undershirt. Quickly he changed into it, to get used to wearing it. The bonds and belt formed a heavy, uncomfortable band around his stomach. If he moved suddenly the bonds made a muffled crackling sound. Stiffly he bent over the desk. Now he would decide, weigh every possible plan carefully. He picked up one of the sailing lists.

The wisest thing to do might be to stay right in New York. Fix up the room to suggest a hurried, desperate flight—bureau drawers pulled out, clothes strewn about, a time-table left behind—of trains to the West. Then he could take a room in some tenement on the lower East Side, buy a cheap, shoddy suit of clothes and lose himself in the hot, noisy mass of humanity that nightly filled the streets. He had read or heard somewhere of a man who had left his home and lived for years in the same city, a few streets away, undiscovered. There were certain parts of the city which were, in a way, distinct and separate countries. If one kept within their borders, lay low till the thing blew over —— But that was true, perhaps, only in case no search was on, or a not very thorough search. This was different. When Hammill got into the locked room that night, his first thought would be of Ellis Stanton. His description would go out to the police all over the country. Fortunately, he was in no way unusual looking. All his members were intact; his body bore no scars or distinguishing marks of any kind. Still, the police—at times the subject of indignant censure, of derision—were, on the whole, pretty efficient. They had systems of search, spies, curious means of ferreting things out.

A small country village might be better—somewhere in the Middle West, or the South, or up in New England. Some place on a side road which lived its own sleepy life, untouched by the affairs of the world. He had noticed them occasionally, while traveling, on vacation, and wondered idly what life there would be like. Places where no city people, no summer visitors, ever went. But a stranger, coming suddenly in their midst—that would cause talk, curiosity. Some day someone might suspect.

Then there was the country itself—the woods and fields and the dusty country roads. He might take a train, get off at some out-of-the-way town and strike out cross-country. It was July now, and there were at least three months ahead in which he could live comfortably enough outdoors. Wandering from one small village to another, keeping always on the move, buying his food at farmhouses, sleeping in barns and being chased by the dog, like the tramps in the old comic supplements. Except that each new town would be a new source of danger. The sheriff, with a silver star, might be waiting. Every stranger he accosted —— No, he would never be sure. From the past a voice whispered: "You cannot afford, now, to shift, to wander." It would be wiser, perhaps, to go to one place and stay there, make himself a part of it at once, set up his defenses. Still ——

If he took a train that afternoon —— He looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes to four. He stared at the dial. Sudden panic gripped him. It was incredible! He had been sitting there for more than an hour, getting nowhere.

He must be calm now, think the thing out.

As a matter of fact, a foreign country was probably the best plan after all. He spoke French, and with French and English one could get along almost any place in the world. But where? Where would be the least chance of his ever being seen? There were some countries, he thought—was there only one, perhaps?—from which a man could not be extradited. He had read about them in stories, in newspaper articles, but now he could not remember which they were. And in the few hours that remained to him, he knew of no way to find out. Places in South America, as he recalled. But even then one was never entirely safe. He had read also of abductions by adventurous detectives, private enterprises in which the victim, without legal sanction of any kind, was forcibly brought back to the country where the—act had been committed.

He found the list of sailings for South America. There was none from New York for several days. He could, however, take a train to the South and then sail from some Southern port—Florida, New Orleans, for example. On a small boat, though, it would not be so easy to hide away, nor so easy, perhaps, to land in South America without a passport—if, indeed, a passport were necessary—as it would be in France or even England, with all the crowd and confusion. London might be a good place—he hadn't thought of London before. It was probably easier to disappear in London than in any other city in the world. Except for the police. Scotland Yard. The London police were supposed to be the best in the world, except possibly for the Paris police. But London, and Paris, had the same objections, in a way, as the big cities of his own country.

Ellis lit another cigarette. He must come to a decision pretty soon. There were so many places to consider. And yet there might be only one where he would be safe—only one place in the world. That was perfectly true. If he put it down on paper it would be clearer. He got up from the desk. Suppose he decided to leave by train, go to Boston that night, for instance, work his way out to the Pacific Coast and then on to the Orient. In that case, he could take a bag, even two bags. In fact, he would have to take one. Traveling across the continent without baggage of any kind might easily arouse suspicion. Perhaps it would be well to pack a bag with the most necessary things and have it ready. And then decide on his plan. He had thought of that before, but had not done it. Why? Of course. If he left on one of the boats sailing at midnight he could not take a bag, and packing it would be a waste of time.

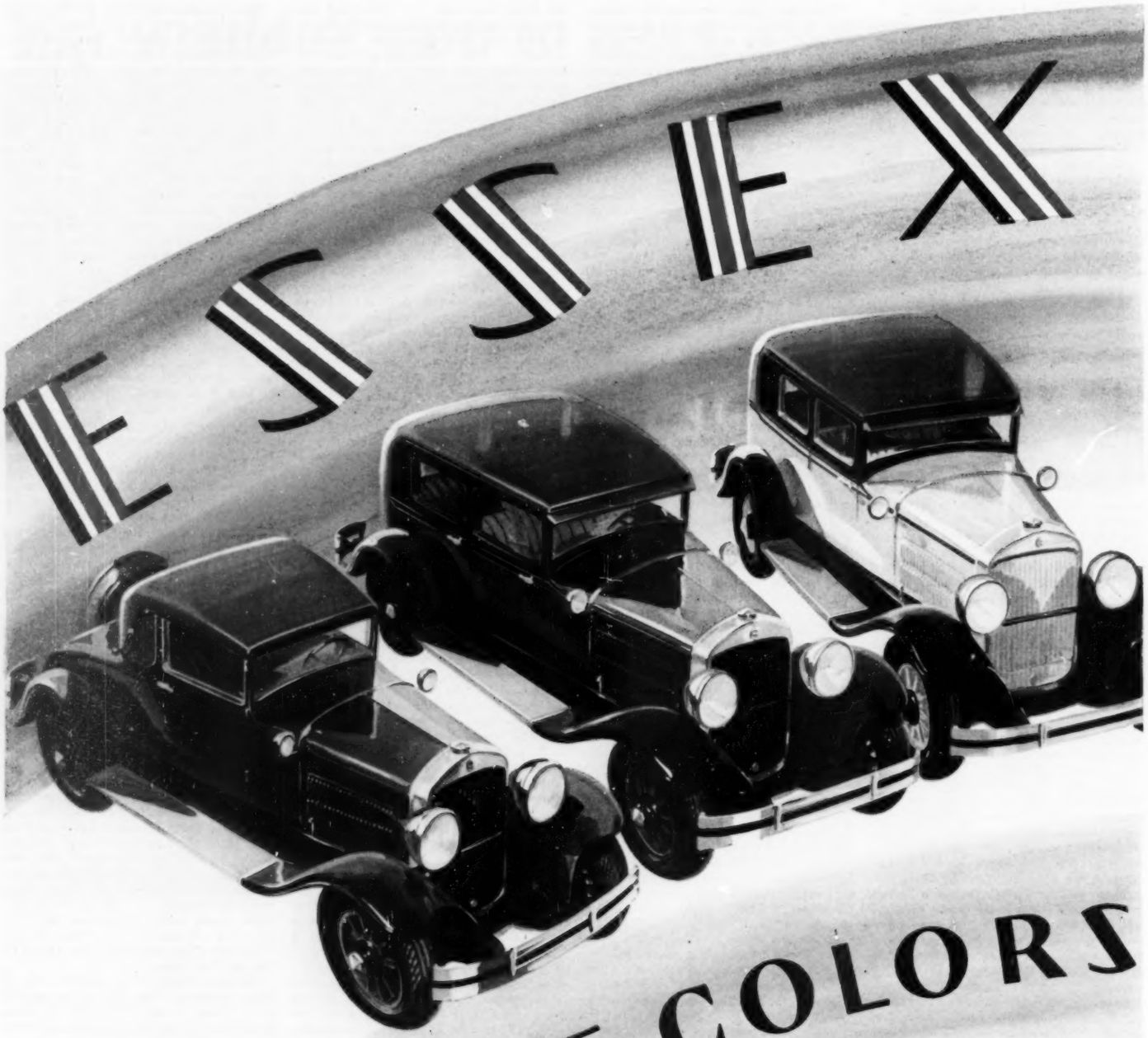
He found a sheet of paper and pencil, and sat down again at the desk. Now! He wrote "New York" and crossed it out, but he hadn't, he recalled, given up that idea completely. He added a question mark, in parentheses. Then he wrote "Chicago," "Philadelphia," "San Francisco," "Detroit"—but wasn't Detroit larger than San Francisco? And where did St. Louis come in? The thing about San Francisco was, it was a seaport, with ships leaving for China and Japan, Hawaii, the South Seas. As a matter of fact, that part of the world might be the sure place. The East, where no questions were asked. Australia—but that meant the long voyage across the Pacific. One couldn't go as a stowaway on that trip. And the passport question —— Anyway, he was not doing the thing in order. He bracketed "Chicago," "Philadelphia," "Detroit" and "San Francisco," and labeled them "Large Cities, U. S." and drew a cross through them. They were out. He wrote next, "Small Towns or Villages," and under it four subdivisions: "North," "South," "East" and "West." Then "The Country," and again four subdivisions. Eventually, of course, he would have to go to some city to dispose of the bonds. But the thing would probably have been dropped by that time. His aunt had about thirty thousand dollars in stock left. At 5 per cent that would give her fifteen hundred dollars a year. Well, she could get along on that. Some relative would turn up and help her out. There must be someone—in any case, he couldn't worry about that. He must put her out of his mind. It was no time to think of anything but what he himself must do within the next few hours.

He turned again to the paper in front of him. He wrote "Europe," and sat staring at it. What he was doing was ridiculous. If he went on this way he could write down every country in the world. He crumpled the sheet up and threw it on the floor. Then he remembered. He rose, recovered it, and placing it in the fireplace, touched a match to it. He rubbed the ashes against the stone. His hand was black and he went into the bathroom and washed it. Then he sat down again at the desk.

He put the sailing lists in one place. Then he separated the time-tables—North, South, East and West. Now, when he had decided which it was going to be—by train or by water—he could find the necessary information immediately. He would leave New York that night. That he had decided. The thing had narrowed itself down. He would either get on one of the boats sailing at midnight, in the same way as the man who had won the wager, or he would take a train to Boston, or to the West or South.

First, the boat from New York. Hammill was returning to the apartment at 11:30. Supposing he made the discovery a few moments later, nothing much could be done before twelve. By that time Ellis would have sailed. First they would come to his apartment. If they found nothing disturbed, no bag taken—which they could ascertain from the maid who attended to his room—it might be supposed he was

(Continued on Page 62)



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(Continued from Page 59)

still in the city. Good, so far. He would have no trouble getting on the boat. As a visitor seeing someone off, no pass of any kind was necessary. In this case he would take the largest and fastest boat. Then he would pick out some likely looking member of the crew. Take him aside. "How would you like to make a couple of hundred dollars?" He might offer more to make sure. Well, that would come out later. Suppose the man refused; could he risk trying another? In any case, he could get off the ship. Unless the man tried to hold him. Then he could pretend he was drunk, didn't know what he was doing. Suppose the man accepted, hid him away somewhere in the hold. His name and description might be wirelessed to the boat. They would examine all the passengers and the crew. In that event the man who had hidden him would suspect, would know. That would mean more bribes—large ones this time. Or the man might get frightened and give him up. If they held an inspection, went through the ship looking for him, searched every dark, hidden place —— It was a terrible chance to take.

But whatever he did, there was the chance. The afternoon was slipping by, faster and faster. It was going on to four the last time he had looked at his watch. If he kept looking at his watch he would never get anywhere.

Yet, if he could once set his foot in Europe —— The more he thought about it, the more the idea drew him. Europe was the gateway to all the outlandish countries of the world. In Europe itself he might lie hidden for years. During the war, once, he had accompanied a general officer on a tour of inspection through Western and Southern France, far behind the lines. Memories of small villages off the beaten roads, perched high on the sides of mountains, places which no one ever visited, came back to him. He thought of himself, not in a billet this time, but living quietly, unobtrusively at the Hotel du Commerce, posing as an artist, perhaps, or an invalid. Little towns in the French Alps where he could spend the days wandering over the lower slopes, following a stream through the woods, waiting, planning what turn his life should take when these things which pressed upon him now were of the forgotten past. Dinner in the small, all but empty dining room, with a bottle of Bordeaux to warm his heart. There he would be perfectly safe, if he could content himself with that life, be patient, while the years slipped away. Yet, would he be safe? There was always the slight, unforeseen chance —— Some day, someone, hearing of an unusual altar piece, a church tower, a roof line, might come. He saw himself, sitting at a table in the little square in the dusk of evening, sipping a vermuth before dinner. An automobile, white with dust, turns the corner and stops before the hotel door. He rises, his heart in his throat, knocks against the table, spilling the drink. A man in the rear seat is staring at him, mouth open, with terrible eyes. The man turns, speaks quickly to a woman beside him. That night a message goes over the wires. The hunt begins again.

To Ellis it seemed that the room was growing darker. He reached for his watch, and then took his hand away. He must not look at his watch. He must not think of the minutes ticking, the hours that passed with incredible speed. He must be perfectly calm and make his decision—think carefully, weigh each plan. The feeling of emptiness, of nausea came over him again. That was because he had eaten so little for lunch. He would get something more to eat before he went on the boat or took the train. There were hundreds of such places in France, quite unknown, undistinguished. Actually the chance of anyone he knew coming there was very small. Or in Italy or Germany. But there, again, was the matter of a passport. In all those countries there was always some question about papers of identification of one kind or other.

Did that mean he must rule out every place but his own country? The palms of his hands were suddenly wet. Then all this thought had been for nothing. Around him was a ring, impassable, pressing closer and closer. But that was absurd! Other people had done it. The man who had crossed on the boat and stayed for a month in Paris. Only a month, that was. An amusing stunt. No one was looking for him.

If he could get out to the East, to some island in the Pacific. He was very vague about that part of the world. Persia, for instance. No one ever went to Persia.

He got up from the desk and snapped on the light. It was quite dark outside. The days were getting shorter. A wave of terrible nausea swept over him. It was because he hadn't eaten enough. Perhaps it would be better to slip out and get a sandwich. No! That was only delaying the thing again. He began to walk up and down the room, his arms folded across his chest. He should have bought a map of the world, an atlas. He had none in his apartment. An encyclopedia. He should have gone to a public library. He laughed suddenly, aloud. Ask at the information desk: "If a man wished to disappear, where would be the best place?" It was not so crazy. If only he had someone to talk to—someone old and wise who knew the world.

Ellis lit another cigarette and sat down at the desk. This thing was entirely up to him. There was no one to whom he could turn, no one to advise him. He must decide this by himself, secretly, alone.

If he took the train to Boston and then went on to Montreal—but there might be a night train to Canada. He searched among the time-tables. From Montreal he could cross to the Pacific Coast. Or he could sail from Montreal or Quebec, or wherever it was the boats sailed from, for Europe. That was another idea. And it wasn't a thing a man in his case would be likely to do. Still, perhaps for that very reason —— Or he could take a train to the South, to New Orleans, and from there work his way out to California. Then China or Japan. An island was no good, after all. A man was a prisoner, virtually, on an island.

It was strange to stand there and decide in that short time upon one certain plan. For him the years to come had always been vague, shadowy, holding no sure hope of achievement, no vision of a respectable security. His life had been varied—broken by circumstance, he told himself—offering this and that, a crossroad always before him, leading, perhaps, to some better—no, to some richer place. That was the truth. If he had any purpose in life, it was that—to make much money quickly and without toil, to skip the years of building. It had been the same when he was young, before the thought of money had come to him. What he had sought always had been the labels of worldly success. Inside him, in his heart, his soul, there was nothing else.

Living quietly under another name, only a few streets away, while they searched the entire world. That would be the ironic, audacious thing. There, perhaps, lay the road of certain safety. Others had done it—had lived for years—and then suddenly, one day, through some insignificant happening —— For the passage of time could bring, to him, no discharge. No, that idea was born of fiction. It was too utterly fantastic.

In a series of pictures, then, he saw himself in many strange places of the world. Hurrying, with fear-haunted eyes, down some narrow Eastern street. In soiled white drill, his face thin and tanned under a pith helmet, sitting alone in a South African bar, glancing up, ever so warily, each time the door swung open. On the deck of a tramp steamer making some far-off port, leaning over the rail, searching for white faces among the yellow and black on the wharf's edge. The hot, fly-blown dining rooms of tropical hotels. Winter in a city of Eastern Europe, snow falling, a room in a by-street, meals snatched at strange restaurants, alone. Tendering some of the bonds, elaborately casual, in a bank on the other side of the world. It might be well to wait a long time before doing that, or, on the other hand, get rid of them as soon as possible.

To make for some foreign country—that was the first step. He had decided. But not to sail from New York. Either from Canada or from the Pacific Coast. He would go direct to the Grand Central Station and take the first train to Boston or to Montreal. He rose, got a suitcase out of the closet and began to pack. He went about it quickly, surely. Toothbrush, powder, razor, shaving brush, soap. Another pair of shoes, socks, underwear, some shirts, collars, neckties, an extra suit, handkerchiefs. He checked them over in his mind. He stuffed the time-tables and sailing lists into the bag and closed it. He glanced around the room. Everything was in order. The bonds and money belt were tight about his body. He put on his hat, and, bag in hand, opened the door. The hallway was empty. He closed the door behind him, and peered down the long staircase. There was no one in the hall below. He went down, softly, swiftly, and opened the front door.

As he issued on to the street he saw that it had grown dark. Evening was setting in. The street, for some reason, was strangely quiet and deserted. He glanced up and down for a taxi. There was no sign of anyone. He turned and walked quickly toward the corner. It would be wiser to take the Subway. Then there would be no taxi driver to remember a young man with a bag. At the corner he turned and went uptown, making for the nearest Subway station.

Everything was very quiet and peaceful, like a Sunday evening in summer; although it was not, he remembered, Sunday. The bag was heavy, and he shifted it to his other hand. He still had three blocks to go. Suddenly the bag was an encumbrance, something to hold him back. He would have to think of it always, guard it so carefully. With that bag he would never be wholly free. He slackened his pace. He never should have brought it. No, he should have simply walked out, unhampered, quick for every emergency. The bag bound him to earth, held him to the beaten track. Why had he taken it? Because a long train trip without baggage of any kind might be a cause for suspicion. If, on the other hand, he were to get on one of the boats sailing at midnight—his first plan—he would not need the bag; could not take it, in fact. And he knew, suddenly, that his original idea had been the right one. So often the first plan is the best. Seize the first plan and stick to it. That was what he should have done; what he would have done if something hadn't put him off—the idea that he must weigh everything carefully, think over each objection, delay his decision until he could be sure it was the right one—the right road. Those had been his last words: "Think carefully. Choose the right road."

Now he knew. He turned and quickly retraced his steps. He would return the bag and then go straight to the pier. There would be no trace of any kind, nothing to think of but himself.

He turned the key of the front door and entered the lower hall. No one. Swiftly, treading lightly on the carpeted steps, he mounted to the second floor and turned the corner.

He stopped dead, frozen.

There were two—three men. Silent, standing there. The janitor stared at him. The other two men were strangers. He had never seen them before. Ellis set the bag down slowly, carefully. One of the men was standing by Ellis' door, and the door was open. The other moved suddenly, without sound, to the top of the staircase.

"What—you ——" Ellis began in a queer, cracked voice. The words stuck in his throat.

"Ellis Stanton?" The man at the door spoke, and the quiet hall was charged with unutterable terror.

Ellis did not answer. He waited, forcing himself to be calm, to stand quietly, unconcerned. Oliver Lane was alone, in a locked room. Hammill hadn't come.

"I guess you know what we're after." The man's tone was familiar, insolent.

"No," Ellis said, holding himself taut. Then nausea seized him and he began to cough.

"That little job down at Oliver Lane's apartment."

The janitor's hands, Ellis saw, were shaking; his face was dead white, terror-stricken. The light in the hall dimmed and then came up again. Ellis heard, far-away, a burst of words: Arrest . . . murder . . . anything he said ——

There was something he wanted to know; something he couldn't understand. This thing was wrong; something had gone wrong. He heard his own voice in a whisper:

"What time is it?"

The man by the door stared at him from under his hat brim. "What's that got to do with it?"

"What time is it?" Ellis asked again.

The man pulled at the heavy gold chain which crossed his waistcoat and looked at his watch.

"Twelve-fifteen," he said. He glanced at the suitcase. "Forgot something, eh? A little slow in the get-away too. Guess you didn't think the servant was coming back tonight." He nodded at the man who was standing near the staircase. "All right, Bill, better look him over. And we'll take that bag along, I guess."

The other man came closer.

"Put up your hands," he said quietly.

Ellis stared at him.

"Stick 'em up," the man snapped.

Ellis held his arms aloft. The man began to pat him with both hands, running down his body from beneath the armpits.

"A lot o' papers on him," he said.

"Papers, yeah!" the man by the door sneered.

"All right." The other stepped back.

Ellis dropped his arms. Twelve-fifteen! After midnight—but it couldn't be! Where had the time gone? For hours he had sat in that room, paced up and down, turning first to one plan, then to another. If only he had looked at his watch —— If he had gone on, instead of coming back with the bag —— If —— If —— That was the trouble. Something within him—a fatal defect of soul—had kept him from the quick, sure decision, the straight road of escape. It flashed in his mind that Oliver Lane had counted on that; had, in fact, impressed upon him with his last words the importance of weighing each plan so carefully, hoping, believing that he would never be able to decide and that therein lay his ruin.

Suddenly Ellis felt an immense weariness. And with it came a strange sense of relief. That was queer, but it was true. He was at peace. This was an end to doubt. No decision need be made. It was beyond his power now to take any road except the one which had been chosen for him.

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AMONG THE TRUMPETS

(Continued from Page 11)

dash headlong into the first tree—or just lay on the horse's neck, say a prayer, and pour the hooks into him.

How many shots? The German's gun must be nearly empty now! Ah, no, the German pistol held ten.

Before him suddenly loomed wire—a parapet—would the horse jump it? He was done now, anyway.

The horse bucked to a halt. Lee dropped his saber, tore out his pistol, and swinging around in the saddle, had one wild shot with it anyway. He shouted and fired again, more shouts, crashing, then the black horse tore by, saddle empty, and came to a rearing halt at the belt of wire, like a horse that has thrown his rider before the barrier in a riding hall.

There were Americans there—the trumpeter, pistol in hand, two privates of the advance guard.

"Hey, Lee!" cried the trumpeter. "We come down the road! I got that guy on the black!"

He and the two privates rode back to look at the German. He was on his face, but when one had dismounted and turned him over, they saw that he was dead. He was a private, with the black medal that indicates one wound, and the light blue and yellow shoulder straps of a Jäger zu Pferde, or mounted rifleman.

"Striker, probably," decided the trumpeter, "because this here horse looks like an officer's!"

"I'll say!" agreed Sergeant Lee. He had ridden over and taken the black's bridle, and then led him back to the others.

"Well, let's go!" said the others hurriedly. "This ain't no place to match pennies. These woods are full o' boche!"

"Right!" agreed Lee. "Where's the rest of 'em?"

"On the road. Whachuh dismountin' for?"

"I'm goin' to mount up on this black horse."

"You are?" cried the trumpeter. "Why, if anyone mounts him, I do! I knocked the guy off his back with a .45!"

"How do you know?" demanded the sergeant, picking up the saber he had dropped. "I had two or three shots at him myself!"

"No, it was the trumpeter got him!" said one of the privates, looking nervously about him. "We better be gettin' back. I see the captain out there. . . . No, the trumpeter got that kraut! I seen it!"

"Well, this horse is mine," said Sergeant Lee, mounting, "because I'm rankest man! What's the good of having three stripes if you can't rank somebody out of a bunk or a horse or something?"

"What are you men doing in there—see anything?" called a voice from behind the trees.

All wheeled their horses and went out. The alley down which they had charged curved, and the captain with the rest of the platoon had halted there.

"The trumpeter shot a German, sir," said Sergeant Lee. "He was chasing me. I've captured his horse."

"Nice horse, that," remarked the captain. "Better change saddles the first chance you get! We'll be able to use all the extra horses we can get before we're through. Trumpeter, ride back and tell Lieutenant Bennett to push a patrol forward on the road. I'm going to prospect around in here a little to see what we've run onto, to see if there is any sign of a force here—if this is just a bunch of wagoners and stable orderlies that we've run into. See that that French officer knows what's going on. . . . Corporal Petersen, take your squad and see if there are any Germans left in those huts. Write down any regimental numbers you see on the wagons. . . . Sergeant Lee, take a set of fours and follow along that trench to see what you find. When you hear three blasts of the whistle, rejoin."

He blew a short blast on his whistle. "Foragers, ho-o-oh!" The platoon, in line of foragers, at "raise pistol" moved off among the trees.

Sergeant Lee, riding the black and leading his own horse, led his four men along the line of the trench that had stopped the runaway rush of his horse. The trench was shallow, and had been newly dug. They found, shortly after, a small house, a sort of shelter for foresters or shepherds, very strongly built of stone. The trench was evidently part of an attempt to make a strong point out of this house; to prevent, perhaps, the flanking of positions farther back in the woods by attack from the road. The house, however, seemed to be abandoned, for its door hung open.

Sergeant Lee, his pistol ready, rode up, but there was nothing in the interior but scattered bedclothing and the disorder of boots, belts and equipment that told of hasty flight.

"Number One," said the sergeant, "take this horse. Don't turn him loose whatever happens, because he's got everything I own on him. I'm going to ride on a little. Listen for the three whistles and repeat them if you hear them."

He turned over his own horse and, being now free, could enjoy the feel of riding the black. The horse was a thoroughbred. Lee had never been on one like him before. It was like sitting on a dynamo. He could feel beneath him the nervous energy and the power of those steel muscles running up and down. A touch of the spur, a flection of the wrist, and the black was cantering. A turn of the shoulder, a shift of the left leg, and the black had changed leads. What a horse! Schooled, intelligent, powerful. Lee, without pressure on the reins, closed his legs and leaned slightly back. The horse slowed his gait. He leaned farther back. The black halted.

"Ah, boy! That's a horse!" breathed the sergeant to himself. What couldn't a man do with a mount like that? He saw himself leading a charge, outstripping lieutenants, captain, everyone, hurling himself upon the enemy, capturing their commander, their flags, raging about among them on that black horse.

"Hey, sergeant! Three whistles!"

There was, alas, a war on. The sergeant, taking one last look about him, moved his hand ever so slightly to the left, and the black, coming around beautifully, cantered back to the others. The sun, higher, began to glitter through the trees. No sign of the enemy, no crash of shell, no crackle of machine gun.

"Come on with that set of fours!" called someone faintly. "Rejoin! Rally! Ralle-e-e!"

Lee gathered his four men, and trotting through the underbrush, rejoined the platoon, which the captain was leading back in the direction of the road they had left. They came out, in a minute or two, into the sunlight, and found there the head of the column, the trumpeter and the French lieutenant.

"What did you see, sergeant—anything?" demanded the captain.

"No, sir; only blankets and stuff lying around. That trench hadn't even been finished."

"We're losing time," said the captain quickly. "There was no force in there. We'll probably be seeing stragglers and orderlies and first-aid men and all sorts of gold bricks running loose in these woods, but that's not what we're here for. Now, then, we'll push forward vigorously. Pass the word back that if any isolated enemy are seen, to shoot at them, but not to delay the advance to try to capture them. Leave that for the doughboys. That agree with your thoughts, lieutenant?"

The French officer nodded. "Quite right, captain," said he. He did not turn his face, however, in the captain's direction. His eyes were upon the black horse that Sergeant Lee rode. "Captain," he went on, "I think I shall have to ask you to give me that horse that man is riding!"

"Huh? Give you that horse? That's a German horse! He captured it."

"I see that by the equipment, but it is a much better horse than mine. I want it."

"Perhaps you do," said the captain, gathering his reins, "but we don't take horses away from noncommissioned officers in this man's army!"

"Do you mean to say, sir," cried the French officer, "that you will not give an officer of an Allied army a captured horse simply because some soldier found it first? Which is the most important for the success of our mission—that he should be well mounted, or that I, who am the guide and the officer of liaison and the interpreter, should have the best horse? I think that higher authority would not take very long to decide the question!"

It was in the captain's mind to make no reply, but to order the advance to be resumed. But then this French officer would make a report of it when he returned, which report would come drifting down from corps headquarters, gathering indorsements and bitterness like a descending snowball, until it came into the hands of the squadron commander's immediate superiors. He would get Hades. And he would get no more details to command provisional squadrons.

"Give him the horse, sergeant," ordered the captain.

The sergeant's face hardened, and for just a second his blazing eyes met the captain's, wherent that officer's jaw muscles stood out like cords.

"Dismount!" he barked.

The sergeant obeyed, as well as some half dozen troopers who thought that the captain had meant them too. In the slight confusion attendant on these men being cursed back into their saddles by their respective corporals, Sergeant Lee was able to turn over the black, go to Number One and get his own horse, and mount. The column moved forward again at a rapid trot.

Sergeant Lee and the trumpeter were once more side by side, Lee muttering under his breath his opinion of some nameless person. His language was picturesque, for he decorated it with idioms learned in barroom, barrack and camp, from Jolo in the days of the Sultan of Sulu to the Camp de Valdahon at the present moment.

"You talkin' about that French looey?" inquired the trumpeter.

"Well, who the hell else would you think?" demanded Lee.

The trumpeter spat expertly between his horse's ears. "Well, I dunno. You ain't got any kick against him. He was just rankest man! What's the use o' bein' rankest man if you can't rank someone out of a bunk or a horse or somethin'?"

The sergeant's reply was horrible, whereat the trumpeter grinned so widely that he lost his chew.

There were signs, now, of distress from the squadron. The gait of the head of the column was too fast for that of the rear, so that the last third was at a slow gallop. The smothered admonitions of platoon leader, sergeant and corporal to "Keep that horse back!" or "Four feet from head to croup, you. You know what that means?" or "Tully! You ridin' that horse or is he ridin' you? Git him into ranks!" were becoming louder and more frequent.

The pack of a man in the second set of fours had come undone, so that the shelter half trailed behind him like an old-fashioned caparison, and his blankets he was carrying over his free arm in a most unsoldierly manner. Finally a poorly cinched saddle turned, the rider was thrown, and the horse, the saddle under its belly, went the length of the column, kicking and squealing, until it caught one foot in the trailing stirrup, fell, and had two men hurl themselves from their saddles and sit on its head. The column perforce halted, for one of the men was the acting troop commander of H Troop and the other Sergeant Lee.

"And the rest of the dash-blanked Johns sitting in their saddles looking at us!" exclaimed Lee.

"Get the saddle off him!" ordered the squadron commander. "Whose horse is it? Take his name, sergeant. Give him a month in the kitchen and all the spare horses to saddle up. Maybe he'll learn to cinch properly. Have H Troop dismount and look over their equipment. When they've finished, have I Troop do the same. This will be your last chance. I'm not going to stop again until I run into the enemy. Time flies. They'll all be in Berlin if we don't show more progress than this!"

Sergeant Lee took the opportunity to have a look at his machine rifles, riding in rear of H Troop. He met, on his way there, the French lieutenant, prancing along on the black horse. Lee ground his teeth. He had not ridden a McClellan saddle for a long time, and stirrup buckle and gun boot were beginning to rub sores on his unaccustomed shins.

How much more pleasure he would have had riding the officer's beautiful saddle on that black! Saddle! That wasn't the half of it! He would have ridden that horse bareback! It grinds a man to have his horse taken away from him. The mildest man will fly into a murderous rage. Lee thought of a man he had known with a clear record during three enlistments that had deserted because his horse had been taken for the polo team. Well, that bird had the right idea! When the march was resumed Lee still thought of him. He, Lee, would go "over the hill." He would find an outfit where a guy was appreciated.

"Forget it!" said the trumpeter finally, wearied of Lee's silence. "Don't worry about it no more. The Frog's gone, an' good riddance!"

"He's not gone!" replied Lee, spurring his horse savagely. "He's riding with I Troop."

"What for?"

"How should I know?"

"Well, cheer up, anyway. Maybe we'll run into somebody that'll rank that horse away from him!"

They continued the march through the silent woods. They passed collections of huts, then a rustic village built about a tiny lake, that was obviously a recreation center, a narrow-gauge railway yard, more wagons, more loose horses, and one or two isolated wandering men that took to their heels pursued by random pistol bullets as soon as they had identified the nationality of the horsemen.

The column crossed hurriedly a surfaced road that cut through the forest from east to west. At one end, in the hazy distance, they could see the roofs and steeple of a town, and to the west against the foot of the forest-covered hills, another. But in between all was deserted. Across this road they found fewer huts; then, after a while, nothing. The brush grew thicker on both sides.

The captain suddenly reined up his horse. Lee, startled out of his black thoughts, raised his head. The advance guard had halted where the road came to the edge of the woods. It was only a grove, because Lee could see the trees where the road entered the forest again farther on. But two of the advance guard had dismounted, and one was wildly pumping his rifle up and down above his head in the old army signal that means, "Enemy in large numbers."

"Hold the squadron in readiness!" ordered the captain hurriedly. "Trumpeter, Sergeant Lee, follow me!"

The three of them went down to the advance guard as swiftly as their horses could carry them. They did not need to have the enemy pointed out to them.

(Continued on Page 66)

"ON N'A NI L'HERBE, NI L'EAU
QU'ILS ONT EN SUISSE."

"They haven't the grasses, the herbs, the water that Switzerland has"

So SAID an old cheese expert in discussing the various countries which make Swiss "style" cheese. And in those words he disclosed the reason for the matchless flavor of Switzerland Cheese. For those mile-high pastures of Switzerland with their scented hay, juicy grasses and herbs, pure water, give a flavor to the milk and then to the cheese that cannot be copied.

The Swiss cheese-makers, as they ply their craft with pride and exactness, are aware of these advantages. That's why they have marked the rind of every cheese they make with many imprints of the word "Switzerland."

Look for this word when you buy. Then, as you eat a piece of Switzerland Cheese you will be rewarded by a flavor and tenderness such as you never dreamed could be so delicious. Sweet as a nut. Savory. The more you eat the more you want. And if you eat the cheese in thick cuts instead of wafer-thin slices, you will get more of this rare flavor.

A deep-dish fruit pie, piping hot, is all ready to serve. And with it there is Switzerland Cheese. A combination that is a perfect harmony of goodness.

Not only is Switzerland Cheese delicious by itself, but it is a wonderful accompaniment with other foods. In sandwiches—cold or toasted. With cold-cut platters and salads. Diced fine in soups. Folded into omelets. Served with apples, pears or grapes.

The natural color of Switzerland Cheese varies from a cream to a butter yellow, depending upon the season of the year in which it is made. The size of the eyes also varies from large to medium large. But the rare, true flavor never varies. Switzerland Cheese is sold everywhere and served in leading hotels and restaurants. Switzerland Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland.

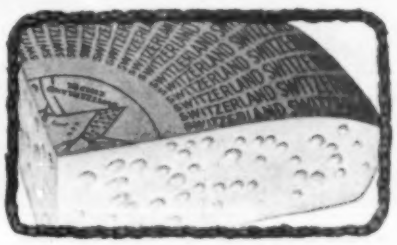
Every hostess will be delighted with the beautiful booklet, illustrated in color—"Switzerland Cheese—How to Use and How to Serve It." Free for the asking—address Switzerland Cheese Association, 105 Hudson Street, New York City.

SWITZERLAND CHEESE

Genuine Swiss Cheese from Switzerland

Here's new-mown hay from century-old meadows

AT A GLANCE YOU CAN IDENTIFY SWITZERLAND CHEESE.
THE RIND IS STAMPED WITH MANY IMPRINTS OF THE WORD "SWITZERLAND."
NO OTHER CHEESE CAN BE THUS MARKED.



The men cut the hay and the women gather it

(Continued from Page 64)

There was a wide, circular cut in the woods here, made by an open field, across which the road they were on took its way, to enter the forest once more. This field sloped sharply down on the right, and at the bottom of the slope was another road, wide and surfaced, with a narrow-gauge track running along.

On this road was a column of infantry—perhaps a battalion—marching steadily along in good order, and with their rifles slung German fashion across their breasts. In front were two mounted officers. Behind the infantry, rapidly approaching, was a truck column, eight, ten, perhaps more—they could not see the end of them. There were eight hundred Germans there at least, and they were not to be charged with one-quarter that number.

"Bring up the auto rifles, trumpeter," whispered the captain, "and fast! Everyone dismount. Put the led horses in the brush! Now, sergeant, where shall we put the guns?"

"They've got to be fired prone," said the sergeant hurriedly. "The grass—now that will be all right!" He threw himself on the ground. "You can't see over the slope here," he decided. "They'll have to be moved downhill—maybe along the edge of the woods! I'll have a look!"

"Don't let any of those squareheads spot you! Don't waste too much time now!"

The German infantry continued to advance, unsuspecting. They had no advance guard out, no flankers. The captain's heart swelled. The classic rôle of the cavalryman was to be his—to drive far behind the enemy's lines and fall upon unsuspecting troops. That truck column should be his, too, and the smoke of its burning would spread terror and alarm! On the heels of this panic the squadron would be on to Vigneulles, destroy the railway station there, and cut off the retreat of all the mass of troops along the heights of the Meuse. But first, destroy this infantry.

"Hold the rifles here!" ordered the captain, as the gunners with their ammunition bearers appeared. "There's no rush. We'll site them together, let the column pass, and then each gun take half with traversing fire. Now damn those trucks! They'll get here at just the wrong time!"

The trucks, however, did not pass the infantry, but halted. Perhaps the road was too narrow, perhaps those trucks contained the battalion's baggage. The Germans came on, while the Americans watched with beating hearts, holding their breath so that the enemy would not hear them. The Germans would pass at less than a hundred yards!

"When I give the signal," hissed the captain, "rush out, flop, set up the guns, and turn loose!"

The column drew near, and the dismounted Americans flattened themselves in the brush.

The enemy marched by, boots slumping, bayonets rattling, the harsh coughing of the men coming clearly to the ears of the watchers. Wagons creaked past, one of the drivers idly cracking his whip. Then the second company.

There was a thud of hoofs from behind the Americans. The captain swung around. Who was this that had left the squadron without permission? It was the French officer, on the shining black, galloping up from I Troop to see what the halt was about.

"Get off that horse!" husked the captain. "Get him back out of sight!"

The black halted. He was alone. Far behind him the squadron waited impatiently. The black tossed his head. He smelled the concealed horses of the advance guard and the machine-rifle men in the brush, or did he see an old stable fellow down there on the road? Did he smell his countrymen? He tossed his head again, then neighed shrilly. The horses in the brush and another in the squadron answered him.

White faces from the marching troops looked up the hill, curious at the sound. Not many, but enough. The captain, wordless, but thinking many things, rose out of the bush and leaped for the black's head. The black, like all Thoroughbreds, was nervous. The sudden rush of the officer from the bushes frightened him. He reared and bolted, and in two jumps was in the meadow. His rider flung himself clear, but too late. The Germans below, open-mouthed, had first heard horses neigh in those woods, and had then seen, clearly against the dark background, a figure in the horizon-blue uniform of the French army hurl itself from the saddle and run back into the woods again.

"Out with the guns!" shouted the captain. "Action front! At enemy in road! Fire at will!"

The guns spat, but the road was already half empty. Two seconds more and the whole column had taken refuge in the ditch on the other side. Wagons, mounted officers, all disappeared.

But the blast of firing that had begun could not have come from the machine rifles alone! The air crackled, the eardrums rang with the sudden pound of heavy firing. Astonished, the captain turned about. From the alley in the woods came a thunder of hoofs. Horses reared, others were down and kicking. Dismounted men ran about. There was smoke and the flash of pistols, but the noise was so great that the captain could not hear the bark of the .45's.

He looked behind him at the road below. The machine rifles roared, but the road was empty. There were packs there, and bundles that the marching troops had dropped in their haste to get to cover, but the captain could see no bodies.

The German infantry were now in position behind the road. The only thing for two troops of cavalry in front of a battalion of intrenched infantry is to withdraw. The squadron seemed to have already made up its mind to this.

In just the three seconds that the captain had spent in looking at the road, his men had stampeded. They were going, tails high, saddle bags flying, hell for leather down the road. Even as he watched, dark figures in bucket-shaped helmets appeared from the woods, shot down a dismounted trooper, and began to plunder the saddle pockets of the dead horses.

There still remained to him, however, the auto rifles. He leaped back, threw himself down beside the gunners and shouted in their ears:

"Cease firing!"

The gunners heard and complied. With the roar of the auto rifles stilled, a sudden hush seemed to fall.

"You! Number One gun! Action rear. Searching, in those woods, two clips! Commence firing! Number Two gun ——" He stopped.

Below and to the left, in the center of that white road, head high, tail outstretched like a plume, stood the black horse. Rifles cracked, men shouted, machine guns roared, but the horse paid no attention. He pawed the ground, and the captain could have sworn that he neighed again the shrill proud shriek that had alerted the Germans and ruined the squadron. That was the horse that had been frightened by the captain's rising from the brush? Never! He had bolted purposely! He was a German horse; he had known!

"Number Two gun!" ordered the captain. "Get me that horse on the road, blast his black soul!"

He was not himself, for he had seen his men butchered from ambush, his squadron destroyed, and he knew that the span of his own life could be measured in minutes.

The muzzle of the gun shifted ever so slightly, and the gunner's body thumped the ground as he wiggled himself into his new position. The gun roared. The horse tossed his head quickly, for he must have heard bullets crack by. A German dashed from the shelter of the ditch to seize the trailing bridle, but he seemed to slip in the mud, and then fall, a flat, shapeless, motionless heap.

"The horse!" cried the captain. "Never mind the men! Get the horse!"

Another burst. Tchk! Silence. "Gimme another clip!" panted the gunner.

"Hey, bring up that other gun!" shouted Sergeant Lee. "We got an opening here!"

"Take up your rifle!" ordered the captain. "Fall back and report to Sergeant Lee!"

Then the captain, drawing his pistol, dropped on one knee and, supporting his right hand on his left arm, took aim at the black horse.

"Hey, captain!"

The shout in his ear disturbed the officer's aim and the bullet went skyward.

"What is the matter with you?" he snarled. But it was Sergeant Lee.

"They had machine guns in the brush!" panted the sergeant. "We put one of 'em down! They don't seem to be firin' now. If we're ever gonna get out of here, we better go!"

From the road below came a deep shout: "Hoch!"

On the heels of it a thin line of the enemy leaped up and, crossing the road, took shelter in the grass at the lower edge of the field.

The captain emptied his pistol at them, then rose and reloaded. The Germans saw him, for fire crackled along their line.

"Let's get the hell out of here!" said the captain.

The black horse had turned and, trotting down the road, now faced the German infantry, as though he carried on his back an officer who urged his men on. The captain would have taken one more shot at him, but bullets whispered about his ears or cracked overhead like whips. At the edge of the woods the men had already mounted. The captain, stifling a curse, rejoined them.

Poorly fed horses in full pack, even when stampeded, will not run far, and the captain, riding off down the woods with his chin on his breast, like Napoleon retreating from Moscow, found the squadron at the crossroads whence they had been able to see the two towns.

It had been a rear or flank guard that had ambushed them, and there had been no pursuit. Noncommissioned officers were already displaying their vocabularies, saddles were being transferred from wounded horses to well ones, men were binding up one another's wounds or refilling empty pistol clips.

Into this scene arrived the captain like an avenging angel. He was a man of few words, but those to whom he addressed himself would remember his remarks to their dying day.

Sergeant Lee, having the care of his auto rifles first in mind, withdrew them to one side, questioned the gunners, overhauled the ammunition supply and inspected the horses. His own mount was nearly foundered. Seeing at a little distance a man holding three horses, he went in his direction, thinking he might make an exchange. The other man was the trumpeter, ruefully examining his trumpet, that had been punctured by a bullet.

"It'll blow," said the trumpeter, as Lee approached, "but I have to keep my finger over the hole. It don't look military to blow a trumpet that way!"

"How's chances on one o' those horses?" demanded Lee. "Mine's about outta breath."

"Naw. One's mine, one's the skipper's, and one's for the Frog lootenant. He's goin' back."

"Yuh. The Old Man says to him, 'What was the grand idea to gallop out in front where all the boche would see you? Want them to admire your horsemanship or something?' And the looey says, 'We rode into an ambush. We went too far without reconnaissance. We haven't lost any ground because this here is the Heudicourt-Nonsard road that we're on now, and we weren't supposed to be here for half an hour yet!' 'Awright,' says the skipper, 'you know the country so well, you go back and report our progress and where we run into the enemy!' 'But I'm your guide!' says the looey. 'Well, we'll try to struggle along without you!' bites the Old Man. So then —— Psst!"

The French officer, his bullet-shaped face like a thundercloud, strode toward the two men. They paid not the slightest attention as he took his old horse, mounted and rode off.

"You mighta held his stirrup for him, at least," observed the trumpeter.

"Who was his dog robber last year? Anyway, I'm a sergeant. I don't hold nobody's stirrup."

The trumpeter hitched his pistol belt higher and tilted his helmet just a little farther over his left eye.

"John Lee," said he, "did it ever occur to you you owe that looey a whole lot? Suppos'n' he hadn't ranked you off that black horse. Wouldn't he nickered just the same and give us away to the boche?"

"Hey?" gasped the sergeant.

Wouldn't the horse have nickered with him? Oh, man! Yes, he would have. And then what would the skipper have done to Lee? He was not an officer, but a buck sergeant. He choked at the thought. If it had been his horse that had nickered—well, the least they would have done would have been to hang him. His name would have been a mock and a disgrace throughout the mounted arm of the United States Army from that day forth. Gone would be his stripes! Gone his pistol and saber! He would wield nothing but a dishrag for the rest of his military career!

"Naw," said he to the trumpeter, "that black wouldn't have done it with me. I'd ha' ridden him!"

"Uh-huh!" remarked the trumpeter. "Well, if you're lookin' for a horse, try Corporal Scully's. Scully's hit. That's a good horse for a sergeant."

"No," said the sergeant, "I guess I'll stick to the one I got. He ain't much on looks, but he's no nickerer!"

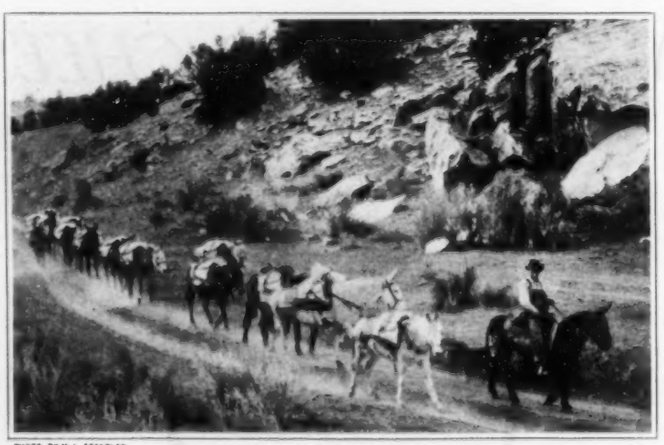


PHOTO. BY H. L. STANDLEY

A Pack Train Near Pikes Peak, Colorado

All facts no romancing

THIS IS PROBABLY THE MOST UNUSUAL ADVERTISEMENT EVER PRINTED ABOUT AN AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATOR

Unembellished facts about
ELECTROLUX
the Gas Refrigerator

1. Noiseless
2. No moving parts
3. Free from trouble
4. Dependable
5. Costs only a few pennies a day to operate
6. Plenty of ice cubes; constant, steady cold
7. Safe
8. Lasts indefinitely
9. Tested and approved by national authorities

1. NOISELESS — *Delineator Home Institute Report:* "The operation of this refrigerator is noiseless, due to absence of all moving parts."

2. NO MOVING PARTS—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Institute Report:* "There are no valves or moving mechanical parts anywhere in this closed refrigerating system."

3. FREE FROM TROUBLE — *N. Y. Herald Tribune Institute Report:* " . . . it is estimated that, once the machine is properly installed and adjusted, it will not require any servicing; or at the most, no more servicing than is required for the average kitchen gas stove."

Underwriters' Laboratories, National Board of Fire Underwriters—final summary on Electrolux: "From the foregoing conclusions, it is evident that the device is practicable, durable and reliable."

4. DEPENDABLE—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Institute Report:* "The refrigerator will probably be one of the most dependable appliances in the household."

Consolidated Gas Company, New York City—This company is one of many well known public utilities all over the country that tested Electrolux thoroughly before deciding to endorse and sell it. In their laboratory at the present time is an Electrolux unit which started operating in November, 1925, and has been running continuously and perfectly ever since.

5. COSTS only a Few Pennies a Day to Operate—The actual monthly cost of Electrolux varies from city to city, according to the local gas and water rates. The cost will average less than with any other refrigeration system, however, because both gas and water are relatively cheap and Electrolux uses only a small quantity of each. For the Chef Model, which is next to the largest of four sizes, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Institute* reports: "It was found that the gas consumption is 1½ cubic feet per hour . . . and the cooling water consumption ½ cubic foot per hour." The conditions under which these figures were obtained were as follows: Room temperature 75 degrees, inlet water 60 degrees, food compartment 38 degrees, ice-tray temperature 12 to 20 degrees Fahrenheit.

The popular Kitchenette model Electrolux is shown above. Takes up little space, yet holds a lot of food, and makes 36 large ice cubes at one time

A tiny flame takes the place of all machinery in Electrolux

6. PLENTY OF ICE CUBES; Constant, Steady Cold—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Institute Report:* "The temperature did not fluctuate through more than 2 degrees F. except immediately after warm food was placed in the box."

Delineator Home Institute Report: "Starting with the refrigerator in an 80 degree F. room and with standard load, water at 70 degrees F. in all trays froze in approximately 4 hours."

7. SAFE—*Underwriters' Laboratories, National Board of Fire Underwriters Report:* "The gas burner is of the safety type which automatically closes when the flame is extinguished."

8. LASTS INDEFINITELY—*Underwriters' Laboratories, National Board of Fire Underwriters Report:* "No wear was apparent during the test or upon subsequent examination . . . No evidence of corrosion of any part was apparent . . . There were no indications of weakness in any part as a result of this test."

9. TESTED and Approved by National Authorities—Good Housekeeping Institute, Delineator Home Institute, National Board of Fire Underwriters, N. Y. Herald Tribune Institute, prominent architects and builders, building inspectors, leading public utilities by the dozen—these are just some of the authorities that have thoroughly tested and approved Electrolux, the Gas Refrigerator.

Only one thing remains. You must visit the nearest display room and see Electrolux for yourself—the interesting array of sizes and models in white and in color. Prices start at $210, f.o.b. factory, and range up to $510, according to size. Write now for complete information. Servel Sales, Inc., Evansville, Indiana.

ELECTROLUX
THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR
MADE BY SERVEL

Ten Reasons for the Record Breaking Popularity

Illustrated above is the Chevrolet 1½ Ton Chassis with Cab equipped with power dump body.

1½ Ton Truck (Chassis only)... $545

Light Delivery (Chassis only)... $400

1½ Ton Truck (Chassis with Cab) $650

Sedan Delivery (Body by Fisher) $595

All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

of the Six Cylinder

CHEVROLET TRUCKS

1 *Six-Cylinder Power*—that carries full capacity loads over any kind of road and up the steepest hills with astonishing ease and an abundance of reserve power—plus the adaptability of a four-speed transmission, with power take-off opening on the 1½ ton truck.

2 *Six-Cylinder Speed and Acceleration*—that permit the servicing of wider areas, and the completion of more trips—whether in city service or suburban usage.

3 *Six-Cylinder Smoothness*—that protects the entire truck from the destructive effects of undue vibration and affords exceptional comfort to the driver even on the longest trips.

4 *Remarkable Handling Ease*—that results from a fully lubricated, ball bearing steering mechanism; big, powerful, non-locking four-wheel brakes; and a remarkably smooth selective speed transmission.

5 *Amazing Economy of Gasoline and Oil*—due to such advanced engineering features as automatic gasoline pump, hot-spot manifold, automatic acceleration pump and crankcase ventilating system.

6 *Outstanding Dependability*—achieved by thoroughly tested construction in every unit—from the rugged rear axle, with one-piece banjo-type housing, to the large capacity, highly efficient Harrison radiator.

7 *Extremely Economical Service*—provided by more than 10,000 Authorized Chevrolet Service Stations, operating under a flat-rate system of charges, and supplying genuine Chevrolet parts at very low cost.

8 *Ample Capacity*—made possible by heavy channel steel frame construction and sufficient frame length to permit the mounting of unusually large bodies without frame extensions.

9 *Wide Selection of Body Types*—that make Chevrolet Trucks adaptable to every line of business. And among them is one designed especially for your requirements.

10 *Amazing Low Prices*—that make Chevrolet Trucks the biggest values ever offered. Call your Chevrolet dealer for a trial load demonstration and find out how little it costs to own and operate a Chevrolet Six-Cylinder Truck.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

Norman G. Elnor

selects #1605

AS secretary of one of Cleveland's largest and finest automobile agencies, Mr. Elnor knows the importance of good appearance—whether in motor cars or in men.

So, in selecting the dark brown, fancy weave of pattern No. 1605, he not only chose a shade which is smart-looking, but also a texture especially serviceable for active business men.

In fact, during this season, 437 men, in all parts of the United States, have chosen this same distinctive pattern from among the 307 Nash patterns now on display.

You'll find a wide range of browns—in tweeds, herring-bones or worsteds—as well as many other stylish shades, in these Nash patterns. Just get in touch with the nearest Nash tailor-trained resident representative—there are 1800 of them throughout the country. The A. Nash Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MR. NORMAN G. ELNOR *is Secretary of The Birkett L. Williams Co., one of the leading automobile dealers in Cleveland. He is one of the thousands of men prominently engaged in business activities who always look well-groomed in Nash clothes.*

NOTICE *the diamond design in the Fancy Brown Weave of Pattern No. 1605. This sturdy, handsome cloth is deservedly popular. It will keep its good looks under the strain of severest wear.*

NASH

394,111 Suits and Overcoats Custom-Tailored in 1928

© 1929, The A. N. Co.

PAPPY BLUE BOY

(Continued from Page 15)

the new black boy will visit the old sand boil. He'll stick down into the grave a long piece of sugar cane, the joints all carved out, the cane rubbed shiny bright and hollowed inside. And then Pappy Blue Boy will sit up in his box, bring out his battered old fiddle and his rusty old French harp, and the world will welcome a negro musical genius.

The Blue Boy brought White Night to Beal Street. Years before the outside world was listening to blacked-up white folks sing blue music, the quality folks of Memphis were weekly congregating and listening to the Blue Boy and Big Edna sing and play. You may remember Big Edna. She was a big yellow woman who sang high, lonesome tunes and became famous as a record and vaudeville star.

The white folks, including a famous mayor after whom a great song was written—by the Blue Boy, incidentally—used to congregate once a week and listen to the strange songs and music of the Blue Boy and Big Edna. And still do, for that matter. But then it was only the socially elect who attended those White-Night parties. Now several cabarets are featuring White Nights.

Little Bill Lowry introduced the Blue Boy to Beal Street. Little Bill was an artist in his own way—in his own several ways, in fact. In the first place, he was the only white man ever known to beat Beal Street consistently with the dancing ivories. He was admired for that, of course. He was also respected because he had come out of the West with a brace of pistols that had a lot of notches on them. Personally, I believe Little Bill was just whittling to pass the time when he made those notches. But Beal Street boys inclined to be hard-boiled weren't sure that those notches weren't the real thing. So Little Bill had the respect and love of everybody, and made a good living shooting dice and selling bad gin in a dump on Beal Street.

He picked the Blue Boy up off the street and made him an attraction. On Saturday nights when the street was rank with the scent of gin and the police patrol clang-clanged up and down every few minutes; when thousands of blacks and browns and yellows and chocolates of both sexes laughed, sang, fought, loved and some died, Little Bill would place himself behind the bar with his two many-notched pistols, taking all bets and daring on pain of instant death any blankety-blank nigger to use the Hudson clutch on the yellow dice, to fail to roll them over at least six times, or, for that matter, to grip them tight at all.

And the Blue Boy sat high in a chair built on a table in the center of the dance floor, and played music—the first blue music. There was a king, had the world only known it—the king of a world that was to go blue-music mad.

When Ise home Ise "Ole Niggah Bill,"
When I asts fo' beans it's "Git you gone,"
But when I comes home wid a twenty-dollah bill,
It's "Honey, wha yo' been so long?"

On the floor the black folks writhed in a dance. Some were dressed in evening gowns, a bit ragged, perhaps, but evening gowns right enough; others wore rough calico; some of the men wore cast-off tuxedos; some wore full-dress coats, blue shirts without ties, and yellow trousers, unpressed; one wore a high silk hat, hard-boiled shirt, black collar and tie, and overalls, and was barefooted. Hey! Hey! Beal Street at its best!

And up on his throne sat the Blue Boy, real daddy of all blue music, bare to the waist, great pearly teeth wide in a smiling song, or red lips blowing furiously at the French harp swung from his neck.

Outside, the tide of Beal Street flowing. A white patrolman standing at his box with three bleeding blacks in tow. Unconsciously his feet sway with the rhythm coming from Little Bill's place, or, for that matter, from every house and building along the street, because Beal Street's very stones are musical.

A thousand dins smite the air—laughter, music, singing, piano playing, organ music, boys with French harps and boys with shrill whistling lips. The young ones, arms around each other, swing along.

And religion. The Colored Ladies' Revival Society. Ten of them, huddled like football players, on the corner. Some white families' prized cooks making a night of it, in their own way, on Beal Street. One is singing a sermon:

"Oh-h, watch 'em, God! Watch 'em!
De debbil hab sprung his trap.
Dey's sin in dey soul
An' sin in dey heart;
So, watch 'em, God, watch 'em!"

And the nine other prize cooks chime in:

"Oh-h, Sweet Li'l' Jesus, watch 'em!"

Ten matronly ladies pleading in deep sonorous voices for the souls in the giddy, whirling maelstrom that floods Beal Street on Saturday night. But even they, devout Christians of the church, are caught in the tempo of the new music that has taken the street by storm—the Blue Boy's tunes that he takes from the Big River.

Down the street two blocks, a tall man in a long frock coat is preaching the Word to a throng that goes past him laughing, heedless. His sermon is a song, his feet beat time on the cracker box which is his pulpit. Nobody hears what he says, nobody cares what he says; and, while he singsongs his sermon and prayers for hours, until his voice is hoarse, his throat dry and cracked, he himself cares little, because he knows full well that these same playful children, these laughing, shouting, singing black folks, will flock to his tent church on the morrow and become just as solemn and devout then as they are sinful, happy and carefree now. No negro preacher ever worries about financial matters. Beal Street becomes a Sodom and Gomorrah on bended knees, devout eyes lifted to heaven, on a Sunday morning.

A laughing, happy, carefree people, the negro race, so most folks insist. And that perhaps is right. A negro shakes off trouble easily. But when tragedy does strike, it strikes quickly and goes deep. The negro is the most emotional, the most sentimental creature on this earth. His heart he wears outside his coat for all who care to see and touch. He loves harder, his hates are more bitter, he cries more easily and laughs quicker and more heartily than the white man. He is human—every inch of him.

And for that reason when the Blue Boy went blind his heart failed him also. It cracked, broke and died—temporarily.

It happened suddenly in Little Bill's joint. Little Bill was behind his counter, glowering at the black men who crowded around the bar and tossed the yellow dice. The Blue Boy was on his throne, high above the dancing crowd.

He was mighty happy that night, although of late he had been worrying quite a bit. Periodical pains had been shooting from the back of his head to his eyes. He couldn't make it out. He had gone to Mistuh Freddy's Place and been treated for mind sores. That had helped temporarily, but always the pains came back, and always they were worse.

What the Blue Boy didn't know was that the midwife who had helped to bring him into this world, away down in the cane country, had been a bit careless. And that his mother had taken him to the cane fields too soon, laying him, stark naked, at the end of the row, his soft, velvet eyes staring at the blazing tropic sun, while she walked up the row, cutting the great stalks with a sharp knife.

Mistuh Freddy was in Little Bill's that night, dancing with Big Edna. They sure were a sight—the dapper little black man and the huge yellow woman. Mistuh Freddy was dressed in a new gray suit that fitted him like a glove. He wore a pale blue shirt with a two-carat imitation diamond under a grand bow tie of glaring red material. Big Edna wore a yellow evening gown and a Merry Widow hat of cerise. They sure made a pretty sight. The best dancers on the floor too. Every time they passed close to the Blue Boy's throne, they'd put it on for him. The little black man would tilt his unlit cigar, jerk his hat to a jaunty angle, hold Big Edna a few feet from him by one hand, twirl her big body around one, two, three times, at the same time doing a jig at quick time and announce: "Heah us is, musical man—heah us is!" Then he'd bow low to the Blue Boy, grin widely, and dance away.

Yes, the Blue Boy was happy that night. Little Bill's was a sea of color. Little Bill, wise fellow, always imported dunce caps, clown hats, confetti and varicolored serpentine when he gave really big dances in his place. It was all secondhand stuff, but Beal Street went wild about it. Little Bill got it for next to nothing from a friend of his who ran a dance joint in Harlem. He'd order barrels of the clown hats and the colored streamers just before he announced a big dance.

The hats and the serpentine were sometimes a bit dirty and always they were crumpled, but Beal Street is used to crumpled things. What it demands is color.

The dance was at its high point, the room a jumbled mass of black, brown, yellow, high yellow and chocolate humanity; the floor was covered with confetti, the dancers with gay serpentine.

The Blue Boy was singing, lustily, happily:

"Break it, baby, shake it, baby;
Leave yo' husban' an' come to yo' pa."

Suddenly a pain shot from the back of his head and hit his eyes. And—queer thing—at that same instant the lights went out. The pain was just a flash and was gone, but the lights stayed out. His music stopped. The dancing stopped. He held his fiddle across his knees and waited for the lights to come on again.

"Whut da matta, honey? Weary?" He heard Big Edna's voice from the darkness.

"Folks kain't jig wid de lights gone out, kin 'em?" he replied.

She looked at him for a moment, while the crowd, sensing tragedy, shuffled uneasily. He sat there, his fiddle across his knees, his soft brown eyes staring straight ahead. And then Big Edna knew.

"Outside, niggers!" she called loudly. And they, knowing something was wrong, shuffled away—silent men and women, clothed grotesquely, wearing crumpled, secondhand clown hats and draped in dirty serpentine.

The Blue Boy stirred uneasily. He, too, sensed something was wrong.

"W'y kain't de lights be fix'?" he asked.

Big Edna had crawled onto the table. Her big yellow arms were about him.

"De lights is on, Blue Boy," she told him gently. "You done gone blin'."

She felt his body quiver the slightest, then relax heavily in her arms.

"Kin de doctah fix up daid eyes?" he asked throatily.

"Not iffen dey real daid," she answered.

Little Bill had gone for a doctor. The Blue Boy, aided by Big Edna, groped his way off the table.

"Gimme fiddle," he told her. "Ise gwine wait out on de street till de doctah comes."

Hesitatingly, Big Edna placed the fiddle and bow in his arms. Something gripped her heart as she saw the Blue Boy grope his way to the street. Already he was getting old. Three times her age, perhaps. And now blind.

Pappy Blue Boy was swept into the Saturday midnight Beal Street throng. It moved swiftly, merrily. He groped along, clutching tightly at his fiddle, moving ever so slowly. He knew this street, knew where he was going, would have no trouble. The very doorways he passed gave forth familiar sounds and odors—The Palace, Queen Anne's, Home of the Sweet Pig, and others he'd known for years.

After he had crossed Main Street he stopped in the shadows and looked back. He could see nothing, but faintly he could hear the sounds of Beal Street. His throat tightened. Resolutely he turned and walked west.

He knew where he was, all right. The play side of Beal Street had ended. He was in the business world of King Cotton. Slowly he groped his way along. Suddenly he stopped. His heart jumped lightly. Yes, that was it. The rustle of the Big River. His steps quickened and step by step the rustle of the Big River grew louder. He was at the wharf now, feeling his way, groping along.

He stumbled over something—a gangplank. To the Blue Boy it was pitch dark. To another man, standing on the second deck of the Betsy Walker, the gangplank was well-lighted by two post lamps on either side of the plank.

The other man watched. He saw a huge negro, bare to the waist, a fiddle clutched under his left arm, a big French harp strung around his neck, groping his way along the water front. He saw the Blue Boy stop at the gangplank, drop to his knees and start crawling up the gangplank. The watcher drew his pistol and crept noiselessly down the steps to the first deck, keeping well into the shadows. There he stopped and waited.

On all fours, the Blue Boy crawled slowly to the prow of the Betsy Walker. Feeling around, he found a great coil of rope. On this coil he crawled, panting like a wounded animal. He laid his head on his arm and rested.

A few feet below him, the Big River sang its song as it swirled gently past the Betsy Walker. The Blue Boy listened for a few minutes. Then he raised himself up, dropped his chin on his fiddle and sang—sang ever so softly. It was extemporaneous. But the tune had beauty in it, and despair. It came like a whisper, weird and weary; like a wraith, deep with mystery, uncanny; like a soft breeze blowing through a garden of tropic flowers.

The man with the gun crept toward the Blue Boy noiselessly, until he was facing him. For a long minute after the song had died away he watched the black face, bathed in the yellow lights of the deck lamps.

"What's the matter with you, pappy?" he asked. To a Northerner the tone would have sounded sharp, but to the Blue Boy it meant friendliness. Southerners don't call strange negroes "pappy" or "uncle" unless they like them.

The Blue Boy's face brightened. He tried to smile, like most of his race attempting to laugh away tragedy.

"Me, cap'n, suh. Old eyes went daid tonight," he answered. "Ise blin', cap'n, suh."

Capt. Thomas Perry Blood turned and gave a sharp order: "Sam!"

A negro came running.

"Take this old man down and put him to bed. Then come to my cabin and I'll send him a drink of gin."

Sam nodded his head vigorously.

Captain Blood turned to the Blue Boy, half lying, half kneeling on the coil of rope. Lying there, the Blue Boy knew instinctly that his future life lay in the hands of this gruff man he could not see, but whom he knew to be much of a man.

"What do they call you, pappy?" Captain Blood's voice was sharp.

"Fo'ks calls me de Blue Boy, cap'n, suh."

(Continued on Page 74)

COMING JULY 27th

Buick

THE 1930 BUICK

•

EACH YEAR at this time America looks to Buick for the new standards of fine motor car design and performance. And once more Buick is on the verge of presenting an automobile which will mark the standard of comparison in the fine car field.

The new Buicks for 1930 are great motor cars in every way. They are certain to place Buick in even higher regard among people who demand the utmost in true value—the maximum in brilliant hour-after-hour and day-after-day performance.

Buick was designed and developed by men who think in terms of extra value—extra performance, and great reliability. These fundamental qualities—built into every Buick, year after year, have won a host of admiring friends. Over 1,500,000 motorists now own Buicks. Over twice as many buy Buicks as any other car priced above $1200. This record is prized by the entire Buick organization, and to insure its permanency Buick builds into each new model extra goodness in all-around fine car qualities. This draws to Buick the most discriminating motor car buyers, and perpetuates that leadership which Buick guards with zealous care.

America can feel certain that the new Buick valve-in-head motor cars for 1930 are the finest Buicks ever built, and that they reveal charm and luxury in appointment, and a degree of performance never before known in the fine car field.

Buick invites you to go to your Buick dealer's on Saturday, July 27, and view a series of motor cars which are sure to bring to Buick an additional host of new friends, and which will increase and accentuate the loyalty of the Buick clientele the world over.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Division of General Motors Corporation

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 71)

Captain Blood looked the Blue Boy over with cool gray eyes.

"All right, Pappy Blue Boy," he finally said. "From now on you're the Betsy Walker's own private symphony orchestra." He turned to the other negro. "Move along with him now, Sam," he ordered; "and if I find out you drank the gin I'm sending down to Pappy Blue Boy, I'll cut your black throat. Just drink half of it."

Led by Sam, Pappy Blue Boy was led to a dirty cot down below. The Betsy Walker was drifting downstream by this time. Her engines were throbbing gently. The soft swish-swish outside told the Blue Boy that the ship's wheels were stirring the water lightly.

He lay flat on his back on the hard cot and stared with sightless eyes at the ceiling.

He thought of Beal Street and its din, its moving throngs of black laughing folks he would never see again.

Blind! Pappy Blue Boy! An old man and blind!

He thought of the sharp-voiced man who was now his master—he who had never been mastered by any man. Pappy Blue Boy! Old and blind!

From beneath him came the voice of the river, soft, gentle, musical. He heard the song of the Betsy Walker as she floated daintily down the Big River. Musical folks—the Betsy Walker and the Big River. And Pappy Blue Boy—he also was musical. Thus he reasoned as he lay there on the hard cot. And they were blind, too—the Betsy Walker and the Big River. Blind, but they sang and were happy.

Suddenly he chuckled. He arose from the cot. With groping hands he found his fiddle, adjusted his French harp. Then he sang. The words came from his lips—meaningless words. The music he caught from the big side wheels as they gently stirred the waves of the Big River—sweet music, slow and a little tragic.

Half a dozen black men roused from other cots or from pallets on the floor. When he had finished, Pappy Blue Boy drew a long sigh and lay back. There was a long silence. Then a throaty voice came from the darkness. "Sweet moosic, black man," the throaty voice said. "You sho gonna git 'long wid dis ship."

WHEN LONESOME CAME TO SOLITUDE

(Continued from Page 33)

be nigh Lerissa. Done got back his same dogs an' de same gun what he kilt Josh wid. An' kilt dat ooman wid. Uncle Zack, ef Lonesome do happen to leave a few shucks o' you, Seliny'll stomp 'em in de dirt."

"Aw! G'long home an' hush yo' prophesyin'."

When Alec had gone home, when the rattle of his truck had died away in what seemed a tunnel through the forest, Old Reliable chuckled craftily.

"All by myself. But 'twon't be long."

The hunters' shack on Twisty Bayou is a low building of three rooms, two of which face the meandering stream. At the right is their lounging room, back of that the kitchen. Twenty paces behind the kitchen stands a one-room cabin for the cook. To the left, in front, is a large apartment called the "barracks," provided for indoor sleeping, now jammed with beds, cots and chairs brought in from the porch. It resembled a furniture warehouse, the beds stripped to their naked springs. Mattresses, blankets and linens were stored in a big closet at one end of the room. Toward the bayou this barracks room showed a door and three windows. On the woods side were four windows. Along the front and around the L to the kitchen ran a wide, well-screened porch. From the barracks-room tangle Zack extricated a couple of beds and dragged them outside. In its proper jar on the kitchen shelf he found the key and opened the closet.

"Jest look. 'Nuff bedclo'es in here fer three hotels. An' Seliny say to take plenty blankets."

Two beds were soon made, the porch swept in dusty streaks; then Zack returned to the closet, bent upon his own affairs.

"Reckin I'll spread dis nice tablecloth. Nobody 'cept me an' Lerissa. Huh! Dat nigger gal sho will be proud as a monkey wid a tin tail."

From an excellent training under Miss Betty, Old Reliable knew how to set a luncheon, and went the whole hog for his tête-à-tête on the porch, arranging a small square table within reach of the octagonal poker table on which to keep a reserve of cans and bottles.

"Plenty sardines—plenty. She loves dem greasy minners. Sody pop. Ginger ale. Here 'tis. An' openers. 'Tain't nothin' so worrisome as to git yo' mouf sot, den can't find nary can opener. Now! Ev'ything fixed. Mighty nigh time fer Lerissa."

As a final touch, to look like white folks, Zack strewed the poker table with newspapers, ash trays, matches; then opened a new box of the colonel's cigars and scattered half a dozen.

The lavish host now seated himself in sprawling nonchalance, one skinny shank crossed over the other, displaying a length of red sock and squinting above his newspaper at the woods path by which Lerissa must appear. Waiting was a wearisome job. He squirmed and wriggled and watched the path; puffed his cigar like a switch engine and watched. Got up and watched. Sat down and watched. Presently, far off in the brushwood, a dress gleamed—a white dress with big red dots.

"Now, I'll set here 'til she passes dat 'simmon tree; den happen to spy her."

With studied grace Zack composed himself to read, enveloped in a halo of smoke as Lerissa minced across the clearing like a plump-breasted blackbird that minces along the top rail of a fence. When she passed the persimmon tree, he staged a charming imitation of Colonel Spottiswoode—rose, took his linen coat from its nail, slipped it on, then sauntered forth to meet the lady.

"De sight o' you sho is good for sore eyes," her ancient beau called ahead. "You's jest as welcome as flowers dat bloom in de spring."

"Aw, quit yo' joshin'!" Lerissa giggled.

"Yo' smile is like sunshine on a rainy day." Gallantly Zack bowed and caught the girl's arm. "But I hates to see you walk. Hates it. Ef I had my way in dis worl', 'twouldn't be nary lady tech her foot to de ground. I'd have 'em rearin' back in ottermobiles wid swarms o' niggers to fan 'em. Sho would."

"Shame on you, Brother Foster. You's burleskin' me." Lerissa spoke with a hitch of excitement, then volunteered the detail that Zack wanted to be assured of: "Pa won't git back till night. He's settin' traps on Coon Lake."

"Den dere's nobody to 'sturb us ontil Alec 'rives about sundown." Zack bent low in courtliness as he held open the screen door. "Enter, lady—enter. My house is yourn." He'd heard the colonel say that.

Lerissa's eyes glittered at sight of the confidential table so tastefully arranged for two. But Zack escorted her first to the big round poker table and pulled out a chair.

"Set right here an' lemme fix you some 'freshment. Sody pop? What color?"

"I loves red—any color jest so it's red."

"An' possible, honey, you mought try a little snack o' sardines? 'Bundance of 'em—'bundance."

"D'ain't no sech thing as a 'bundance o' sardines. I never is et enough."

"You's fixin' to git enough right now." With grandiloquent generosity Old Reliable stacked up half a dozen cans and gave the opener to Lerissa. "Dere you is, lovey dove. Go to it. Go to it."

Happily they drifted down the primrose path of dalliance, snapping bottle caps and crunching crackers until their appetizer on the porch was finished. Then, by lucky chance, Lerissa stepped into the kitchen, where she could not be seen, and Providence directed her gaze through a window. Zack wasn't looking out of the window. His eyes were glued on Lerissa; he saw her gasp, saw her freeze in an attitude of terror; then she muttered:

"Lonesome! I thought he was with pa."

"Lorddlemighty!" Zack ejaculated. A bottle of strawberry pop fell from his hand, rolled over on the floor and gurgled out its red lifeblood. If that bottle had only kicked a time or two it would have behaved exactly like a dying man.

Two hundred yards away, Lonesome swung along, a morose specter from the swamp, head bent forward as an Indian on the warpath, and two bristly beasts behind him. There could be no doubt of his destination or that Lonesome traveled on business.

"Lord! Lord!" Zack squatted and stared through the window. "I wish dat cunnel was here!"

"Wish I was home, sick in bed!" the girl moaned. "What us goin' to do?"

"Dunno. Ef cunnel was here—ef cunnel —— I gotter make Lonesome believe dat cunnel *is* here."

The woman could not escape. For acres around his shack Spottiswoode had cleared the jungle, and Lonesome would surely see her if she left the house.

"I'm skeered." She sank down flabbily beside the stove.

"Git up from dere." Zack snatched Lerissa into the barracks room. "Here. Set on dese bed springs."

"What for?"

"So when Lonesome stands out yonder you kin wiggle till dey squeaks, an' make him think it's cunnel takin' his nap."

"I'm skeered—skeered!"

"Shet up, fool. Do what I tells you."

Frantically Zack gathered a pair of breeches, a hat, boots, and underclothes that fishermen had left hanging against the walls, then took his seat on the porch outside the barracks-room door. Inside, but unseen, the numb and dumb Lerissa cowered.

Through word-o'-mouth espionage the convict heard from spies in town that Zack would be at Solitude alone. So when he flanked the shack and advanced upon its front, Lonesome supposed he'd caught his quarry unawares, for Old Reliable sat between two beds at the barracks door, smiling as he cleaned the dirt from a pair of boots.

The woodsman's eye took in everything—fishing trousers flung across a bed, a shirt, and the white helmet that Colonel Spottiswoode usually wore. On one bed the clothes were thrown back to suggest that a sleeper had just crawled out. To make this idea plainer, when Lonesome drew near enough Zack peered within the doorway and spoke aloud:

"Cunnel, does you like it better in dere? Porch light too strong for yo' headache? Rest easy, suh—rest easy."

Evidently somebody did not rest easy, for the hysterical Lerissa wiggled and the bed springs protested as if some heavy person were tossing about.

"Better lie still, cunnel," Zack advised, then turned and betrayed astonishment at sight of Lonesome. The escaped convict was also taken aback. A white man's presence at camp put an entirely different face on what he planned.

"Howdy?" Zack gave a friendly nod.

The trapper did not answer, and Zack apparently paid no further attention to him where he stood, scowling, with dense black eyes. The dogs scowled, too, on either side of their master, awaiting his order to attack.

"Dere now," Zack thought. "Done got my business in a jam."

From Lonesome's position he could see into the barracks through a door and three windows. But his line of vision did not touch Lerissa. Little by little, inch by inch, all three in a line, the man and dogs moved forward until they stood almost at the wire screen, which afforded no protection.

Zack polished on the boots as the convict demanded, "Ole nigger, does you know who I is?"

"Never seed you afore. I disrecollects."

"You's de kind what blabs to white folks; but keep on disrecollectin' me ef you aims to keep on breathin'."

"Sholy," Zack agreed. "You 'zires to see de cunnel? He's right in here."

"No. What I wants is you."

"Me?"

"Nobody 'cept *you*." The emphasis made Zack shiver.

"What you 'zires wid me?"

"Lissen, old nigger," Lonesome's voice was low and pregnant with hate. "Dey tells me dat you scratches aroun' my pullet—scratches aroun', an' scratches aroun' an' draps yo' wing. Leave her be. Dat's all."

"Shucks!" Zack tried to smile, but stepped inside the barracks because he dreaded that Lerissa might let out a shriek. Of course, Lonesome couldn't see what he did to silence the girl, could only catch his remarks as Zack came out again:

"Cunnel, you say I better make a toddy, suh? Dat'll put you to sleep? . . . No, suh. Nobody here but—but a fisherman. . . . Mix him one? . . . De light pesters you? All right, suh. I'll pull 'em down."

He must lower those shades at either side of the bed, and did it seemingly upon a suggestion from Spottiswoode, at the same time distracting Lonesome by the promise of a toddy.

His noiseless feet went shuffling toward the ice box while Lonesome kept pace outside the screen, and at a sufficient distance whispered, "Gimme mine raw."

"Straight?" Zack forced a laugh. "I'll bet it's been a coon's age since you took yo' licker raw."

"I hears de cunnel has good stuff."

"Sholy. Set dere on de step an' I'll prove it."

Time and tide, and the savage tempers of man alike must await the slow, unhurried mixing of a toddy, the great peacemaker, the lubricator of rough spots. Zack had struck a mighty rough spot, and proceeded with deliberation, in no rush to crack his ice or stir his sugar or speed up his careful measurements. He must play for delay and devise a scheme to get rid of this bloody-minded killer.

At length—at considerable length—he carried a tray along the porch, nodding as he passed. "Set still, I'll fetch yourn."

In a semidarkened barracks the black girl huddled where he'd left her, and two bulging eyes turned upon him like big white marbles when he handed her the glass.

"What you want me to do wid dis?" she questioned.

"Drink it."

"Can't. I'm skeered."

"Den I'll drink it."

Old Reliable tossed down his stimulant and gave back an empty glass with instructions: "Here, gal. Tinkle dis ice after I goes out. Make it rattle."

Ice tinkled noisily behind him as Old Reliable went shuffling along the porch and took up Lonesome's glass from the

(Continued on Page 79)

The pause that refreshes

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

WHAT a joy it is to know there's one great drink that never fails to come across with the whole answer. A drink that serves an ace to thirst and brings a cool, tingling after-sense of refreshment, a feeling of readiness for a fresh start. Right across the country, between and after all games, it's ice-cold Coca-Cola every time. ▼ ▼ And for busy workers, too, how good it is to know the pause that refreshes. ▼ ▼ The wholesome refreshment of Coca-Cola makes a little minute long enough for a big rest.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD

OVER 8 MILLION A DAY

TO GET WHERE IT IS

Guaranteed

to outwear any Tire of equal price

This new tire was tested so thoroughly against other leading makes that we can make this unsurpassable guarantee

OVER a year ago we set out to build a new and greater Miller Geared-to-the-Road Balloon. Word went out to Miller engineers—"Build a tire that will be superior in *every way* to any standard tire now on the market. Build for *longer tread wear.* Make it *non-skid.* Give us a superior tire the great majority of car owners can afford to buy. And give us *facts—not claims*—on which to sell it."

The tire was built. In appearance it met every demand we had made. In tread thickness it surpassed any tire of equal price we know of. In tire design it so nearly approximated the now famous Miller De Luxe Balloon that we accepted it without question. No more efficient non-skid tread has ever been built.

Then to Florida with the fleet

But road wear is the real test—so the Miller Test Fleet took the new tire to Florida, where varying conditions create murderous wear on tire treads.

Roads of abrasive slag and sharp crushed shell, which grind off tread rubber many times faster than ordinary pavements—steady hot weather and little rain—additional causes of fast wear.

And then to make it worse, tires were overloaded 30% and underinflated 25%—a grueling test of carcass strength as well as of tread mileage.

For six months they drove the new Geared-to-the-Road under these abusive conditions—averaging 650 to 700 miles per car every 24 hours. Average road speed, 50 miles per hour. At such a speed Florida roads act like a huge grindstone on tire treads.

L. C. ROCKHILL
Vice President and General Sales Manager of the Miller Rubber Co., known throughout the tire industry for 22 years as one of the progressive leaders.

For six months our engineers tested on the Florida roads. In the laboratory—improving—rebuilding—retesting. Incessantly seeking perfection.

And at the end of our road-testing—after the new tire had covered nearly *3,000,000 miles*—they told us they were confident that the tread on this new tire would *outwear that of any standard tire ever built.*

Such a statement could never be made as a mere claim. *So we asked for proof.*

Then the amazing test

Back on the Florida highways went the Test Fleet. This time with tires of other leading makers—well-known tires, all of them, and of good quality reputation. We selected the biggest-selling tires—those which in total, as nearly as we can estimate, comprise about 85% of all the tires sold in America.

We put one of each make on cars opposite the new GTR. Drove them with the same load—the same drivers—at the same speeds—on the same roads.

Every day we reversed them from wheel to wheel—from right to left, and vice versa—to make this an absolutely fair test.

WM. F. PFEIFFER
President of the Miller Rubber Co., whose leadership is now reflected in the greatest standard tire ever built.

The results have amazed us—as they will amaze you. You may check them for yourself in the comparison chart at the right.

In every case the new Geared-to-the-Road outlasted and outwore the competitive tire. And at the end of the entire test not one Miller Tire carcass had failed.

These are not mere claims

They are actual scientific tests—conducted in your interests, to conquer an important problem.

Fast tread wear is the big bugbear today for everyone who sells or uses balloon tires. Rapid starts, quick stops, higher road speeds, demand new quality in tire treads.

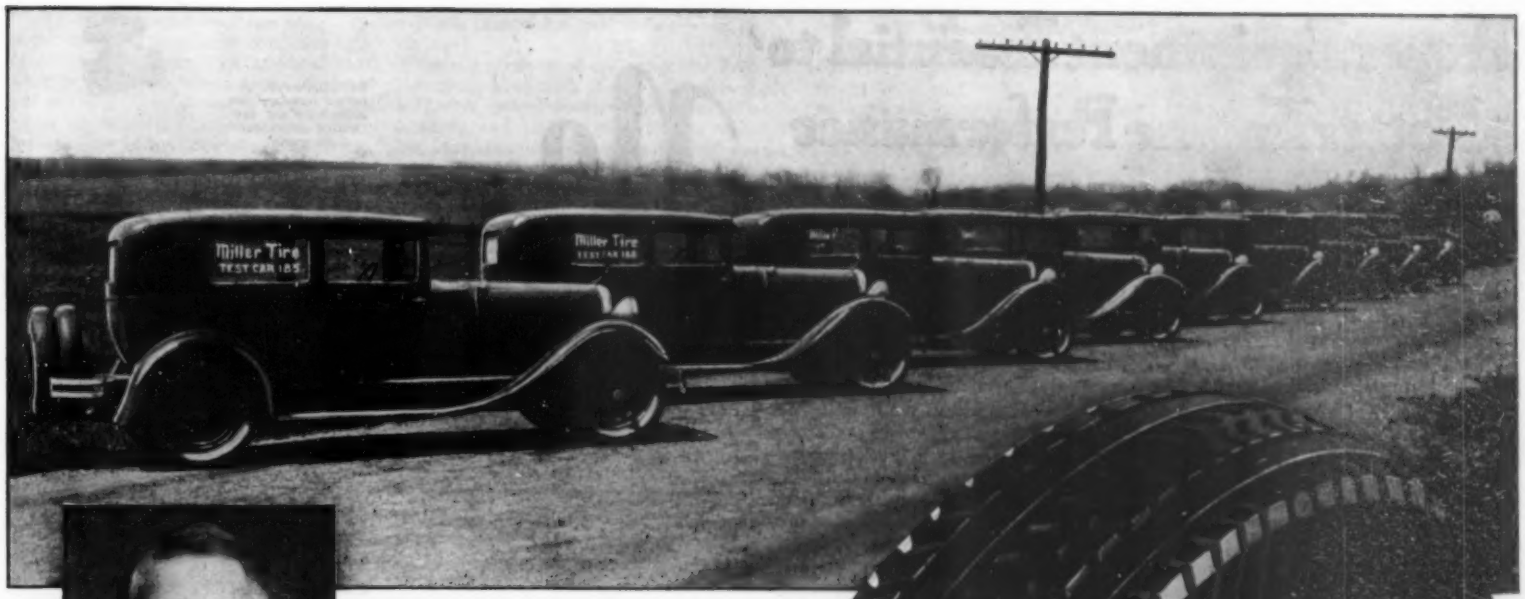
Now—no matter what service you may have had from treads on first quality tires of equal price—you will get more from these new Geared-to-the-Roads.

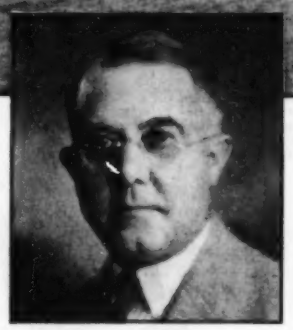
You will drive them farther before they wear smooth than any tire of comparable price you can buy today.

You will have a superior degree of non-skid protection, and you will keep it longer.

MI

TIRES · TUBES · ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS · DRUG SUNDRIES · BATHING WEAR





R. T. GRIFFITHS
Vice President in Charge of Production—the man responsible for the development of this unsurpassable tire. Above—the Miller Fleet that made this remarkable scientific test.

And you will have a tire carcass just as strong and as durable as the tread—a carcass that withstood overload and underinflation which proved ruinous to many of the competitive tires.

In short, you will have an experience in tire satisfaction, the equal of which you cannot buy in any tire of equal price. *Not claims—facts.*

* * *

Available now in all popular sizes, at Miller dealers. Standard four-ply for ordinary service conditions; special six-ply heavy construction, for use where overloads must be carried and service is severe.

How the New Geared-to-the-Road Compared with the Biggest-Selling Tires in America

Taking mileage of New Miller as 100%

Tire No. 1 ran 93.9%	Tire No. 7 ran 51.4%
Tire No. 2 ran 85.7%	Tire No. 8 ran 45.8%
Tire No. 3 ran 68.0%	Tire No. 9 ran 40.3%
Tire No. 4 ran 67.0%	Tire No. 10 ran 38.5%
Tire No. 5 ran 61.5%	Tire No. 11 ran 36.6%
Tire No. 6 ran 58.7%	Tire No. 12 ran 33.9%

Tire No. 13 ran 25.4%

NOTE: Figures on competitive tires represent the point at which tires went out of service either from carcass failure or with treads worn smooth. The New Miller outwore competitive tires in every instance.

LLER

GUARANTEE

We guarantee this tire to outwear any other tire of equal price when run under the same conditions.

THE MILLER RUBBER CO. of N.Y.
Akron, Ohio, U. S. A.

SHUGLOV FOOT-GEAR · RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS · MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

Proper Equipment Essential to Better Engine Performance

PERFORMANCE in a motor car is the proud boast of any motorist. A new car delivered to an owner is in the very best possible condition. To maintain that high average of performance depends entirely upon the owner.

Certain vital elements compose equipment that is essential to the maintenance of engine performance and efficiency.

Gas and oil are essential to the life of the motor car. But it should not be just any gas or any oil. For the fuel and lubrication are the diet on which the life of cars and engines depends. There is a proper lubricant, particularly adapted to take care of the needs of your engine, whether it be automotive, marine, aircraft, or stationary.

The lubrication of vital friction points is essential to prolonged and uninterrupted service from any mechanical thing. Factories having great power plants and machine shops have long since learned the value of lubrication in maintaining efficiency, so that eternal vigilance on this score is the law.

In the engine itself certain vital parts occasionally need replacement to take care of normal wear.

If an engine begins to lose compression, it loses power, speed and acceleration. It is wasteful of both gas and oil. Crankcase dilution is a threat to all bearing surfaces. All 'round efficiency is greatly impaired.

The trouble may be either in pistons or valves. "Sloppy" pistons lose compression, as do sluggish, improperly seating valves. By the simple expedient of installing new piston rings, and grinding, or replacing burned and warped valves, new car performance is restored and the life of the car greatly prolonged.

A fan belt may be an insignificant appearing article of equipment. But it is vitally essential to the cooling of the motor. Occasional inspection of the fan belt will tell you when a new one is needed, and forestall both trouble and a possible repair bill later.

Ignition cables are subject to disintegration through heat, oil and water. The insulation becomes cracked, and current is wasted to the detriment of the spark at the spark plug points. The renewal of these cables from time to time insures delivery of a full capacity spark which in turn is the best assurance of full power development.

The spark plugs in your engine are the ultimate source of power. On them depends the igniting and burning of the compressed gas in the cylinder. Spark plugs are often blamed for trouble for which they are not responsible. Faulty distributor points, worn out ignition cables, "sloppy" pistons and sticking valves, individually or collectively, will account in the great majority of cases for serious losses in power.

However, if the spark plugs have seen service in excess of 10,000 miles they should be changed. For all spark plugs, no matter how well made they may be, are subject to deterioration under the tremendous stress and temperatures of modern engines.

High compression deals out tremendous hammer-like blows to spark plugs. They are subject to the ravages of both intense heat and chemical reactions.

These conditions cause a weakening of the spark. The burning of the gas is only partially complete, and the unburned gas is wasted through the exhaust. Power and performance are greatly impaired.

New spark plugs every 10,000 miles improve power and performance. And the Champion Spark Plug Company says in all sincerity that a complete new set of Champions—the spark plug with the exclusive sillimanite insulator—costs you nothing, for they quickly pay for themselves in gas and oil saved.

No Engine is better than its Spark Plugs

Champion—the accepted standard for automotive use, outselling throughout the world.

Champion Aviation spark plug. Revolutionary in principle, design and performance.

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(Continued from Page 74)

poker table. The scheme was cunningly contrived. It seemed an accident that when he opened the screen door and passed out a drink, Zack showed a quart bottle under his left arm. Lonesome bolted the liquor at one gulp. It whetted his craving, and what happened was foreordained.

"Jest lissen to dat?" Zack grinned and held the door ajar, nodding backward to the jingle of ice. "Cunnel sho loves to make a fuss over his toddy."

A thoughtless turn exposed Zack's left side, and with lightning quickness Lonesome grabbed the quart.

"Here, you! Gimme dat!"

"Hush!" The convict silenced Old Reliable. "Ef you calls dat white man I'll blow a hole through you."

The gun shifted into position, and Zack hushed as Lonesome raised his bottle for one generous swig.

"Ugh! Dat's good. I ain't et nothin' today."

Ten feet outside the screen Lonesome sat down on a stump, while Zack resumed his job of polishing. When the springs creaked again he shook his head and spoke audibly:

"Cunnel sho is onrestless. Hope he'll feel better befo' Doctor Wailes gits here, an' Sheriff Morgan."

"You say de sheriff's comin?" Lonesome inquired, but without alarm.

"Sholy. Him an' a heap mo' white gen'lemen. Liable to 'rive 'most any minute."

"Quit yo' lyin'," the convict sneered. "White folks ain't comin' till tomorrow. I knows."

Lonesome abominated white men, and Zack had hoped that he would leave. He did start away, moved off several times, but drifted back to settle on the stump, his dogs beside him, and three pairs of staring eyes made Zack feel mighty skittish. Twice again the bottle was upturned. It must be running low. Did Lonesome aim to sit there all day? So, even when Alec came with the truck, Zack couldn't go home and leave Lerissa.

Again the quart went bottom up; then Lonesome tossed aside the empty. He began to droop. His gun kept slipping to the ground. Again and again a fumbling hand picked up the gun. He gazed at Zack a long time; then rose unsteadily and beckoned him to the screen door.

"See here, ole nigger," the convict whispered. "I never lies to nobody. Hand me out one mo' drink—a big un—an' I'll go."

"Ain't foolin'?"

"On de level."

For the stirrup cup Zack used an iced-tea goblet to mix a sweet toddy, with an overdose of sugar. On top of a straight quart, it should complete the tangle of any man's legs.

Greedy lips drained it, and Lonesome did not utter a word, but stiffened himself with a shiver as he started around toward the rear.

"Lord—Lord! I sho is thankful." Old Reliable dropped into a chair and watched him. "He's goin'. No, he ain't gone. Dere now!"

The gasp came when Lonesome, instead of traveling back to the swamp, first peered through the open door of the cook's cabin, then stumbled inside.

"Dere now!" Zack repeated breathlessly.

Both dogs crept after their master and no sound emerged from the cabin. After a period of anxious listening, Zack hurried to Lerissa.

"Is Lonesome gone?" she asked.

"No. Stopped in Henry's cabin. Mebbe he's drunk an' sleep. Better run. Run."

"I'm skeered." The girl shook her head. "You go look. Ef he's sleep, git de gun; but Lonesome's a mighty artful nigger."

Zack had no hanker to spy on the convict, and tried to see what he might discover from the kitchen window. But Henry's cabin fronted north and Zack could not see within.

"Git out o' dis house"—Lerissa gave him a shove—"an' go look."

"Quit pushin' me, gal. I dassent make no fuss."

Around a corner of the porch Old Reliable skirmished with excessive prudence, both ears cocked forward like a rabbit's, listening, and ready to run. He saw nothing, heard nothing. Even the dogs did not stir. A menacing stillness hung about that cabin. Nearer, nearer he ventured, then caught a sound—a snore.

Cautiously Zack maneuvered and peeped into the room where Lonesome had tumbled face downward across Henry's bed, with arms outflung. The big brindle dog had got in bed with his master, the other curled against a wall.

Old Reliable might have suspected a trick, except for one convincing fact—the gun. Lonesome had dropped his weapon as he staggered in. It lay on the floor, its butt almost at the threshold.

"Ugh!" Zack grunted. "Ef 'twarn't for dem dogs. But I got to—I got to."

He edged along close beside the cabin, rolling up a sleeve. Nearer, nearer the door, not the scraping of a foot, not a breath to wake the dogs. The silence of man against the vigilance of brutes. Outside the door, Zack knelt. A long naked arm reached in—an arm that stretched like rubber. And when that arm returned, very, very slowly, it brought the gun.

"Now!" Old Reliable backed off, sweating, shaky. His task had utterly absorbed him. Having eyes and ears only for the cook's room, he failed to hear a steady hum that grew louder, louder.

"Huh!" he snorted. "What make Alec 'rive so brief? Whyn't he give Lerissa a chance to leave dese premises?"

Too late. The car was upon him, and Zack darted inside to warn the girl. "Here comes a ottermobile."

"Glory be! Who's in it?"

"Dunno. You keep hid. Den make yo' gitaway."

Luckily Old Reliable did not suffer from an organic weakness of the heart, else his reactions within the next thirty seconds might have proved fatal, first with joy at sight of Colonel Spottiswoode himself driving around the bend—a Rock of Ages in whose presence neither fear nor peril could endure. He was saved—saved from Lonesome. But—but on the rear seat sat Selina—Selina, the belligerent wife of his bosom, Selina who didn't need any of Zack's bosom. She had an amplitude of her own.

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned; and dodged back to where the paralyzed Lerissa inquired: "Who—who—who dat come?"

"Seliny! She'll ack like a wild ooman! Here, fool! Hide in dis closet! Quick!"

One frenzied swing of his arm flung the girl headlong upon a stack of mattresses and blankets. Then Zack locked the door, pocketed the key, and dashed out through the kitchen with glad cries of welcome: "Lemme help, Seliny! Lemme help!"

"Come on." The colonel beckoned. "Miss Betty's friends have changed their minds. Five ladies and nine men will reach here tomorrow."

"Fine, cunnel. I loves to wait on ladies."

"Shet up, Zack"—Selina jerked his arm—"an' tote dese bundles in de house."

She hung her husband with packages until he looked like an overcrowded hatrack, as the colonel remarked, "Then, Zack, you may clear out the barracks room. Selina will make down five beds in there for our ladies."

"Lord-amighty!" Zack staggered and dropped his load.

"Pick up dem things," Selina ordered. "Us got to hurry."

Hurry! Through five whirligig minutes Old Reliable hurried like a crazy man, running about in rings, while Selina took stock of her kitchen and Colonel Spottiswoode inspected the barracks.

No place was safe. On the porch Selina demanded, "Zack, what two people been eatin' off dis table?"

Which Old Reliable didn't hear, for he rushed back to Colonel Spottiswoode in the barracks room.

"Zack," the boss suggested, "better carry these empty beds and cots to the woodshed. . . . Oh, Selina, bring the closet key."

The husband's kinks began to rise, and chills went zigzagging up his spine as he grabbed a folding cot and hustled to the woodshed.

No safety there, for Selina yelled, "You, Zack! Come here. Where's dis closet key?"

"Ain't had it," Zack lied, and remained outside.

"Come here, ole nigger."

Her shivering husband shuffled into the barracks barely three seconds ahead of a fit, when Selina confronted him, with fists planted upon her massive hips.

"Look me in de face. Ef you ain't had dat key, den how'd you make up dem beds on de porch?"

"Never made 'em up. Dem beds was ready when I got here."

"Zack, you'd ruther tell a lie on credick dan de troof fer cash. I got a notion to bust yo' nappy head."

"No, no, no." The amiable colonel stepped between. "We haven't time to quarrel. If the key is lost get an ax and break the door."

The key at the bottom of his pocket shuddered, just as Lerissa shuddered in the closet when Zack screamed his protest: "You mustn't break dis nice new door! No, suh, cunnel! No, suh!"

"We can have it repaired. Go get the ax."

"But, cunnel—cunnel ——"

"Go—get—that—ax!"

Blindly Old Reliable blundered out to the woodpile—and stayed, and stayed, and stayed until Selina shouted:

"You, Zack! Hurry here wid dat ax!"

"Can't find nary ax."

"Huh! You's too wuthless for yo' vittles to taste good. I kin find it." Competent Selina burst out of doors to where Zack was tentatively stirring chips with his toe. "Stop dat," she snapped. "No ax under dem chips. Mebbe Henry sot it inside his cabin."

Carelessly Colonel Spottiswoode came strolling along his porch and noticed Zack doing nothing in particular, stricken dumb as he watched Selina bustling toward the cook's house. Then both men witnessed a miracle. Something stopped Selina, actually halted her at Henry's door—two brindled brutes that snarled with bare white fangs.

"Zack," Spottiswoode exclaimed, "those are Lonesome's dogs!"

"Yas, suh. I aimed to tell you, suh. I got him in dere."

"What? You've got Lonesome? In that room?"

"Sholy, suh. Drunk an' sleep. Got his gun too."

The screen door slammed violently and Spottiswoode rushed out.

"Come away, Selina." He pulled her back, and himself saw the sleeper. "Here, Zack, bring my automatic gun. Buckshot shells."

"Yas, suh."

The colonel waited with Selina while nimble Zack darted into the barracks room, unlocked the closet and roused a half-dead Lerissa:

"Gal, dis is yo' chance to run! Dey's bofe at Henry's cabin! Keep dis house twixt you an' them!" He pushed her through the screen door. "Run, nigger—run! Ugh! Never before is I got so sick of a ooman."

Like a flying streak Lerissa had already vanished among the brushwood when Zack placed the deadliest of weapons in the colonel's hand.

"Better bring me a chair," the white man suggested. "I may have to sit here and guard this door for a long time. You take a dugout and paddle down to Mr. Butterfield's. That's the nearest phone. Tell Mr. Butterfield to notify the sheriff. But, Zack, how did you happen to capture Lonesome?"

(Continued on Page 81)

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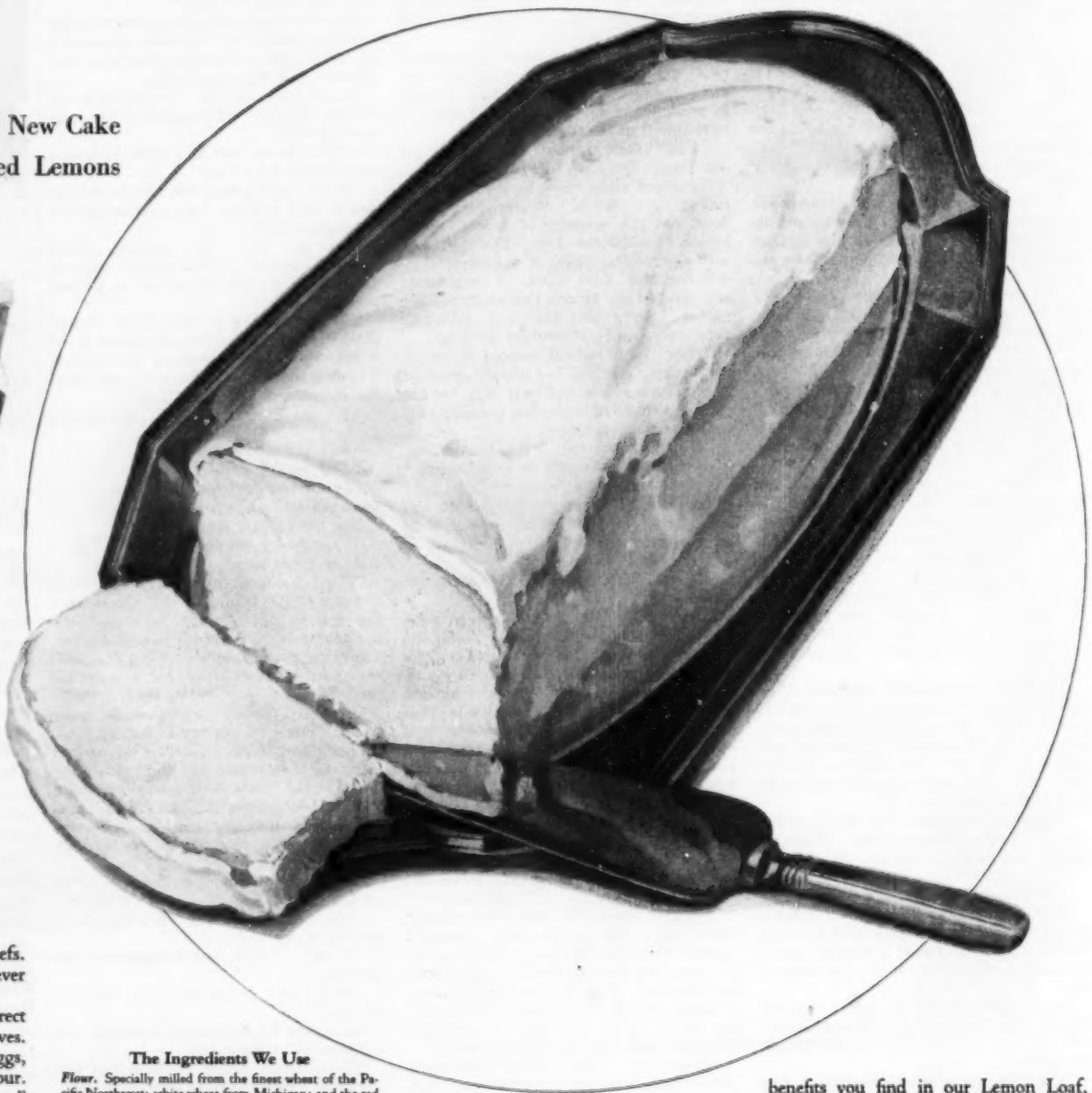

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FIVE CENTS FOR TWO!

Hostess Cake

BAKERS ALSO OF WONDER BREAD AND WONDER PAN ROLLS

(Continued from Page 79)

"Easy, cunnel." Old Reliable cut one eye at his unbelieving wife. "Lonesome got hongry an' come here. I acted mighty nice, sot dat little table an' fed him on sardines. Opened yo' seegyars an' whisky. Kep' pourin' drinks ontil I could wrastle his gun away from him. Den he went to sleep."

"Well, Zack, do you realize that you will collect several dollars' reward for making the capture?"

"Yas, suh. I figgered an' cornsidered dat it mought be wuth 'bout sev'l hundred, mo' or less."

"Weren't you scared of him?"

"Lord, no, cunnel. It don't pester me none to bluff a nigger like dat."

BOATS WITH WINGS

(Continued from Page 23)

Among the flying boats and amphibian lines operated as this is written are those between Wilmington, California, and Catalina Island; between Seattle, Washington, and Victoria, British Columbia; and between New Orleans and Pilottown, on the Gulf of Mexico. Operations on the Atlantic seaboard include lines between Miami and Nassau, and Miami, Havana and Tela. It was in this country, incidentally, that probably the first of the scheduled flying-boat services was established—between Key West and Havana shortly after the war. Later the service included flights between Key West and Miami, and from Miami to Bimini, Nassau, Palm Beach and elsewhere. Extracts from a report of the operating company to the Navy Department Bureau of Aeronautics which cover the period from November 15, 1921, to March 15, 1922, indicate the value of the flying boat in such service at even that early period. According to the report, out of the 740 scheduled flights undertaken, all but five were completed, and those defaults were due entirely to unfavorable weather conditions. The total number of passenger miles covered in the period was 268,535 and the total number of hours flown 640. Despite this high total, not one passenger or employe was injured. Further reports show that in a period of eighteen months the seaplane operating company carried a total of 10,700 passengers without one mishap. That the company later suspended its services was undoubtedly due to the fact that the public had not at that early period become air-minded. As a pioneer it demonstrated emphatically, however, the practicability of the flying boat as a common carrier.

Before discussing the further possibilities for flying-boat operation in the United States it might be well to define this type of craft. Airplanes capable of arising from or alighting on water may be divided into three types: First, the seaplane; second, the flying boat; and third, the amphibian. The seaplane resembles the land airplane, except that it is equipped with one or more pontoons instead of wheels. The boat seaplane, or flying boat, as defined by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, is "a form of seaplane having for its central portion a boat or hull which provides flotation in addition to serving as a fuselage"—in other words, a boat equipped with wings. The amphibian may be described as a seaplane or a flying boat fitted with retractable wheels which fold into the hull or wings when the craft floats on the water, and extend as landing gear when the craft operates from solid ground. Often the first two, and sometimes the third, are referred to under the general title of seaplane.

The London-to-India Seaplanes

Of these types, the actual seaplane, because of its speed and construction, is now best fitted for naval purposes, such as torpedo carrying, scouting, and the like. The flying boat—and with it the flying-boat-type amphibian—because of heavier construction, greater size, seaworthiness, safety and other factors, is highly adaptable to commercial purposes. It has demonstrated its ability to ride out storms on the sea as well as in the air; it is capable of carrying heavy burdens, and its roominess offers comfort to passengers and great space for pay loads.

As a commerce carrier the large flying boat is more efficient than the large land plane. Many experts believe it offers better opportunity for the future development of huge aircraft than does the plane operating from the ground. The effect of increasing the size of a land machine, which, in order to maintain its ability to take off quickly, must preserve the balance between horse power and surface loading, is a rapid increase in structure weight after a certain size is reached. The flying boat may escape this by increasing the minimum speed and decreasing the angle of climb. Thus, because rivers, bays, lakes and seas offer the flying boat almost unlimited room for maneuvering before and after flight, it may be designed with a higher landing speed than is possible in land machines of the same size, which must consider the possibility of landing in or climbing out of the restricted area of airports and emergency fields. And, since the flying boat has no local obstructions or mountain ranges to surmount, it need not be designed to climb quickly or to attain great altitudes. These things, in turn, mean that a higher wing loading—the proportion of weight to wing area—and a greater load per horse power may be achieved, and with them, of course, an increased carrying capacity—the determining factor in profitable operation. The flying boat has also a better ratio between lift—the weight the wing area can support—and drag—the total resistance of force that must be overcome in horizontal flight—than has the land plane.

Just how capacious and comfortable commercial flying boats may be is demonstrated by the air liners recently built for the British London-to-India line. These planes are of all-metal construction, with a wing span of ninety-three feet. Fully loaded, the weight is just over nine tons, of which 7600 pounds is pay load, and the range approximately 500 miles at 100 miles an hour. This range can be increased to 740 miles by taking on extra gasoline. The top speed of each ship is 120 miles an hour, the landing speed 57.5 miles. Each plane can climb to a ceiling of 10,000 feet at a speed of 800 feet per minute at sea level; decreasing, of course, as the rarer air of high altitudes is reached. Trimotored for safety, each can fly safely on any two of its engines.

Probably the most interesting feature of the craft is represented by passenger accommodations. A large cabin six feet six inches wide, six feet three inches high, and seventeen feet long affords comfortable space for fifteen travelers. In back of this is space for 3540 pounds of baggage, food and water. Lavatory accommodations and a small cooking galley are also contained in the hull. The passengers' seats are arranged three abreast, and permit a view through six oval portholes on each side. They are equipped with air cushions, which not only assure comfort but are convertible to emergency life belts. Each plane carries a crew of three, including a pilot, a relief pilot and navigator and a cook steward. In front of the cabin is a wireless compartment equipped with sending, receiving and direction-finding apparatus and necessary navigation instruments. At a still higher level forward is the pilot's cockpit. Mooring equipment is stowed in the nose of the hull.

The French, on their Mediterranean lines, have used large seaworthy flying boats equipped with as many as five engines of 420 horse power each. Some of the most modern planes have comfortable seating accommodations for twenty passengers in addition to pilot and crew. A modern German flying boat has two compartments for passengers—one in the bow, with accommodations for eleven persons, and another farther aft, with accommodations for eight. This craft—a monoplane type—is equipped with four 500-horse-power motors. Apart from passenger arrangements, it has a covered pilot's compartment, a wireless operator and navigator's compartment, an engineer's compartment, a luggage compartment, and is equipped with an auxiliary wireless aerial permitting the use of the apparatus when the ship is on the water. To assure seaworthiness, the hull is subdivided into watertight sections, similar to those of the large ocean greyhounds. Its maximum speed is 136 miles per hour and its cruising speed 112. European designers have announced their intention of surpassing even this design by constructing boats capable of carrying 100 or more passengers and driven by twelve engines, and actual work is reported to be under way on a number of them. How they will perform only the future can tell.

American Water-Air Routes

In the United States both the Navy and private enterprise have constructed huge flying boats of great cargo-carrying capacity. One patrol type now in use by the Navy can carry a crew of five men included in a useful load of 12,531 pounds, while maintaining a maximum speed of 125 miles per hour for 11.9 hours or a cruising speed of 80 miles an hour for 23.7 hours. By reducing the fuel load, and with it the radius of action, this craft could, of course, be readily converted into a commerce carrier capable of transporting a score of passengers over distances of 800 miles or more. Plans have been drawn to furnish the planes with berths offering comfortable sleeping accommodations for twenty persons in anticipation of their use in night flying.

It is most interesting to speculate on the possible uses of such aircraft in this country. Five important routes suggest themselves immediately: the Atlantic Coast, the Gulf ports, the Great Lakes, the Mississippi Valley, and the Pacific Coast. Regularly scheduled flying boats on the Atlantic Coast line, starting at Portland, Maine, and maintaining an average speed of 100 miles an hour, could reach Boston in 1¼ hours, Newport in 3¼ hours, New York in 5¼ hours, Cape May in 7¼ hours and Norfolk in 9¼ hours. From Cape May, feeder-line flying boats could transfer passengers to Philadelphia in one hour by way of Delaware Bay and the Delaware River. Similar transfers could be made for Baltimore and Washington. From Norfolk the southern branch of the line would reach Wilmington, North Carolina, in 2½ hours, Charleston in 4¼ hours, Savannah in 5½ hours, St. Augustine in 7¼ hours, Miami in 10¼ hours, and Key West in 12¼ hours.

On the Gulf line, aircraft from Key West could carry passengers the 600 miles to Mobile in 6 hours; the 650 miles to New Orleans in 6½ hours, and the 850 miles to Galveston in 8½ hours.

A Great Lakes flying boat, starting at Buffalo, could reach Toronto in 36 minutes, Rochester in one hour, Montreal in 3½ hours and Quebec in 5 hours. Flying west, similar craft could disembark passengers at Cleveland in 2 hours, and at Detroit in 3½ hours. From Chicago they could reach Milwaukee in one hour, Grand Haven in 1¼ hours and Mackinac in 4 hours.

On the Mississippi Valley routes planes proceeding north from St. Louis could fly to Davenport in 2½ hours and to St. Paul and Minneapolis in less than six. Proceeding south from St. Louis, they could carry passengers to Memphis in 3 hours, to New Orleans in 7½ hours. On the Missouri River route, Kansas City would be only

(Continued on Page 83)

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BABY CARRIAGES AND FURNITURE

MENOMINEE, MICHIGAN
ORILLIA, CANADA

(Continued from Page 81)

3 hours away and, by way of the Illinois River, Chicago could be reached in 3½ hours. A south-bound line from Chicago to New Orleans could stop at St. Louis and still schedule Memphis in 7½ hours and New Orleans in 12, while, by utilizing other routes, it could offer passenger facilities to St. Paul in 5 hours and to Kansas City in 7½ hours.

Along the West Coast flying-boat service operating south from San Francisco could touch Carmel Bay in one hour, Santa Barbara in 4 hours, San Pedro in 5 hours, and San Diego in 6¼ hours.

All these suggested schedules are based on an average speed of 100 miles an hour, but they might vary slightly according to the type of aircraft used and the winds encountered. By comparing them, however, with the present-day steamship transport over many of the same coast-line routes, or even with railway travel paralleling the river courses, the great saving in time effected can readily be realized.

The station stops listed above are, of course, only suggestive of the many communities which could be served by such lines. Since the flying boat has available landing space along every foot of its route, any water-front community, however small, is a potential station for the embarkation or discharge of passengers and freight, utilizing either existing dock facilities or small boats putting out from shore. The land plane, which demands carefully graded and designed airports, is, of course, far more limited in the number of its possible landings and consequently in the service it can offer the smaller towns. Even in larger communities along its route the flying boat could frequently enjoy the advantage of being able to utilize pier facilities nearer the heart of the city than an airport necessarily built on the outskirts. An example of this is evident at New Orleans, where flying boats may land within a twelve-minute ride of the center of the city, while land planes use a field which requires forty-five minutes to reach by ground transportation. The element of economy also enters into the situation. Flying-boat hangars and repair shops need not be at the most convenient and central terminal. They can be situated some miles away where land is cheaper, thus effecting a great saving in overhead costs.

An Airport All Along the Route

The safety factor involved in the flying boat's ability to land at any time is a most important consideration. Even with damaged wings or motors, the craft is still safe, and can taxi or be towed to shore. The NC-3, which proceeded to the Azores through high seas for a distance of 205 miles after it had been forced down in the first transatlantic flight, demonstrated as early as 1919 the seaworthiness of such craft. The PN-9, which was forced down by lack of fuel during an attempted West Coast-Hawaiian flight in 1925, offered further evidence of the ability of flying boats to withstand forced landings. As the engines could not function, the crew rigged a sail from the wing fabric and leeboards from the flooring and sailed a course for eight days toward their destination. But for the fact that a submarine found the craft and took it in tow as it was entering a harbor, members of the crew would undoubtedly have navigated it safely to the land. Another of the PN type demonstrated the sturdiness of flying-boat construction during the same flight. Forced down by a broken oil line while heavily loaded with fuel early in the attempt, it struck the water with such force that its gas tanks were mushroomed by the impact. Yet the hull withstood the shock so well that the flying boat was towed safely more than 300 miles to San Francisco without danger to either ship or crew. Courtney, Locatelli and, on one occasion, De Pinedo, all owe their escapes from death in transatlantic-flight attempts to the seaworthiness demonstrated by their flying-boat hulls after forced landings at sea.

The United States does not stand alone in geographic conditions favorable to the successful commercial operation of flying boats. The type would be equally serviceable on the Rhine, the Danube, the Nile, the Amazon, among the island groups of the Caribbean and the South Pacific, and around the coasts of many countries. Flying-boat lines are, in fact, either operating or preparing to operate over several of these routes.

Wherever used, the flying boat's advantages are much the same: Ability to land at virtually any point along its course without the need of expensive airports or emergency fields; ability to follow courses marked by the rivers and coast lines themselves, without the need of directional signs and lights, and to offer maximum safety to passengers. Fog—one of the airman's most dreaded enemies—is less of a hazard to flying boats than to land planes. Along river routes it often marks the course by lying close over the stream. More important, however, is the fact that the pilot is less fearful of squashing down to a landing through fog when he knows that beneath him is a broad river or bay to land on than if he must guess at the boundaries of an obscured airport or emergency field.

De Pinedo's Flights

These factors are important not only in populous communities but in undeveloped areas such as portions of Africa and South America, where natural obstacles and remoteness from materials and labor make the construction of landing fields an almost impossible task, and where a forced landing in a land plane would almost certainly mean disaster. Yet even in those hinterlands, natural airways are ready for the flying boat. The Nile, the Zambesi and the Congo, in Africa; the Amazon, the Orinoco and the Paraná in South America, all served in turn by tributaries, can and have been safely followed by adequately equipped planes capable of landing on their waters. Flying boats of the amphibian type can, of course, cross in many places from one river system to another with a minimum of danger. Even when wheels are lacking, it is not impossible to bring a flying boat down safely on land. The hulls and wings may, of course, be damaged, but crew and passengers, protected by the sturdy construction and the ability of the hull to skid along the ground, will in most cases escape injury. This ability of flying boats to land on solid ground has been demonstrated on numerous occasions. During one of his early long-distance flights, Commander de Pinedo was forced to land in Holland because of engine trouble. To avoid endangering the heavy traffic on a canal which he was following, he brought his plane down in a near-by meadow without injury to either ship or crew.

Many notable exploits stand to the credit of seaplanes and flying boats since the first of their type was introduced in 1911, when Glenn Curtiss attached a float to one of his land machines. By 1914 the new craft had been developed to so efficient an instrument that the America, first of a line of multi-motored seaplanes, was built for the purpose of flying across the Atlantic. Although the outbreak of war prevented this attempt, the America was purchased and used by the British, and many other seaplanes and flying boats were constructed for naval service.

Undoubtedly the most famous of these ships was the NC-4, the first aircraft to fly across the Atlantic. Since its exploit, numerous other long and successful flights have been accomplished by flying boats. In 1921 the Santa Maria, one of the planes used in the Florida-Havana service, completed an interesting 8000-mile flight along the coasts and over the interior of the United States without injury to ship, crew or passengers. Starting from Key West, it flew up the Atlantic Coast to New York, then to Montreal by way of the Hudson River, Lake George, Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence. From Canada it crossed the Great Lakes to Chicago, whence it followed the Illinois and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans, and the Gulf Coast back to Key West. In 1924 the United States Navy flying boat PN-7 completed a 17,000-mile flight which started and ended at the Philadelphia Navy Yard and included maneuvers with the fleet off Culebra and mapping duties along the Caribbean. It was the first United States Navy airplane to fly to South America and back.

In 1925 Commander Francesco de Pinedo of Italy, with a mechanic, completed his extraordinary 35,000-mile voyage in a flying boat from Rome to Melbourne to Tokio, and back to Rome, with only one change of engines. Two years later he made his still more amazing flight from Rome to America and back, covering a distance of 25,200 miles. On this flight Pinedo, after crossing the Mediterranean, followed the west coast of Africa, turned across the Atlantic and arrived at Fernando de Noronha, off the northwestern coast of South America. Thence he flew to Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires, and turned toward the United States. His route included an overland course to the Caribbean Sea and Havana. From Havana he flew to New Orleans and thence to the Roosevelt Dam in Arizona, where the plane was accidentally destroyed by fire while on exhibition on the ground. In a new craft he flew from New York City, by way of the Atlantic Seaboard, Gulf of Mexico, Mississippi River, Great Lakes and St. Lawrence, to Newfoundland, and across the Atlantic to the Azores, and back to Rome.

Flying on Schedule

Another flying boat, the Ne Plus Ultra, was piloted across the Atlantic to South America in 1926 by Commander Ramon Franco, the Spanish aviator, and four companions, who left Palos on January twenty-second and arrived at Buenos Aires on February tenth, after stops at the Canary Islands, the Cape Verde Islands, Fernando de Noronha, Pernambuco, and Rio de Janeiro, all in perfect accordance with a rigidly fixed schedule. It was in 1926, too, that a Spanish squadron of three flying boats made its notable 4400-mile flight down the coast of Africa to Spanish Guinea.

In 1927 the French pilot, Guilbaud, completed his 13,190-mile flight from Marseilles to Timbuktu, Khartum, Constantinople, Malta and Paris, and the Portuguese, Sarmiento de Beires, flew from Lisbon to Rio de Janeiro. Later De Beires again crossed the South Atlantic from Africa to Brazil.

A number of important long-distance trips were completed by British flying boats in 1927 and 1928. The first of these was the 20,000-mile flight by Sir Alan Cobham from England around Africa and back to Plymouth; another, the Royal Air Force expedition to India and Australia.

This does not exhaust the list of flying-boat accomplishments, but it indicates how serviceable the type has proved in flights demanding both safety and endurance.

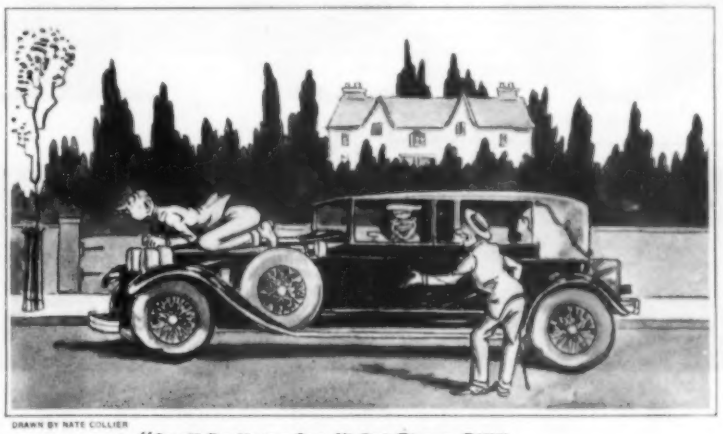
A Current All-Metal Model

Flying boats have been built in various sizes, from 2500-pound types equipped with 100-horse-power engines to 48,000-pound giants propelled by multiple motors aggregating 2000 horse power. Their landing speed varies from forty to sixty miles an hour and their high speed in flight from eighty to 140 miles. A notable improvement accomplished within recent years was the change from wooden to metal—usually duralumin—hulls, which are not only lighter but avoid the added weight caused by water soakage and leakage. A present United States Navy patrol type, which holds world's seaplane records for distance and duration flying, has a metal-sheathed hull with longitudinal bulb angle sections and transverse bulkheads, frames and stiffeners. The hull is divided into five watertight compartments so spaced that full-size berths may be built between any two.

The bottom is designed to withstand an average load of one pound per square inch, with a factor of eight. Wing-tip floats are of similar construction. Two engines, of approximately 500 horse power each, are carried in monocoque nacelles between the wings, which carry the stresses through the skin instead of through a tubular construction. Wing and tail structures are somewhat similar, although the general arrangement of members follows the old wooden type of construction. Principal lift and drag trusses are made up of beams, struts and wires, and the air loads are carried to the beams through tubular ribs from the cover. Each rib can support a distributed load of 900 pounds if violence of maneuvering requires it. The movable surfaces on both tail and wings take advantage of the strength of the skin when properly reënforced by building up the beams to the fairing size. This results in a strong, light construction.

Equipment is planned as carefully as is structure. The control column, rudder bars, seats, gasoline lines, radio tables and navigation tables are made of aluminum alloy, phenol fiber, nonmagnetic steels or other highly specialized material. Radio equipment includes, in addition to actual instruments, direction loops, kite emergency antenna and a trailing fish.

This type of flying boat is readily adaptable to commercial operation, as are many others now produced by private manufacturers. That they may require a somewhat larger capital investment than do land planes of similar carrying capacity is more than offset, in the opinion of advocates, by the facts that natural airways and patronage are ready for them, and that their safety factors are high. The flying boat represents today probably the one important development in aeronautics which has not been fully adapted to industrial purposes. Yet there is every reason to believe that success awaits the commercial organizations which add more lines of such craft to our present network of aerial-transportation facilities.



DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

"Swell Radiator Cap Y' Got There, Bill"
"That's No Radiator Cap. That's a Pedestrian"

"It's perfectly delicious"

POST'S BRAN

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes with other parts of wheat. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

"It keeps you regular"

The news that spread and spread until today Post's Bran Flakes is the most popular bran cereal in all the world!

THE PEOPLE of America said, "We want an effective bran cereal to help us combat the evils of constipation—and we want that bran cereal to *taste* good."

They found it. They put it to the test—ate it regularly every day—and discovered that because it was so effective in encouraging regular habits, they felt better.

But more than that. They found it to be so perfectly delicious, that they gladly ate it every morning for the sheer enjoyment of it—varying it sometimes by adding berries or fruit, or by making from it the most delectable of all bran muffins.

They told one another about it—how delicious and effective they found its crisp golden flakes. The news spread—spread to millions.

And that is the whole story of the universal popularity that Post's Bran Flakes has won. The whole story except this:—today there are more men, women and children eating Post's Bran Flakes than any other bran cereal in all the world!

Your grocer has Post's Bran Flakes—in a wax-wrapped package—crisp—ready to serve . . . *"Now you'll like bran."*

POST'S BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup sifted flour
5 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup Post's Bran Flakes
1 egg, well beaten
2 tablespoons sugar
¾ cup milk
3 tablespoons butter, melted

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Add Post's Bran Flakes. Combine egg, sugar, and milk. Add flour gradually, beating after each addition until smooth. Add butter and beat thoroughly. Pour batter into greased muffin pans, filling them ⅔ full. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized muffins.

All measurements are level.

FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

MEN WHO SET
THE PACE

BUSINESS today demands a brisk, well-groomed appearance. Successful men are invariably clean-cut, clean-shaven. They set the pace in personal appearance as they set the pace in business.

These are the men who turn to Squibb's Shaving Cream with enthusiasm. Because Squibb's gives them extra spruceness, extra comfort, extra ease—with no extra effort.

For your next shave, brush up with Squibb's Shaving Cream. Feel the free-swinging stride of the razor over your face when Squibb's has prepared the way. Feel the cheery comfort. Above all, notice how smooth and clean-cut you look.

All drug stores carry Squibb's Shaving Cream. It's reasonably priced at 40c a large-size tube.

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A SHAVING CREAM
BY SQUIBB

DOCTOR LOCKERBIE

(Continued from Page 9)

we live in—and she did just as she wanted to do."

"I'm terribly sorry! If I could make it up to her!"

"You'll have a chance to do that later. I'll say good night to you now."

He went in and felt that this boy would walk the streets while darkness lasted. Doctor Lockerbie's mother was awake. She spoke to him softly:

"I've done nothing but answer the phone. And no information to give the town. Tell me what happened."

He told her briefly. She gave a sigh of pain. "Joe's father will be wild with grief. He worships the boy. And poor, dear little Mary Ellen ——"

Doctor Lockerbie closed his door. He sat down on the foot of his bed and steadied himself against the footboard. One of those terrible moments of futility that come to imaginative physicians flowed over him and swept him down. That his science and skill might not avail the one dearest of all—that hip—it was one of those things that might never mend. The ilium was crushed and the femoral neck was fractured. If it healed improperly ——

Doctor Lockerbie was sitting in the same position when the light of the late spring morning flowed gently into the room.

Hilltown had a good deal to say about the wild young people, riding around the roads late at night, packed in cars like sardines, and not looking where they were going. The car that had sideswiped them was never found. The young people—all of them—came in for a great deal of censure. There had never been such a crowd at a funeral as there was at Joe's. Somebody started a story to the effect that the young people had been drinking, but this gained small credence even in the excitement. The fact that they had been so crowded became a matter of grave importance. The talk made Doctor Lockerbie tired. He knew Mary Ellen, and Joe, too—a good lad if there was one in town. Joe was just such a boy as Tim Murphy, who was as straight as they came. Mary Ellen would sit on Joe's knees as she sat on the arm of the doctor's chair—unself-consciously, cheerfully, gayly.

Lulu and Kate walked softly before the uproar, going meekly about their own affairs and writing long letters to Mary Ellen, who was not yet allowed to have visitors. Johnny was frankly heartbroken. He and Joe had been lifelong friends. The roadster belonged to Johnny's father, but Joe drove it half the time.

"They're loyal to each other, anyhow, these terrible youngsters," Doctor Lockerbie said to his mother, one evening when he came back from a visit at the hospital, which was situated a dozen miles away in a neighboring university town. Mary Ellen had shown him a fat envelope with seventeen letters in it from the girls in her club. There were candy and books and puzzles from the boys, and a darling, long-legged French doll from Tim. There were little bunches of wild flowers, and large bouquets from the florists, and varicolored tulips from neighbors' front yards.

Mary Ellen had known, when she came back to consciousness, that Joe was dead. Doctor Lockerbie had wanted to spare her this for a while, but she knew it somehow. She took it pretty well, they all thought—almost with a childlike lack of realization.

"He put up his arms to protect my face," she told Doctor Lockerbie, her eyes full of gentle tears. "He braced himself and threw his arm around my head and hollered 'Hang on,' and then we went over."

Perhaps it was because she had so much suffering to bear at first that Joe's fate seemed a little unreal to her. But after a few weeks she began to be more comfortable and like herself again. She clung to Doctor Lockerbie whenever he went to the hospital.

"I've been watching for you all afternoon. You and mother and Tim are my best visitors. Tim's so good to me, doctor! . . . Don't you think I can go home? Can't I go home next week? . . . The week after, then? Oh, I want to go home. If I could just be in my own room I know I'd feel better—my cherry tree will soon be red with fruit. Remember when I fell out of it and broke my collar bone? You won't ever forget that I was your first patient, will you? Daddy was cross, don't you remember, because you set my broken collar bone, instead of your father doing it? He said he didn't want anybody learning how on me! I was eight years old then. How old were you, Doctor Lockerbie?"

"I guess I was twenty-three or four, Mary Ellen."

"Just a little older than Tim Murphy is now, and you seemed like visiting royalty. I thought you were divine, something from another sphere. You still are, sort of, to me. See how nicely my collar bone mended—nothing shows at all. Daisy Bowen has a tiny lump that shows when her head turns. Do you think my hip will heal that nicely, Doctor Lockerbie? My ribs and my foot are all right now. Oh, doctor, ask the specialist if I can't go home. Please—please! I'm so homesick. I've never been away from home before in all my life. Mamma comes every day, but she can't stay over here. Can't I go home?"

"Pretty soon. I don't know when just yet. You must be patient, Mary Ellen. We want things right, and it takes a little time. You'll be dancing next winter, if you'll be a good girl now. We couldn't think of moving you for a little while."

"Doctor Lockerbie, can't you change the dressings? Doctor Case hurts me. He doesn't mean to, but he does hurt so. He's not gentle like you are. He's too strong or something. My nurse is good to me, but I think I could stand it better if you did it."

"Mary Ellen, you have to have the whole cast changed tomorrow. You will have to let Doctor Case do it, now you're here. That's why he's a specialist—because he's ruthless and doesn't stop this side of hurting. He's thinking about bones, not nerves. I'll be right here tomorrow. I'll look after you."

"I'll try to be patient. If you tell me to I'll try; but oh, it's hard to be patient, Doctor Lockerbie."

"And not right, either, for eighteen to try it," thought the doctor, but he didn't say so. She had a long pull ahead of her.

"I'm thinking of Joe," she said in a low tone. "I suppose I ought not complain, ought I, Doctor Lockerbie?"

The Burkhart house was silent. There was no young head hanging out of an upstairs window. No boys and girls clustered on the big porch, no young voices caroled in the night, or dancing feet kept the radio going when decent people needed sleep. . . . "Put 'old' in place of 'decent,'" thought Doctor Lockerbie.

He knew how Mary Ellen's mother and father missed her. She had been shamefully spoiled. They had given her everything, done everything for her, and she had only been sweeter and happier for it. She had always been a neighborhood pet. Not only the old doctor and his wife and the young doctor but also the members of surrounding households added their petting to what she got at home, and she took it all as a bright bird accepts the sunshine. She was the most generous, naïve person in Hilltown. She shared her toys, loaned her dresses, gave her jewelry away, and was the soul of happy hospitality. There were always girls at her mother's house, staying all night—cousins visiting from far and near, chums and their boy friends. The Burkhart house was a sort of social club for Mary Ellen's contemporaries.

Before she had been hurt, there had been a little game or ritual about getting her up of mornings. She was such a sleepyhead. Her father called her, called again, went and pulled her out of bed, where she pretended to sleep without interruption on the floor. Finally the whole performance ended with throwing cold water, and a great romp, in which, latterly, Mr. Burkhart had all he could do to hold his own. Mary Ellen curled her mother's hair and dressed it for her, rubbed oil patiently into her father's bald head and clipped his shaggy eyebrows. She drove the family car, borrowed her mother's earrings, sang in the Sunday-school choir ——

"It's just like we were all dead without her," Mary Ellen's mother confided to Doctor Lockerbie's mother. "When I think of Joe's people, I don't see how they stand it. When can Mary Ellen come home, doctor?"

"Soon, soon," he said again and again.

But it was three months before she came home. Doctor Lockerbie had not realized how much she was changed until he helped to put her to bed in her own room. The injured hip was in a new cast now. The last cast, from which they had expected so much, had proved a disappointment. But after this was off they should know whether she would stand and walk, run and play again, or whether she would be destined to a cane and a corner.

When Doctor Lockerbie looked at her, lying on her own pillow by the window, with the cherry tree outside of it, he saw the difference in her. It wasn't just her pallor, though usually she was as brown as a young gypsy. Nor was it that she was thinner and her face an oval now. Both these changes enhanced her loveliness. It was a quality in her eyes, the presence of patience in her young gaze—the thing he had wanted for her—and the sight of it hurt him inexplicably. He did not like to see the capacity to suffer in those eyes which had been so eager and impatient, changing from scoffing to tenderness all in a moment. He could hardly bear to behold her so gentle, long-suffering, resigned. He wished she would storm or cry, or beg and coax as she had at first. If she gave up ——

He came every day, though it was not really necessary. She was so near that sometimes he ran over a second time in the evening, to see if he might do some little thing for her comfort or just sit a few minutes and talk to her. Often he found girls in her room, and made them get off the bed, scolding them while they smiled at him and said "Yes, doctor," artificially meek.

But the person who was there most of all was Tim. Tim was the man in favor now. Tim was taking advantage of his chance, and he visited Mary Ellen every day of the week. As the summer heat spread over the valley the others grew more restless. The pool at the state park was open. The dances at the river pavilion were in full swing, the new movies were air-cooled, and the tennis courts down by the river bright all day Saturday with young people. Johnny's father bought him a speed boat, and the young men and women began to go up the river to the beach by the old bridge in the long hot evenings.

But Tim came always, with half a brick of ice cream or some frozen sweet in waxed paper, with his guitar or a new magazine or a book on astronomy. Tim cut a limb out of the cherry tree, so that Mary Ellen could see the stars at night. He brought her a small telescope. He worked all through one burning Sunday to rig up a table that she could pull down from the ceiling, and provided drawing supplies to go with it. A tall, loose-jointed, freckled boy, with bright blue eyes and hair like straw, and an infinite, surprising tenderness. Doctor Lockerbie wondered how he could find it possible, at twenty-two, to spend his hours here instead of on the river or at some sport. He supposed Mrs. Murphy was pleased. It was what she had always wanted.

(Continued on Page 88)

An Ideal Warm Weather Luncheon...

WHEN we are told that in warm weather we should avoid heavy foods and hearty eating, it does not follow that we are to avoid nourishing foods or go undernourished.

It means, rather, that we should avoid overtaxing the digestive system with bulky foods by choosing those with less bulk but with greater nutritive value. Without doubt the most outstanding of such foods is cheese. For no other single food, save milk, contains so many essential food elements.

In the making of Kraft Cheese, it has always been our aim to preserve as many of those precious food elements as possible; to make it everything good cheese should be. We leave nothing undone to accomplish this.

This accounts in a great measure for the supremely delicious flavor of Kraft Cheese, for its digestibility and velvety texture, and for its acceptance everywhere as a cheese of dependable and unvarying quality.

Summer Luncheon Plate

Carefully peel a smooth, firm tomato; cut it into five sections, almost to the stem end. Place it on crisp lettuce; spread the sections apart and put a spoonful of Wright's mayonnaise in the center.

Make small sandwiches, in oblong or triangular shapes, using Kraft Swiss Cheese with whole wheat bread, and Kraft American or Kraft Pimento Cheese with white bread.

Place the lettuce and tomato, with the sandwiches, and a glass of iced tea, on a serving plate.

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation

"Philadelphia" Cream Cheese has the unique distinction of possessing a particular appeal to the child's appetite, while at the same time the abundance of Calcium and Vitamin A which it is known to contain makes it one of the very best of foods for promoting sturdy growth, straight bones and strong teeth. To protect the creamy deliciousness of "Philadelphia"... it is never sold in bulk.

Home Economics Dept.
Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation
404 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois

Send me your new Recipe Book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It," to the address below:

Name.....

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Motorists Wise—

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MAKES THE FINISH LAST LONGER

The modern way to keep cars looking new and beautiful

SIMONIZING IS ACTUALLY keeping thousands and thousands of cars looking new and beautiful for years. It is not an experiment, but is regarded by those who know lacquer and Duco finishes as indispensable in their care.

Every car needs Simoniz to protect the finish. It is the secret of lasting motor car beauty, and the sooner you Simoniz your car, the better. Then, no matter where you drive, and in all kinds of weather, Simoniz guards the finish from injury, makes it last longer and keeps colors from fading.

Simoniz your car . . . it's fun. A little Simoniz Kleener on a cloth quickly restores the finish to its former beauty by removing all grime, discolorations and blemishes. Then Simoniz provides that beautiful dust-proof surface of protection so easily kept clean and bright just by wiping occasionally with a dry cloth.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. And, you will always drive a car that looks new and beautiful.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.

Easily Applied With a Cloth

(Continued from Page 86)

But now Mary Ellen never said "When can I get up? When will you take my cast off? When can I walk? When can I stand? Can I sit up in a little while? Please tell me! Please!"

She never asked. She never mentioned her hopes or plans. She was patient, with a withering self-control, when they massaged her, when they turned and lifted her.

One night Doctor Lockerbie went to Burkharts' rather late. Mary Ellen had seemed not so well when he made his regular call.

He found Tim sitting on Mary Ellen's front porch alone. Tim looked at the doctor as though he had been waiting for him, his young face troubled and almost tearful. The doctor stopped and dropped a hand on the boy's shoulder.

"What's wrong?" he said. "What's up?"

"Mary Ellen told me not to come any more. She says"—he drew his breath uncertainly—"she says I'm to go with the others and forget her. She says it isn't any kindness—making her depend on me. She has to learn to do without everyone, she says."

"Mary Ellen talked like that?"

"Oh, Doctor Lockerbie, it isn't true. She will get well, won't she?"

"We're counting on it," Doctor Lockerbie said quite cheerfully, "but she has to help. The cast comes off tomorrow. Doctor Case is coming over to make the examination. We'll take new X rays. He's bringing the nurse who looked after her in the hospital with him. I can tell you more afterward. In the meantime you must keep your courage and see that she keeps hers. We don't want her going off like this at the last moment."

He stood on the porch, watching the boy away. So Mary Ellen felt it wasn't a kindness—learning to depend on Tim! Well, the boy had won her regard, evidently. He had always wanted it, and now he had earned it, fair and square. It did not even occur to Doctor Lockerbie that he himself might be entitled to any reward for all that he had done.

He found Mary Ellen very still. There was a new look in her face today. The patience was faded a little, but there was a fierce and desperate realization. Doctor Lockerbie talked to her in his ready way, and she said, in a low vibrant voice, for all of her great vitality seemed in her voice now:

"Don't use that bedside manner with me, please. I've grown up. I know! I know I'm not going to walk."

"Mary Ellen," said Doctor Lockerbie, "I'm surprised at you. I didn't know you were a quitter, and to quit now, with victory in sight! Why, it's only been a few months, and hundreds of people lie in one place for years! You'll be up and around with a cane before fall, and as good as ever by next spring. Of course, if you quit—if you won't help us ——"

"How dare you talk to me like that?" she stormed, catching her breath against bitter crying. "Can't you see what I'm going through? Can't you see? All you think about is bones and casts. And I—I'm in love!"

"It isn't Joe you're wanting, is it?" he asked miserably, and she shook her head, so that the bright tears flew. It was Tim then, he reflected again, feeling with her this fresh fear.

"It doesn't matter who," she said more quietly. "I can't marry him. If I were like I used to be, he might have loved me—some day. I'd have had a chance. But now—oh, Doctor Lockerbie, I can't have any babies, can't run and walk, and be a girl again!"

He sat by the bed and she clung to him and drew him down and cried on his shoulder, and he stroked her hair and waited for the paroxysm to pass. It was the first time she had given away to such discouragement. After a little while he got her to drink some fresh water and take a tablet he produced from his bag. When she had grown quieter, he said in his kindly, matter-of-fact voice:

"Look here, Mary Ellen. I want you to help me. See what you have to fight for—this boy you love, his feelings and hopes as well as yours. Why, you're breaking his heart. There's all your life together. Tomorrow you'll see that I am right and you are wrong. And you'll laugh at yourself. But even suppose your hopes were postponed a little while, you still ought to keep a good heart! Don't fight on the wrong side, dear. It's a good rule for life. Self-pity or pity for another can drag courage clear under, till all one's energy and emotion and thought is spent fighting against the desired end. Never say die! You haven't even begun to realize yet what a stout heart can do!"

Mary Ellen smiled a little, reluctantly, and cried again, but the worst of it was over now, and presently she went off to sleep, and he sat there by the shaded lamp watching her until he heard her mother coming up the stairs.

When he got back to his office his mother told him that Mrs. Murphy was waiting for him, and he permitted himself a small groan. But he went in and opened the door between the office and waiting room and spoke to her courteously. And then he received a great surprise. For Mrs. Murphy had not come to talk about herself. Since the last time one of her sons was ill, she had talked of nothing else that Doctor Lockerbie could remember. But now Tim was on her mind, and as he listened, surprise gave way to indignation.

"It's about Mary Ellen," she explained. "You know, doctor, the accident wasn't my boy's fault. He wasn't even with her that night. He was with Lulu, that's engaged to Johnny now. None of those youngsters were paired off, really. They just ran around, all of them together. You said so yourself. But Tim thinks the rest of them neglect her and that it's up to him to stand by her. He's in love with her. That's what's the matter. He ——"

"Well, it's natural enough," Doctor Lockerbie interrupted her.

"Oh, Doctor Lockerbie, you know it wouldn't do for him to want to marry Mary Ellen or set his heart on her. He needs a healthy young wife. Last time I saw her she even had that look—of someone not in the world any more. He's a fine boy, my Tim, and I want him to be happy. My brother's wife was frail. She was in bed for months at a time. He was an old man at forty, what with worry and the expenses and double work. Tim's no angel, even if Mary Ellen is one, as he thinks. He won't listen to me. I thought maybe you'd talk to him or else tell Mary Ellen what I said."

The worst of it all was that Doctor Lockerbie could see her point of view. It was the nature of mothers. Tim might, with youthful nobility and the fervor of sacrificial impulses, assume a burden too great for him. Doctor Lockerbie spoke steadily:

"Mrs. Murphy, it is impossible for me to act as spiritual adviser to Timothy. Nor can I discuss my patients with anyone. Now, be a good soul and quit troubling. Mary Ellen is going to be well and strong again, a fit wife for any lad, and Tim lucky to have her."

"Oh, doctor, you know she isn't."

"I know she is," he said fiercely. "She's going to run and jump and play tennis and dance and swim. Don't you sit there and tell me what I know!"

She went away crying a little, not at all deflected from her determination to save her son from Mary Ellen. Doctor Lockerbie saw two or three patients, dressed an old wound, went out and made two late calls. It was after eleven when he was finally alone in his room.

He walked the floor slowly, methodically, from the dresser to the head of the bed, right about, and back to the dresser, then to the bathroom door and back again. Mrs. Murphy's words—"that look"—troubled him profoundly, for he knew exactly what she meant. It loomed as the real danger, as an almost tangible foe. A spiritual decadence, to be met with spiritual resistance.

"I'm the only one," he said in surprise, thinking of her mother's tear-swollen eyes these last days—"the only one that still expects anything. All right; I can carry it. She's going to be all right!" He stopped to examine this fierce, vociferous confidence of his, to see if it might not be simply a loud voice, shouting down a fear more bleak, more comprehending than Mary Ellen's own. He stood by the head of his bed and knotted his big strong hands together. He was not ashamed to pray, this man, to the Great Physician. He was not one of those to be limited by the material sciences. He had seen things in his practice that could not be explained.

The telephone was ringing. He knew his mother had gone to bed, and he cut his prayer short and went to answer the call. He had six children quarantined with scarlet fever, and two pneumonia cases, one a very old lady, out in the country. Three new babies were scheduled for the next forty-eight hours. Not even time to pray, no time of his own for the struggle with that secret hidden enemy of fear.

Doctor Lockerbie and Doctor Case walked the short distance from the former's office to Mary Ellen's home.

"I've not much hope," said Doctor Case, and Doctor Lockerbie shut his lips pleasantly together. Somewhere, somehow, in the long night's work the fear he had striven against had left him.

"You'll see," he said quietly—not angrily, as he had spoken last night. "She's going to be all right."

"Have you got the machine over there?"

"For the X rays? Yes. I fixed everything this morning. After the cast is off we can take the pictures and develop them in my workroom right away. I'm anxious to see them."

"Do you think she's counting on today?"

"Of course. And I'm counting on it."

"We had to disappoint her last time, remember. Will you let me have the pictures for my classes?"

Doctor Lockerbie was surprised to find Tim, looking very young and determined, with Mary Ellen. The doctor suspected this as a reaction to good advice from his mother, and his heart admired the boy. He took him aside and spoke to him.

"Do you love her?" he said; and at Tim's solemn nod, half defiance: "If you do, go in there now while Doctor Case is fussing with his hands, and kiss her and tell her you're waiting for her, no matter how long it takes. Tell it to her with confidence. Tell her you won't take a no, that she's to get well. Boss her! Stir her! Make her listen!"

Tim's vivid young blue eyes were on the doctor's face and he said slowly, in astonishment, "Why, you're in love with her yourself."

"Never mind that. Do as I say!"

He delayed Doctor Case a moment.

"Her sweetheart," he explained. "Give them a word or two. If we're disappointed, she'll need what he's telling her. If I'm right and everything's O.K. he'll be glad he didn't wait."

Doctor Case looked at him as discerningly as Tim had looked, but he was a good deal older and smarter, and he said nothing. After a few minutes the boy came out, and the two sober men and the nurse went in to Mary Ellen.

Three hours later the two doctors took the big sheets of celluloid out of the tank and studied them, holding them before the light, one after another. Doctor Lockerbie's steady hands were none too steady now.

"I can hardly believe it," said Doctor Case. "You've certainly given her wonderful care."

"Youth," said Doctor Lockerbie briefly, "and massage. Her mother rubbed her for

(Continued on Page 91)

STYLES
may be similar
STORES
must be different

Roos Brothers — Hollywood

Two stores in the same town!

Styles similar—quality equally good—prices on the same level—stocks correspondingly large—personnel about alike.

One store has obsolete equipment. The other has been modernly planned and equipped by the Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation.

Which does the larger volume? You know the answer! Both men and women prefer to trade at the store that is more inviting, more attractive. Better displayed merchandise leads to larger sales. Well organized departments make selling easier. The elimination of dead sales areas and cluttered aisles, and the manifold advantages of interchangeable fixtures cut costs.

Today, when styles are standardized from coast to coast, the real *difference* between a store's success and non-success is not so much a difference in merchandise, as in *merchandising*. And a great part of modern merchandising is *proper store planning and equipment.*

Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation has brought store planning to a science. With nearly 30 years' success behind it, with tremendous manufacturing resources, and with its large staff of skilled store planning engineers, this organization is ready to serve stores of all kinds, large and small, everywhere.

Merchants will be interested in our latest book, "The New Way Method in Merchandising". Write for it today.

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Store planners, designers and manufacturers of fine store equipment for department stores, ready-to-wear and specialty shops, haberdashery and men's clothing stores, drug, jewelry, shoe stores, etc.

GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT

BRIGHTEN HER DAY OF DAYS WITH FLOWERS

How better could one brighten those Very Special Days than with a gift of gay and fragrant flowers? The sparkling blossoms you send will whisper to her those sentimental things that you can never say with words. Call . . . or telephone your florist today.

When you wire flowers, patronize the florist who displays the Winged Mercury—the symbol of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association—in his window or in his shop.

Say it with FLOWERS

THE SIGN OF A GOOD FLORIST

(Continued from Page 88)

hours every day, half an hour at a time. We used a vibrator for just a few minutes at regular intervals, but mostly it's been massage. We were able to keep her in proper position so, and also to make it possible for her to sleep. See, the spine is perfectly straight. She's full grown. There'll never be a twist there now."

"It's perfectly wonderful. I never saw a better joining. She won't need anything but strapping now for a few weeks, and a special girdle when she gets up. We'll take some more pictures in a couple of weeks, just to complete the record."

"Tell me, Doctor Case, do you see any reason why she shouldn't be told today that she's to be all right?"

"No reason at all. And the boy? He'll be glad to know."

Doctor Lockerbie thought of Mrs. Murphy with a guilty pang. Well, she needn't worry now.

Doctor Case took his departure, and Doctor Lockerbie went back across the lane to tell them the good news. The parents were in the kitchen, and they looked at him wordlessly. He smiled at them. His eyes were shining.

"It's all right," he told them. "We won't need another cast. Just straps, and then a girdle till she gets stronger—to support the muscles. She can begin to sit up in a few days, and put her feet down on the floor for a few minutes at a time in about ten days. She'll be out with a cane before autumn, and rid of that by Christmas."

Mary Ellen's mother began to weep out loud, with great sobs, and her husband stood patting her. Doctor Lockerbie went on upstairs and found Mary Ellen alone. The room was filled with sunset glow. She reached out a hand to him and smiled, her face serene and strong, and she said at once:

"Before you tell me, I want to tell you something."

"Tell me something, Mary Ellen?"

She looked at him steadily.

"I can't tell a thing by your face. You're so accustomed to keeping your thoughts to yourself and acting as though everything were fine when the battle's going against you; you are always cheerful and quiet and kind."

"Mary Ellen ——"

"No, let me finish. When Tim came in here he told me what you'd said and what he thought."

"Tim did?"

"Yes. Was he right, Doctor Lockerbie? Thinking, maybe, that you loved me, I mean?"

"Does it matter?"

"More than anything! Don't look so hard and stern. I'm not being wanton. I'm not flirting with you, doctor. Can't you see what I'm trying to tell you? I've been in love with you since I was a little girl. It couldn't ever be anyone else for me. You've grown to be a part of me. All the while the years went by my love for you got bigger and bigger. Don't tell me I'm a child—I've grown up this summer. I know ——" She was going to cry. "I thought you liked me. I'd never, never have married you unless I got well. I know what your life's like. But if I've a chance after all ——"

"It's madness, Mary Ellen," he whispered, holding himself rigidly away from her. "It'll never do. I'm fifteen years older than you are. A doctor's wife has a terrible life. I couldn't think of letting you ——"

"You don't love me then? Is that what you're saying?"

"No. No. I do—oh, I do love you. But ——"

"But I'm not going to get well?"

"Oh, yes, you're well now—everything is perfect as far as the broken bones go. You're as good as new. Didn't I tell you? But this other —— Mary Ellen, it's just a fancy. You'll love and marry some boy some day soon ——"

"Last night," she whispered, "I knew that everything was all right. I'd been so stormy all day and made everyone unhappy. And then I wakened and I was peaceful. It seemed that I would be able to bear whatever awaited me. I made up my mind then that I would tell you today, before I knew ——"

She was fumbling under her pillow and brought out the little cardboard picture of himself at five, in a long woolen dress and absurd curls.

"I took it that day," she confessed. "I've had it all this time. It was what made me feel so terribly blue—seeing what a darling baby you were."

Doctor Lockerbie did not even make another gesture of resistance, but yielded at once, and completely, to her will and his own. After all, he thought, nothing could have kept them apart, for he had already made her his before he knew it!

PILGRIMS DIGRESS

(Continued from Page 46)

of exclusive intellectuals, and so I used a few of the words that were featured prominently in most of Tolliver's songs, only I didn't sing them.

Everyone stopped talking, and Tolliver got kind of red, and his wife got kind of white, and Dunster said, "Look here. I'm a gentleman and I won't ——" And then Tod broke in and took me by the arm and said:

"You don't understand, old man."

I jerked my arm away and said "What don't I understand?"

"Don't you know what a bootlegger is?" Mimi Scott exclaimed.

"Sure," I said, "I ought to after being around here for a week."

"They're criminals!" Mercedes Van Alstyne yelled.

"Ye-ah," I said. "Maybe so, but at least they're not hypocrites. I don't know much about it, and I don't know much about bootleggers, but I do know all I want to know about all of you. Get out of my way."

And I slammed the door after me.

The clerk at the Fairview said that the Dales were in their suite, but that they weren't seeing anyone.

"Is that so?" I said. "What's the number of their rooms?"

"I can't give it to you," he said coldly, "and we don't want any trouble here."

"Don't you?" I said. "How'd you like a nice little raid?"

"Sir?" he said.

"Your head waiter," I said, "and all your waiters, and all your bell hops, and you, too, for that matter, are selling about the rottenest Scotch and rye I ever hung a nose over. What's the number of that suite?"

"Seventy-six," he said, "on the third floor."

I knocked on the door, and at first there wasn't any answer. Then the door opened a crack, and Dale said "Who's there?"

I shoved my foot in and pushed the door open, and then closed it behind me.

Pat was sitting in a chair by the window, not crying or anything, but just sitting still, and her father's face kept going purple and white by turns, and finally he said:

"What do you want?"

So I stood there with my back to the door and told him what I wanted, looking at Pat all the time.

After about ten minutes I got it.

We're living on a farm now, up in New Hampshire, and I've just finished translating the first volume of an American history into Czech.

Dale quit Chicago and stays with us, where he spends most of his time spoiling young John Alden Bradford, Jr.

And he certainly is handy when it comes to giving the kid his bottle.

Our Biggest *Job*

To get men to make our 7-day test. 86% of those who try this amazing shaving cream, we find, never return to old methods.

GENTLEMEN: You've heard men say: "I never clip the coupons out of ads." Yet we have something so unique that many have cut their *first* coupon out of ours.

For, after years of experiment, we have perfected a shaving cream that men tell us is outstanding. They claim for it things that we, in modesty, could never say.

Our method of presenting it is this: Try it, at our expense, for a week before you buy. Then, if you like it—as 86% of those who try it do—you can buy it at stores wherever you are.

5 remarkable points

Men, impressed by the fairness of our offer, have tried it; have made Palmolive Shaving Cream a leader in a highly competitive field. For it *holds* the great majority of those who make our test.

Palmolive Shaving Cream came as the result of years of experiment. Our 130th formula brought success—achieved the 5 things 1000 men had given us as the requirements of any new cream hoping to win the public.

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now try it please

Now, whether your old shaving preparation suits or not, try ours. *You* risk nothing. *We* undertake, in 7 shaves, to win you. It's an open-and-shut proposition, and you are the judge. So won't you mail the coupon now?

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 37 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

46.37

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves skin smooth and fresh—gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample sent free with the Shaving Cream. Clip and mail the coupon now.

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. B-3087, 595 Fifth Ave., New York City.

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(Please print your name and address)

Again . . . LINDBERGH

GENERAL W. W. ATTERBURY, *President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, recently said in a speech:*

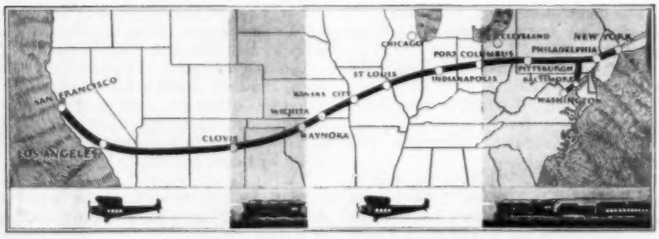
"The word 'railroad' no longer is adequate to describe the transportation service which up-to-date railroads now offer to the public. We are no longer railroads alone; we are transportation companies . . . We must be prepared to offer you railroad service where it is most desirable, or bus service, or service by airplane. We must adjust our freight facilities more and more to the needs of the individual shippers. In other words, my view of a railroad is that it should give the people the kind of transportation they want."

COL. CHARLES A. LINDBERGH is Consulting Aeronautical Engineer to the Pennsylvania Railroad and Chairman of the Technical Committee of the Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc. He has played an important part in the extensive investigation and preparation which preceded the establishment of this 48 hour Coast to Coast Service. Recently on July 8th, he piloted one of the first planes, inaugurating service.

Watchers at 82 different points guard these swift planes. Trained observers in the picture above are shown measuring the height of the "ceiling." An elaborate meteorological system has been worked out for this new Rail-Air Service. Observations from 82 different points along—and on either side of—the route are constantly being received at one or another of the great airports. Thence, they are transmitted to planes in flight.

Phoning the speed of the wind—at a speed a thousand times greater than the wind's—By radiophone and wireless Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc., planes in this new 48 hour Coast to Coast Rail-Air Service are constantly receiving the latest weather reports and other information. Location of emergency landing fields along the carefully prepared routes has been scientifically estimated to provide utmost safety.

48 HOURS—COAST TO COAST!



By night a luxurious train—by day a safe, swift plane!—Westbound, the Coast to Coast passenger travels on the Pennsylvania's Airway Limited as far as Port Columbus—thence by a luxurious Transcontinental Air Transport, Incorporated, plane to Waynoka, Oklahoma—that night by a Santa Fe train to Clovis, New Mexico—then by plane to Los Angeles, arriving that afternoon. (By plane the next morning to San Francisco) . . . Eastbound by the same route, leave Los Angeles 8.45 A. M.—arrive New York 9.50 A. M. (second morning).

charts the Air . .

Many months of scientific investigation and preparation have preceded the establishment of the first "48 HOUR COAST TO COAST SERVICE BY RAIL AND AIR"

"INAUGURATE SERVICE when everything is ready —not one minute before!"

This has been the motto for many months of the Transcontinental Air Transport, Incorporated, with which the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Santa Fe Railway have associated themselves in the establishment of 48 hour Coast to Coast Service.

When—on July 8th—Colonel Lindbergh piloted one of the first regular passenger planes, inaugurating this new service—there was final assurance that everything that could be thought of had been done to provide for the welfare of passengers.

The Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc., had tested giant planes—as a doctor might go over a patient with a stethoscope . . . Thousand-mile air routes had been mapped—as a skilled general might plot a campaign . . . Veteran pilots had been selected and specially trained. Millions of dollars had been spent on airports, concrete runways, hangars, Rail-Air passenger stations, an elaborate arrangement of emergency landing fields.

With the assistance of government and other agencies a private meteorological system had been developed . . . and a twin system of communications (teletype, radiophone, wireless), making it possible for a plane in flight to receive weather reports compiled from observations at 82 different points.

In short, everything had been done to ensure in this new enterprise the highest standards of efficiency, speed, safety—such as mark the operations of "the largest fleet of trains in America."

At a cost of millions of dollars extensive airports have been erected along the route of the first 48 hour Coast to Coast Rail-Air Service. These ports—destined to be the inspiration of air-lines of the future—offer many facilities for the comfort as well as the safety of passengers. At Port Columbus, Waynoka, Clovis, the transfer from train to plane, or plane to train is smoothly and easily accomplished . . . And both planes and trains in this service are luxurious.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight, than any other railroad in America

Common Sense

A FAMOUS doctor said, "Many of the people who want me to diagnose and treat their ailments are more impressed by some scientific medical apparatus than by plain, common sense advice. And they are more willing to follow orders faithfully if given some special office treatment.

"Recently a man I know well came in looking haggard. I gave him a thorough physical examination while inquiring about his living habits. The diagnosis was clear but the patient a problem. If I had told him the simple truth that what he needed most to get back his health and strength was to slow down, sleep more, and get the proper amount of fresh air and exercise, he would have thought I did not understand the complications which were undermining his health. And if I had sent him a bill for such advice, he would have told his friends that I was a robber and not fit to practice medicine.

"So I gave him a treatment with a scientific apparatus and wrote a simple prescription. At the same time I gave strict orders as to what he should eat and drink, how many hours he might work, how long he should remain in bed, and the amount of time he should devote to outdoor exercise. To make sure that he was following my orders concerning his living habits, I had him report once a week for further observation and treatments. In a few weeks he was well. He will tell you—and he believes it—that I am a great doctor.

"Perhaps someone may say my methods with him were open to criticism. But it was my responsibility to use every means within my power to bring him back to good health. Knowing my patients as I do, I know that many of them will not obey my orders for *correct living habits* if given without special treatment or medicine. More than half of the people who consult me would not have to do so if they would learn and practice important rules of health. They expect me to cure them of physical ailments which they could easily have avoided."

A majority of cases of physical let-down and distress are caused by careless or wilful violation of health rules. Bad eating habits, too little sleep and rest, lack of fresh air and exercise, worry, self-pity are responsible for many cases of bad digestion, headaches, poor circulation, constipation, jumpy nerves, depression and run-down condition.

* * * *

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has had a booklet prepared by eminent health experts which tells simply and clearly the fundamental rules of intelligent living habits. A chapter or more is devoted to each one of eleven important rules of health under the headings Sleep and Rest, Fresh Air, Sunlight, Exercise, Cleanliness, Water, Food, Comfortable Clothing, Work and Play, Good Posture and Good Mental Habits.

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Booklet Department 89-E.

Gentlemen:—Please mail free, without any obligation on my part, a copy of your booklet, "Health, Happiness and Long Life".

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METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

BRITAIN GOES LABOR AGAIN

(Continued from Page 7)

indorsement with all parties, and a third that was not so good. President Hoover's historic plea for armament reduction, made through Ambassador Hugh Gibson at Geneva, came in the heat of the campaign and was a godsend for all the warring factions. They fairly rushed to get under the disarmament umbrella and vied with one another in attesting complete accord. The Kellogg Peace Pact was another life-saver. Every party lauded the measure, although Lloyd George, as usual, got a jab for his adversaries out of it by maintaining that Europe, Britain included, advocated a peace mandate that was "pinned on bayonets."

The one jarring note with American responsibility was our old friend the war debt. Stanley Baldwin, who, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, had made the settlement with us, was forced to defend his course. Both Liberal and Labor orators pilloried him for making an "iniquitous surrender" to the United States.

Since the woman vote was such a factor in the election, it may be well to speak of this important phase of the election. Henceforth every British political entity must reckon with it.

For years women outnumbered the men, but it was merely a numerical advantage that carried no weight in public affairs. It is true that from the Georgian and Victorian periods down to the World War women pulled political wires, but the drawing-room was the setting. Petticoat influence was negligible. The British male had a distinct superiority complex when it came to the female. To give her the vote was long regarded as a preposterous concession. For that matter, the average man did not come into his own until comparatively recent times. In the early part of the nineteenth century only male freeholders—that is, men who owned property—could vote.

Votes for Flappers

It seems only yesterday that Mrs. Pankhurst and her followers were clamoring vainly at the gates of Parliament for suffrage equality. Their ordeal and sacrifice, recorded in arrest, hunger strike, and worse, were not in vain. The persistent cry, Votes for Women, once rejected and despised, has undergone a change. Instead of the appeal by women for recognition, it developed into a nation-wide appeal to women for their support, as the last campaign showed.

The first breach in the suffrage wall was made in 1918, when women of thirty and over were given the vote. They had to be householders. Tenants of furnished flats were barred. Not all the eligible women were willing to admit the impeachment of thirty years. It followed that in the 1918, 1922 and 1923 elections they did not make their presence felt. Their biggest vote up to this year was in the 1924 contest. The register then showed 12,437,307 men and 9,458,040 women, giving the males a majority of 2,979,267.

A year and a half ago Stanley Baldwin put through the famous Flapper Vote bill, which enfranchised all women of twenty-one and over, and gave Britain universal suffrage for the first time. Many members of the Conservative Party questioned the wisdom of the procedure. In justifying this action, Baldwin made a statement in one of his closing campaign addresses which is worth reproducing, in view of what happened. He said:

We Conservatives have shown our trust in democracy by enfranchising every woman at the age of twenty-one, and in so doing we performed a great act of justice. Timid souls have described the election as "a great gamble," because of the millions of new voters who have been brought on to the register and a feeling of doubt as to the manner in which they will use the great privilege which they are now about to exercise. I have never had the slightest apprehension on the subject, for I believe, as I have always believed, that the women to whom we have given the vote will employ it with a due sense of its value and potentialities.

The Prime Minister was right in one respect. The women employed their right "with a due sense of value," but it was of no value to him.

When the polls opened on May thirtieth all precedent was reversed. The new election register showed 14,791,813 women and 13,280,982 men. For the first time in British politics woman had the whip hand, with a majority of 1,510,831 over the other sex. She could now well afford to take on the superiority complex.

Wooing the Woman Vote

Of the increase of 6,177,448 in the total registration, more than 5,500,000 were the new women voters. The predominance of women in some of the constituencies was little short of amazing. In the North and South Kensington districts of London they had a total clear advantage of 32,759 over the men. In Paddington they outnumbered the men by 21,586; in Hampstead by 15,701; in Marylebone by 15,607. These are all London areas. At Brighton they had a lead of 21,015 and at Bristol, 10,777. So it went. In only a few divisions did the men have an appreciable registration lead.

Nor was it surprising that every party coddled and courted the women. The brewing element, which is solidly allied with the Conservatives, wooed the cocktail flapper. The bachelor candidate made every overture save marriage itself. All groups bore down hard on No More Wars as the catch motto for the female parent. Never before has social welfare, especially on the maternity end, had so many advocates. Judging from what I read, and heard on the stump, you would have thought that the chief concern of all the parties was to aid and comfort the expectant mother.

The Liberals had a special campaign novelette, entitled Her Decision, written to catch the flapper vote. The heroine typist was called Belle England, and she had three suitors, each of whom represented one of the parties. The Conservative was a lounge lizard, the Laborite a communist who fomented strikes, while the Liberal incarnated all the manly and political virtues. In the end Belle captured Friend Liberal, principles and all, leading him to the polls before he led her to the altar.

All the women's campaign organizations were models of their kind. I can best illustrate with the Conservative, which enlisted 1,000,000 of the sex. Every constituency association had a women's branch. Whether in city or country, the voting divisions were divided into blocks. Groups of women canvassed these sections day by day. All caste lines were smashed. You saw a duchess rocking a miner's baby on her knee, a countess picnicking with a carter's wife. The vote appeal, like indigestion, is the one best leveler of rank. Wit, beauty and title mingled in the common scramble to enlist support.

If the British women were late in arriving politically, they made up for lost time. What impressed me most in the campaign—and I saw it from start to finish—was the ability of the women speakers. The flapper took to politics like the proverbial duck to water. I have never seen more effective campaigners anywhere. The livest woman wire in the entire contest was Lady Astor.

One of the most attractive figures whom I encountered was Miss Jenny Lee. In many respects she was the outstanding romantic figure—and, I might add, one of the most attractive as well—in the whole constellation of vamps that adorned the fray. A miner's daughter, and therefore born in a cottage, she took her M.A. degree at Edinburgh University and became a schoolteacher. Socialism fascinated her and she

(Continued on Page 97)

Machine instead of muscle . . . gasoline instead of human energy! The pictures show how "Caterpillar" Tractors have taken the drudgery out of farming.

"Caterpillars" have emancipated the farmer. They wage successful battle with the weather. They plow when the soil is "just right." Their broad, wide tracks ride soft ground and wet, pulling cultivating tools over the loose seed bed without packing

Peasants doing the work of domestic animals.

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TRACTOR

and without wasteful slip. "Caterpillar" track-type tractors assure greater yield per man, per acre; extra power and traction resulting in more profitable farming and leisure for the farmer.

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Primitive farmer with his ox team and wooden plow.

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TEN	$1125	TWENTY	$1975
FIFTEEN	$1500	THIRTY	$2475
SIXTY	$4300		

Caterpillar Tractor Co.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES: SAN LEANDRO, CALIFORNIA

Sales Offices: Peoria, Illinois · 50 Church St., New York · San Leandro, Calif.

Holt Combined Harvesters · Russell Road Machinery

"Caterpillar" Tractors

Eight furrows at a time with a "Caterpillar" Sixty on this South Dakota farm!

"THE BEST MOTOR OIL IN THE WORLD"

Is this an extravagant claim or a plain statement of fact?

WE have long hesitated to say that we believe Pennzoil to be the finest and most economical lubricating oil you can buy. Yet what else is there to say? Consider these facts:

(1) Pennsylvania fields are universally accepted as the source of the best crude for the manufacture of the finest lubricating oil; (2) Pennzoil is refined from Pennsylvania crude of supreme quality—and nothing else; (3) It is made by the world's largest refiners of pure Pennsylvania oil; the refining methods employed being the most advanced in existence—the famous Pennzoil process; (4) Pennzoil lasts twice as long as ordinary oils—is more economical regardless of price.

We would not for a moment imply that there are not good Pennsylvania oils other than Pennzoil. Our statement is simply a guide to the motorist who wants to be certain of obtaining highest quality Pennsylvania oil.

Pennzoil is sold from Maine to California. Look for the Pennzoil sign. The man that displays it believes in quality merchandise. He is a good man to deal with.

The Pennzoil Company. *Executive Offices:* Oil City, Pennsylvania; Los Angeles, California. *Refinery:* Oil City, Pennsylvania.

35¢ *a quart*

Higher in the West and Canada

Permit No. 2—Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Ass'n

This seal is more than a pledge of 100% Pure Pennsylvania. It is our guarantee to you of Highest Quality finished Motor Oil.

PENNZOIL

HIGHEST QUALITY PENNSYLVANIA OIL

(Continued from Page 94)

allied herself with the Labor Party. She first got into the spotlight by winning one of the last by-elections before the general election of this year. On May thirtieth she retained her seat with a big majority. Miss Lee is twenty-four and is not only the youngest woman member but also the youngest member of the House. I heard her speak at the great Albert Hall rally in London when Ramsay MacDonald made his keynote speech. She more than held her own before 9000 people. Her voice was clear and vibrant, her delivery admirable and her argument logical. She spoke without notes.

Miss Lee is typical of the new force in British politics. In that same Albert Hall I heard an equally effective speech from a lovely Liberal, Dr. Betty Morgan, also a flapper, who had a woman opponent in her division. The chairman of this meeting was Miss Nancy Samuel, daughter of Sir Herbert Samuel, one of the foremost Liberal leaders. No less appealing was Miss Vera Farrow, who spoke on behalf of the new electorate at a monster Conservative gathering at the Albert Hall, at which Stanley Baldwin made the principal address. Everywhere I saw youth, grace and charm doing their bit.

Miss Megan Lloyd George deserves a little paragraph all her own. Though this was her first actual candidature for office, she has been her distinguished father's inseparable companion at home and abroad for the past ten years. Through him she has probably met more important public figures than any other young woman of her time. So vivacious was she as hostess to the British Peace Conference delegation in Paris that the Hotel Majestic, which housed them, came to be known as the Hotel Megantic. She is petite, pretty, and has all the Lloyd George quality of salesmanship. As a campaign speaker she registered strong. Her voice is a rich contralto. With it rang all the emotional changes.

For women like the Countess of Iveagh, the Duchess of Atholl, Lady Astor, Margaret Bondfield and Susan Lawrence—they were all reëlected and form part of the lucky fourteen—politics, and especially hot campaigning, were no novelty. Lady Iveagh is the woman of the old school in dignity and restraint. Both Miss Bondfield and Miss Lawrence have high ministerial posts in the new Labor Government. Miss Bondfield is the new Minister of Labor and the first woman to hold a British Cabinet post. As such she is also automatically the first female Privy Councilor in Britain.

Clubby With Mr. Churchill

On election day the women got out the vote for their respective parties in precisely the same way that the American Republican women organizations did the job for Hoover. They fairly camped on the voters' premises and saw that transport facilities to the polls were available for everybody. They chauffeured thousands of motor cars and used every form of conveyance, including aeroplanes, which had party colors streaming from the wings. Every British party has distinctive colors, red being the prevailing hue for the Socialists.

Needless to say, the flappers added color to election day. Nor was it entirely confined to their cheeks and lips. Some of the London polling places were like fashionable receptions. Many of the new voters did not get the kick out of the performance that they expected. They discovered that they had to mark the ballot in a musty town hall, school or shop, and were furthermore given no opportunity to gossip about it.

One woman insisted that she could not vote without a hat. She had left her headpiece in a motor car and, despite all protests of the election officers, dashed back to get it. In the Epping division a woman voter explained that she was marking her ballot for "Mr. Churchill's party"—this was Winston's constituency—because his dog belonged to the Wag-tail's Club of which her dog was also a member. In some cases women came back to the polls asking if they might be allowed to change their vote.

These more or less humorous episodes were the rare exceptions. As I have already indicated, the women entered thoroughly into the letter and the spirit of their new responsibilities. No hard-boiled politician was able to put anything over on them.

The British election system is full of queer kinks and curves. The prospective voters do not go to what we call precincts and register in the American way. Instead, forms are sent to the householders, who fill in the names of eligible voters under their roofs. A peer is automatically barred from voting, but members of the royal family who are not peers can exercise the right of suffrage. Three members of the royal family—Princess Mary, her husband Viscount Lascelles, and the Duchess of York—were on the register for St. George's division of Westminster, in London. Three of the king's sons—the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York and the Duke of Gloucester—had no vote because they were peers. The queen's name did not appear on the register, although there was no constitutional restriction on her right to be a voter.

Stock-Exchange Election Bets

The most unusual, perhaps, of all differences between British and American elections lies in the betting end. In the United States huge sums are wagered in Wall Street and elsewhere on candidates for President or governor. Ordinarily payment depends on winners, although money is often put down on majorities or pluralities.

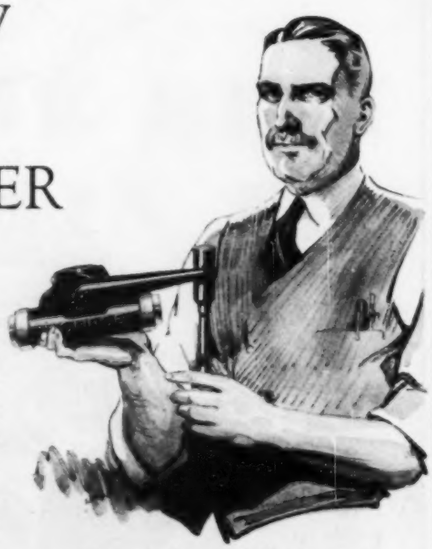
In Britain the bet is geared to a stock-exchange operation, with all the attendant thrill of daily rise and fall of price. You buy Conservative, Labor or Liberal precisely as you purchase General Motors, United States Steel or Radio Corporation. Quotations are published from day to day, and they vary exactly like stocks. Instead of buying shares of stock, you put your cash on the number of seats that you believe the particular party will get. On the day before election the quotations—which were posted exactly like the prices of active securities—were Conservative 267–271, Labor 244–248, and Liberal 96–100. The dealings in the Communist and in the Independent votes were of little consequence.

Unlike a stock operation, you pay no money down except a small broker's fee. The hazard is like this: For every seat won in excess of the number you gamble on, you receive one pound; for every seat below you have to pay one pound. If, for example, you had bought Conservative at, let us say, 275, you would have lost eighteen pounds. On the other hand, if you had bought Labor at 250, you would have made thirty-eight pounds. The heaviest losses were for those who backed Liberal. When the odds were first posted in February everybody believed that it would win from 100 to 125 seats. Instead, it got only fifty-eight. People who bought at 100 therefore lost forty-two pounds. The betting ran into considerable sums, because the sportingly inclined—the Britisher will bet on anything from the weather to the sex of a new baby—in many cases bought from 100 to 500 Conservatives, Labor or Liberal, which multiplied his gains or losses by the number he purchased.

This reference to money brings us logically to the financial aspect of the campaign. To begin with, every party has what is called a war chest, which corresponds to our campaign fund. Traditionally one of its chief sources of supply for years was the sale of honors. Though titles have always been given for conspicuous public service, they also constituted a commercial commodity. In the old days—and it continued until after the war, when a check was put to the practice—there was a definite scale

"Gee, I'm glad it was the Kelly-Springfield that took that bump. If it had been the other one we'd have been in a nice fix with no spare. I don't suppose the Kelly is even bruised."

Why *dealers all over the country recommend this* NEW SHOCK ABSORBER



The new Monroe Two-Way Hydraulic Shock Eliminator sets an entirely new standard in automobile riding comfort. By its "Two-Way" action it so governs the springs that they compress softly — return to normal gently.

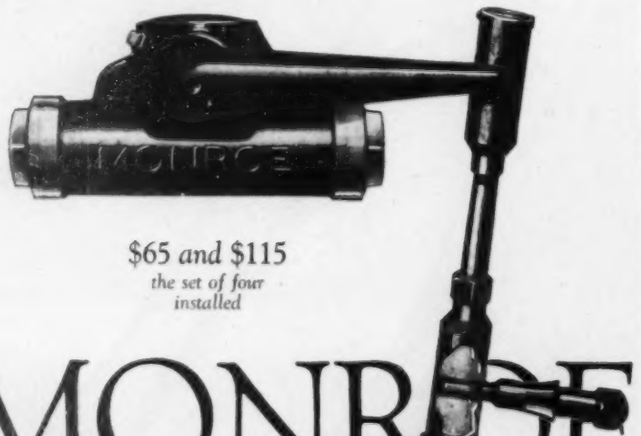
A Monroe dealer, one of a nationwide network, is located near you. He knows just how to install the new two-way Hydraulics on your particular car.

Monroe two-way hydraulics cannot rattle, as the joints are set in powerfully compressed cushions of new live rubber. The advanced engineering design and precise machining of all interior mechanism insures perfect performance and absence of wear for much longer than the life of your car. For light cars, sixty-five dollars; for larger cars, one hundred fifteen dollars, the set of four installed.

Less expensive, but built with the same care and skill, the Monroe One-Way is now standard equipment on more than a million cars. Twenty-five dollars the set of four.

MONROE AUTO EQUIPMENT COMPANY
1300 East First Street Monroe, Michigan

RIDE ON CUSHIONS OF OIL



$65 *and* $115
the set of four installed

MONROE
HYDRAULIC SHOCK ELIMINATORS

A Message to Dealers: Send this coupon filled out to us for interesting information about the Monroe franchise.

Name Address 7-27-29

of prices for titles, ranging from a comparatively small sum for an ordinary knighthood to a five or even six figure amount—and in pounds sterling too—for a peerage. At a certain time, not very remote, when honors were being bestowed thick and fast, so many brewers became barons that the peerage was dubbed the beerage. In the light of these facts, one often wonders why many Americans still take British titles seriously and are so agitated when they come in contact with them.

Lloyd George conferred more honors than any three other British premiers together, and the proceeds formed the basis of what was the biggest war chest in the campaign. It had been further increased through a highly profitable deal in the Daily Chronicle, the leading Liberal paper. Lloyd George and his associates bought it at a very low price and sold out at a profit of more than £1,000,000. When the Liberals got under way early this year they had estimated resources of not less than £3,000,000. Most of it was in gilt-edge securities.

The Conservative funds, like the Liberal, were originally rooted in the sale of honors, but, so far as the last contest was concerned, were composed largely of voluntary contributions in which the brewers and other strongly intrenched reactionary interests predominated. More than £100,000 came from the Carlton Club, which is the die-hard Conservative club in London.

Labor was rather short on available cash. Its principal financial reservoir was greatly depleted this year for a reason that, now that MacDonald rules again, will soon be removed. Until the passage of the Trades Dispute Act of 1927, every trade unionist in the United Kingdom automatically contributed a small percentage of his pay to the support of the Labor Party. If a courageous soul wanted to act otherwise he had to go through a long technical process called "contracting out." Under the Trades Dispute Act all this was changed. The political levy ceased to be mandatory. If John Jones, a miner in Wales, wanted to contribute his bit to the party fund he now had to "contract in." This put a considerable dent in the party fund because many refused. It followed, therefore, that the Labor fight was largely waged with collections taken up at the various meetings. The hat was passed at every one that I attended. I heard more than one Labor leader say that the total fund available for his side was not more than £100,000, which included a donation from the American Socialist Party. When the campaign ended, the Labor coffer was empty. A victory and thanksgiving fund was started directly after MacDonald took office.

The Limit on Campaign Spending

The bulk of war-chest expenditures was for what we would term general publicity, such as billboards, newspaper advertising and literature. No accounting is demanded, as is the case in the United States. In the matter of outlay by individual candidates, you have the exact reverse.

Our candidates, say for Congress, are required to make a detailed statement of what they spend, but they are not restricted by any hard and fast rule that limits expenditure. The British law, on the other hand, prescribes that no Parliamentary candidate can spend more than sixpence—twelve cents—a head for every voter in a county constituency or fivepence—ten cents—in a borough—that is, in a city division. The average British voting district has grown to 50,000. This would give a county candidate leeway up to $6000 and a borough candidate up to $5000.

This brings us to a feature which will surprise the American rank and file. Until a candidate is formally adopted by the party he is technically called a prospective candidate. During this period he can spend as much money as he chooses. It was this procedure that gave rise to the statement, "Buying a seat in Parliament." You saw it in endless novels of English life. A brewer or a manufacturer who had made his pile was always setting himself up as a country squire and buying a seat which put the capstone on his new social standing. It did not mean that he actually purchased a place in Parliament. It did mean that he settled in a district, gave the people a park or a hospital, endowed picnics for the children and made himself the gentleman bountiful. When the time came to name a candidate he was the heaven-born choice.

The moment a candidate is nominated the censorship of expenses begins. He cannot even buy a cup of tea for an elector without running the risk of being disqualified. Nor can he make unnecessary purchases that would influence the vote of a merchant. I could cite many instances of candidates who were disqualified after election because they exceeded the outlay limit. A few years ago Hilton Phillipson, who stood for Berwick-on-Tweed, exceeded his quota by less than £100. The excess was due to so innocent an item as a printer's bill, yet he was forced to surrender his seat. At the by-election his wife, Mabel Russell, a well-known actress, stood and was elected.

A Vote for Mr. Most

Every Parliamentary candidate must have a so-called agent who is his campaign manager. His pay is also fixed by law. In the county constituencies he gets the equivalent of $375, and in the boroughs, $350. The agent is the goat of the campaign, because it is up to him to see that expenditures are kept within the law.

This strict censorship of individual campaign expenditures dates from the passage of the Corrupt Practices Act of 1883. Prior to that time, and especially in the early days of the last century, corruption was rampant. They did not vote them early and often, as was our amiable practice in the days of "blocks of five." Instead, they paid the highest price. They got away with it because the voting was oral. It was no uncommon occurrence for a man to get the equivalent of $200 for his vote. At Honiton, Lord Dundonald once asked a man how he was going to vote. He got this reply: "You need not ask me who I votes for. I always votes for Mister Most." The record for British elections is bestowed on the West Riding of Yorkshire contest of 1807, when Whig, Tory and Independent candidates spent more than $2,500,000.

The last British election was the most expensive yet known. It is estimated that the total costs reached not less than $10,000,000, which was away ahead of 1922, 1923 and 1924, when they were $5,090,980, $4,911,700, and $4,605,825 respectively.

The unprecedented increase this year was due, for one thing, to the nation-wide newspaper advertising campaign of the Liberals. All parties went in heavily for posters. There were 4,000,000 square feet of politics on the billboards. The Conservatives played up Safety First as a reason for keeping Baldwin in. The Liberals flashed, Take the Win Out of Baldwin. The Conservatives also had talking movies made of Baldwin, Churchill, and other prominent figures orating sound Tory doctrine. They were reeled off at hundreds of meetings throughout the kingdom.

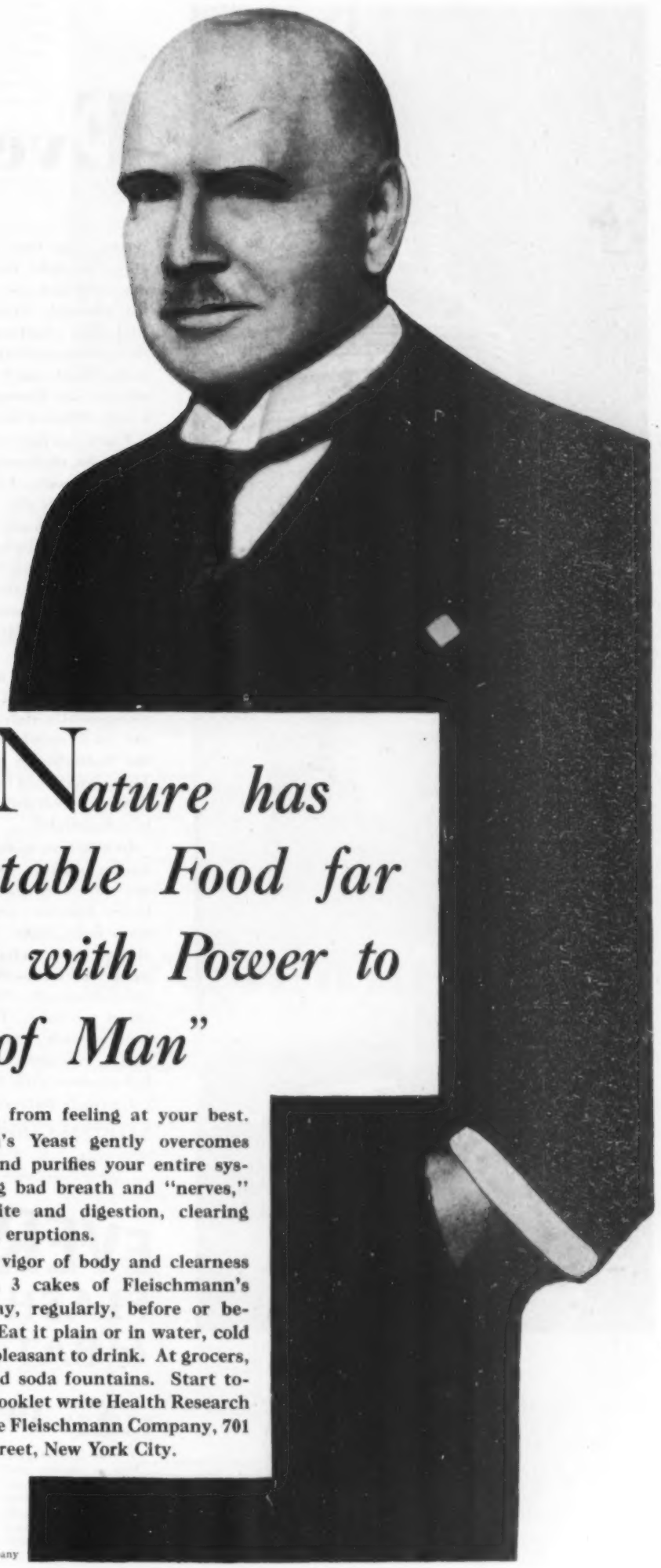
Even at the $10,000,000 figure, the election cost was considerably under the price of our last presidential contest. The official figures for both parties filed with the Senate showed a total outlay of $16,586,115.75.

The British political parties were saved one item of overhead which set our Republicans and Democrats back $1,500,000 in the presidential contest of 1928. I refer to broadcasting, which was free to all factional groups.

In Britain the wireless is operated by the British Broadcasting Corporation, which is owned and controlled by the government. Every owner of a radio is required to pay a fee of ten shillings a year, which is the only

(Continued on Page 101)

"Mother Nature has endowed this vegetable Food far beyond most others with Power to guard the Health of Man"



IN these striking terms, Hofrat Professor Dr. Adolf Cluss, of Vienna, sums up the view of medical men in that great world medical center. Dr. Cluss, outstanding expert on nutrition, is known to doctors throughout America.

"Yeast," he says, *"is a remarkable food, a stimulant and a medicament, a means of strengthening and building up the body."*

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast, eaten daily, floods your digestive and intestinal tract with millions of living, active yeast plants. These amazing little plants greatly speed up the passage of food wastes, checking the formation and spread of the poisons that keep you from feeling at your best.

Fleischmann's Yeast gently overcomes constipation and purifies your entire system, banishing bad breath and "nerves," rousing appetite and digestion, clearing away ugly skin eruptions.

Renew your vigor of body and clearness of mind with 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, regularly, before or between meals. Eat it plain or in water, cold or as hot as is pleasant to drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Start today! For free booklet write Health Research Dept. D-93, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

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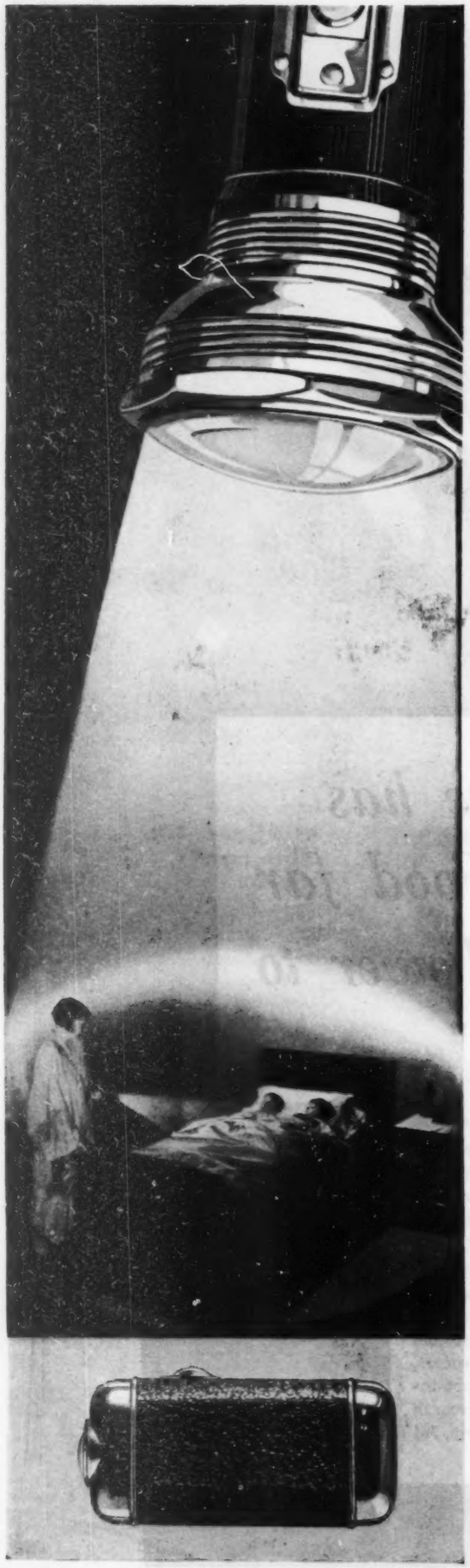


Eveready reports-

"All's well in Slumberland"

WHEN you have any reason to be about at night, indoors or out, go prepared for darkness with an ever-watchful Eveready Flashlight. When you go to the children's room after bedtime, carry a silent, soft-glowing light-maker that won't disturb the lightest sleeper—an Eveready Flashlight with a soft, diffused beam.

When you have to rummage through dimly lit, clothes-packed closets, take your Eveready. Use it to guide you to and through the dry, crowded attic. Keep an Eveready Flashlight hanging at the head of the basement stairs. Take it with you to help find a light-switch, to search through the jam-closet, to look into bins and boxes. Depend on it to show you the way safely through the dark anywhere.

Whenever you want bright, unfailing light that you can take safely and conveniently right to *any* dark spot, use an Eveready Flashlight. Look at the batteries in your flashlight too. They also should be genuine Evereadys. Batteries certainly make a difference in a flashlight.

In addition to satiny black and glistening nickel, Eveready Flashlights are now furnished in special pearl-luster finishes—red, green, blue, old rose, baby blue. There are also exclusive new mechanical features, such as a shock-absorber to protect the lamp-filament. Last but not least, prices are down. Hold out for a genuine Eveready when you buy a flashlight. And keep it full of long-lasting light-power with the best of batteries—Eveready Batteries.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

New York UCC San Francisco

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

A new pocket Eveready 49e

A *real* flashlight. Has a switch and a replaceable battery. Furnished in Scotch-grained red, blue, green, and black at 49c, complete.

A model for indoor use—a widespread, diffused beam. No. 2616, complete with batteries, $1.50.

(Continued from Page 98)

income. Britain permits no aerial advertising. All the twenty-three governmental stations are operated on different wave lengths. Programs do not conflict and there is, consequently, no congestion on the air.

The election was not only the most expensive but also the most talkative. Britain's electorate was drenched with oratory at the 18,000 meetings. A statistical shark figured it out that an average of 50,000,000 words was discharged every day on the heads of the audiences. Every big vocal gun in all parties was let loose. This imposed no hardship, because John Bull is acclimated to stump speaking. Like the old Kentucky colonel and his bourbon, he likes it straight.

Since Lloyd George injected more pep into the campaign than any other candidate and because my experience with him will serve to give a close-up of high-powered electioneering procedure, I will concentrate on his methods. He was to sound the Liberal keynote at Plymouth on a Friday in mid-April, and he asked me to go along. On the way down he dictated striking sentences of his speech to a secretary, who typed them on small sheets of paper to which he referred when he got on his feet that night. A single word gave him the cue for a whole paragraph. I later discovered that this was the Baldwin and the MacDonald plan as well. None of them read an address and each improvised as he went along.

On this trip I also discovered how Lloyd George keeps fit. At sixty-six he seemed to have all the vigor and forcefulness that made him the galvanizer of victory in the war of wars. After luncheon he stretched out on a long seat, put a newspaper over his face and in two minutes was sound asleep. Nor was he disturbed by the shouts and cheers at the various stations we passed where crowds had gathered.

At Plymouth he had a great welcome. He was to speak first at the Drill Hall. I wanted to see the preliminaries, so, after a hasty dinner, I went over to the auditorium. It was here that I had my first acquaintance with what has become a distinctive feature of all British political gatherings. As I neared the hall I was amazed to hear the strains of My Old Kentucky Home floating out of the peaceful Devon air. On arrival I found that it was part of the community singing then in full swing. What surprised me was the number of good old American melodies on the program. They included John Brown's Body, Suwanee River, and Marching Through Georgia. Under the direction of professional leaders these songs were sung with kindling effect. There were also specially written campaign ditties. Each party had a book of songs in which the opposition was parodied or ridiculed.

Glorifying the English Woman

I had not heard Lloyd George speak since the war. He was never in better form. His silver tongue had become even more silvery. The fire, fervor and emotion that had made those war utterances unforgettable still registered. His blue eyes flashed and his mane of white hair streamed like that famous plume of Henry of Navarre. The little man is never so effective as when he hurls flashing defiance. Then, as elsewhere in the campaign, he looked and was the Happy Warrior, the greatest, perhaps, of all living campaigners.

From the Drill Hall we went to the old Corn Exchange. Here I saw an entirely different Lloyd George, because he made a half-hour broadcast speech and adapted his technic to it. Before the microphone he was calm and dispassionate. Every word heard that night by millions of people throughout the United Kingdom counted. There were no gestures. Lloyd George realized that concentration was essential. Great showman that he is—not even Mussolini surpasses him—he capitalized every second of speech.

His amazing adaptability was indicated a fortnight later, when I heard him address 9000 women at Albert Hall. You would have thought that his whole life had been, and was henceforth to be, consecrated to the female cause. With honeyed words he played on every feminine weakness and interest.

It was on this night that he referred to "woman the peacemaker" and made every member of the sex present feel that the whole cause of world disarmament and, beyond that, the era of universal conciliation were in her hands.

At this meeting all the Liberal campaign songs were sung. Here is the first paragraph of one entitled Gin a Flapper Meet a Flapper:

Gin a flapper meet a flapper
Going to the poll—
Gin a flapper ask a flapper,
"Who should take control?"
Ilka flapper has her answer:
"Easy that will be;
'Tis for the Liberals I shall vote,
For they're the lads for me."

No two men could offer a greater contrast on the platform than Lloyd George and Stanley Baldwin. The Baldwin to whom I listened, whether at Drury Lane—the Liberals immediately dubbed it "Dreary Lane"—Albert Hall or elsewhere was the same Baldwin with whom I had talked in the cabinet room at No. 10 Downing Street. Whether in public or private, he is, both in manner and method, the gentleman speaking to gentlemen. Dignity is his strong point and restraint rules. With him, you have none of the tricks of the trained speaker. Nevertheless, he is impressive in his quiet way.

Baldwin has one characteristic while speaking. Our old-time spellbinders usually rested their right hands under the lapels of their frock coats and looked majestic. Baldwin invariably holds the lapels of his coat.

The Boy Who Would be Premier

In connection with this performance is a charming little story. It is related that when he was six years old he went into the kitchen and climbed on a high-backed chair to make speeches to the cook. Tucking his tiny fingers into the lapels of his coat, he said, "This is how I should talk if I were Prime Minister." Then he would add, "Or maybe I will be Archbishop of Canterbury. I'll be one or other of them."

Throughout the campaign Baldwin refused to make any promises. He stood pat on the record of his administration, especially his policy of safeguarding and the establishment of peace in industry. In this last-mentioned respect he was all to the good, because during 1928 Britain had an unusually good record in regard to labor dislocations and loss of working days through strikes.

At all the big Baldwin rallies two special campaign songs were sung. One was entitled Stanley Boy, sung to the tune of Sonny Boy, the first verse of which went:

Peace and faith your creed,
Stanley Boy!
True in word and deed,
Stanley Boy!
Socialists will hamper,
Lloyd George prove a damper,
In our hours of need.
Stanley Boy!

The other—Do You Ken Lloyd George?—was like this:

Do you ken Lloyd George with his coat so gay?
He can turn it and wear it either way,
And tomorrow deny what he says today.
So beware of neglecting the warning!

The chorus was:

For in spite of the use of his fund of gold
And the fairy tales he has ofttimes told,
If you vote for him you'll be badly sold
And awake with a head in the morning.

Still another brand of campaign orator was revealed by Ramsay MacDonald. If

The "Overhead Door" for the modern garage is so carefully engineered for satisfactory operation that a child can open or close it with effortless ease. This ideal garage door glides upward on ball-bearing rollers engaged within scientifically designed tracks, and comes to rest on horizontal tracks above . . . COMPLETELY OUT OF THE WAY.

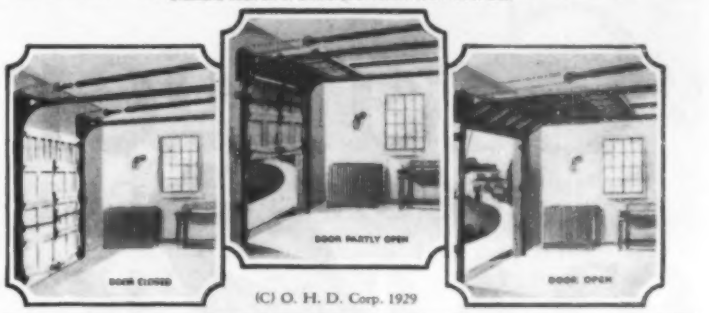
"Overhead Doors" give unfailing service every day in the year. No matter how deep the snow, or how tenacious the sleet, they always function perfectly. All hardware and metal parts are on the INSIDE, protected from rust and corrosion. When closed they fit tightly at top, sides and bottom. When open they afford full width and height of the opening.

The "OVERHEAD Door"
ALWAYS EASY TO OPEN

Modern demands for a garage door that would anticipate all discriminating modern requirements have been met with the "Overhead Door." Available in any size, in any architectural design . . . may be locked or unlocked from either side . . . easily and quickly operated . . . stays open, stays closed . . . can not twist, sag, bind or swell . . . can not become disengaged from its tracks.

Remember last winter's snows and plan now for the convenience and efficiency of the "Overhead Door." Doors to fit openings 8′ wide by 8′ high or 8′ wide by 7′ 6″ high are carried in stock by all distributors. Electrically operated if desired. Adaptable to public, private, and apartment garages, factories, warehouses, filling stations, greasing pits and similar buildings.

OVERHEAD DOOR CORPORATION
HARTFORD CITY, INDIANA · · U.S.A.
OVERHEAD DOOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD. TORONTO, ONTARIO, CAN.



(C) O. H. D. Corp. 1929

THE OVERHEAD DOOR CORPORATION, HARTFORD CITY, INDIANA: Dept. A5
Please send me complete information concerning the "Overhead Door" for the modern garage.
NAME ..... ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE .....

A cooler smoke in a DRIER pipe

You pipe smokers will get this . . .

You'll find GRANGER ROUGH CUT slower-burning—therefore cooler—than granulated or finely cut tobaccos.

So pack your pipe firmly. That way you fill up air spaces, insure even draft; and enjoy the full rich flavor that Wellman's 1870 Method puts into this fine old Kentucky Burley.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT is packed in foil, instead of costly tin, and therefore sells at 10 cents. Do not let this modest price mislead you, but judge GRANGER ROUGH CUT solely on its good taste and fine smoking qualities.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO COMPANY

Granger ROUGH CUT

IN MORE PIPES EVERY DAY!

you know Britain's Labor premier at all—and I speak from some contact with him—you know that he is the type who, in the Middle Ages, would have gone to the stake for the sake of principle. There is something of the puritan in him. Zealotry is instinct.

It followed that at all the huge Labor gatherings when he spoke you got something of the high evangelistic note.

MacDonald dramatizes this in his public utterances. He is a British Borah. He has none of the drama and emotion of Lloyd George, nor has he the almost unobtrusive quality of Baldwin. He speaks directly, forcibly, yet not without some of the golden imagery of expression so effectively employed by his chief Liberal opponent. When he is approaching a grand climax he seems to gather himself like an athlete crouching for a leap.

The Socialists were particularly strong on community singing. One of the songs that impressed me most was The March of the Workers, sung to the inspiring strains of John Brown's Body. I heard it at Albert Hall, when 10,000 voices united for an effort that stirred and swept everybody present, regardless of their convictions or prejudices.

One of the most diverting Albert Hall meetings that I attended was a revival of the old hustings. On this occasion Sir William Joynson-Hicks, better known as Jix, who was Home Secretary in the last Baldwin Government, and J. H. Thomas, Colonial Secretary in the first MacDonald régime, held a joint debate. Jix is the aristocrat in politics, while Thomas, who rose from humble engine oiler to be head of the most powerful of all the British trade unions—the National Union of Railway Men—is rough and ready, and proud of it.

The World's Best Woman Canvasser

Thomas strewed the great hall with aitches—that is, the letter *h*. His every reference to his opponent was made to the "'Ome Secretary." He spoke of the American President once as "Mr. 'Oover." Jim, as all the Laborites call him, is, after MacDonald, the best bet in the Socialist speaking ranks. It was at this meeting that I got my first experience with heckling, which is such an inseparable feature of all British political meetings. The crowd was evenly divided, but Labor had the bulge on noise. Both speakers suffered from almost incessant interruptions and questions. At one time the Socialists completely drowned out Jix, whereupon Thomas arose and asked his followers to give the speaker a fair hearing. It revealed Thomas as the good sport that he is.

I can best round out the campaign picture with Lady Astor, the candidate with the biggest American interest. This gentle-born Virginian lost none of her Southern charm in contact with a roughneck element. She reënforced it with a punch that silenced heckling and likewise commanded respect. I went with her on a canvassing tour in her constituency, which includes most of Plymouth's slums and quays. From one of the latter the Mayflower sailed on her historic journey. Among her constituents are stevedores, fishermen and sailors. We saw them at their best and worst.

It was a striking illustration of British democracy to see a big, horny-handed laborer shake the hand of the immaculately dressed little woman and then say "M'lady, I am for you." It was equally impressive to hear a gang of ditch diggers shout at her "You're going out this time," and have her say "Don't you believe it." Right and left she darted the question: "Are you going to vote for me?" A frowzy individual at an upper window yelled down a jeering remark, whereupon Lady Astor stopped, planted her umbrella firmly in the street, and gave him all he asked for. When a Communist sought to lay hands on her she raised her trusty umbrella, but before any of her companions could come to her aid the man ran away.

Down one alley she was greeted by a flock of unkempt children. She knew them by name, and hurled queries about granny and dad. All greeted her vociferously, tugged at her skirts, and then sang the Astor campaign song, which is sung to the tune of Tramp, Tramp, Tramp. Here it is:

Vote, vote, vote for Lady Astor.
Who's that knocking at the door?
If it's Westwood and his wife
We'll stab him with a knife,
And he won't vote Labor any more.
If I had a lump of lead
I'd throw it at his head,
And he wouldn't vote Labor any more.

Westwood was her Labor opponent. Lady Astor is a far better speaker than the two men who ran against her. On the platform, as on the floor of the House of Commons, she brings a ready wit to bear and is swift on the uptake.

Lady Astor is a dry, but did not raise the issue. Her views on prohibition, however, inspired more than one gibe. Yet she met them, as she encountered all others, with humor and a good nature that sterilized the assault. At the end of the day I was convinced that she is the world's best and most dauntless woman political canvasser.

It remains only to point the significance of the election and to speculate briefly about the future. The results indicated that Britain, notably the women, wanted a change. The general point of view is best summed up in: "Let us see what Labor can do."

Labor's task, however, is not easy. Power this time is somewhat cramped because of the failure to have a decisive majority in Parliament. MacDonald's best key to the complicated situation is a cure for unemployment. That he means to have a good try at the cracking of this hard nut is shown by the fact that he has created a Ministry of Employment, with J. H. Thomas as the responsible head, and has already outlined a constructive policy.

Under the conditions I have outlined the big question is: How long can MacDonald last? His nemesis sooner or later may be Lloyd George, who, with his fifty-eight seats, holds the ace. All parties, especially the Conservative, whose funds are low, want to postpone another election until next year. Meanwhile, as a distinguished publicist expressed it to me: "The Socialists will become more and more educated in the art of government as well as in restraint."

Throwing No Monkey Wrenches

Mr. MacDonald's return to the premiership means 100 per cent support for President Hoover's peace and disarmament program. The British Socialists are not hampered by any adherence to the hereditary imperial conception of sea power. Their leader is all for a new era of world cooperation that will scrap naval races and rivalries and put an end to secret understandings. He is also wise to the fact that the debts and reparations are two separate and distinct subjects.

What was said at the beginning of this article may well be emphasized at the end. Socialism, intrenched, no longer conjures up the specter of a British workers' state or kindred communistic adventures. MacDonald has surrounded himself with practically the same group which held office under his first administration. In 1923 they threw no monkey wrenches into the national machinery, nor are they likely to do so now that they are again in charge. The experience of all countries, especially Germany, that have gone Socialistic shows that if a Socialist is put in power he is inclined to lean the other way.

In the last analysis, and thanks to those permanent officials, Britain, to employ a familiar phrase, "is run by a few clerks in Whitehall and the policeman on the corner." In this respect the old land remains true to tradition. It will take more than a Labor Government to make John Bull lose his step.

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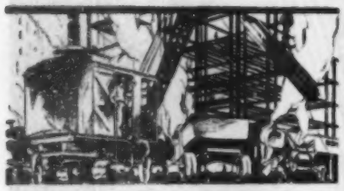

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LONE TREE

(Continued from Page 21)

"Enough, enough, Monsieur Papillon!" chided his mother with quite broadly acted severity. "I call this monster Mr. Butterfly," she explained, "because he flutters through the world alighting here a moment, pausing there a moment ——" She gestured Hercule's airy fluttering. "Never a care, and so aimless! How I have tried to make him be serious, but he will have nothing of it; one dollar, one franc, is but a tiresome word to him, and the things run through his fingers like the waters of a stream. Still, I must tell you he has a vein, this stormy petrel; though you might never suspect it, truly he has a vein." She delicately patted Hercule's girlish cheek and he kissed the hand amid audible inhalations of sympathy from Addie and the girls.

Ben, a little miffed, felt a wayward wish to see Hercule at that moment astride a colt that had never been sat on. It might be true that his countrymen were dollar chasers, not carelessly openhanded like Hercule and his friends, but we did have some right pretty songs. Still, this was a bright kid, and it was certainly comical the way he would screw and twist his face around to represent different emotions.

And he must remember that "fortnight" was just a way of saying two weeks. Addie and the girls were all calling two weeks a fortnight, as if they had never had any other name for them. And he was going to have a study of his own in that new house, or château, as Hercule called it. He wasn't sure the word "château" would take any deep root in Branlock. "Mansion" was rather the word there, especially if you had a cement elk or two in the front yard. Anyway, that wing chair with the ball-and-claw feet would be fine in his study. He had a pleasing vision of a wing chair in full flight. It seemed to him that he had always wished to have a study—in which to study—with a wing chair to make it lively.

In the flush of this inspiration he interrupted Hercule, who was speaking of some old bits he meant to pick up the next day, announcing that he himself had some old bits he would be glad to show Hercule. Addie tried to hush him, but he persisted. Didn't he have a desk with a roll-top bought well over twenty years ago, and a swivel chair, cane-seated, every bit as old as the desk, and a center table, black walnut with bunches of fruit carved on its legs and with a marble top? The top had been broken that night they had the party for Bill Hepburn, who got quarrelsome with Doc Snell for a minute, but nobody could say it wasn't an old table. He glared especially at Addie, and forthwith glibly hummed a few bars of My Old Kentucky Home just to show Hercule something.

Addie suddenly narrowed her eyes upon him. "Ben Carcross, I bet you could get out of that bed this minute and be as well as anybody! Ever since we've been in this room you've had one of those smiles that could be buttoned around the back of your neck."

The St. John Smythes exchanged one shining glance at this; the others raised inquiring eyebrows.

Ben cowered. "That's all you know about it." His voice, lately swelling in native balladry, was weak and edged with pain. His shifting glance, finding Miss Ellis, mutely begged help.

That capable girl came with her thermometer and he closed his guilt-revealing eyes as the magic tube found its place. They couldn't ace him out that easy.

"He has these terrible pains quite often," explained Miss Ellis in her sick-room whisper. Addie regained the Continental poise from which she had briefly lapsed into the home or ranch manner.

"You poor dear!" she murmured. "But you did look so fit."

Ben removed the tube long enough to say, "It's like a fit when that pain takes me right across here."

"Perhaps ——" suggested Mrs. St. John Smythe, rising.

"By all means," confirmed the general, also rising. "The man is indeed far from well."

"You're quite sure we can't do anything," asked Addie, her conscience hurting.

"I'll have to fight it out alone," he told her, concluding with a pitiful moan.

"The dear man is in very, very excellent hands," declared Hercule, winking at Ben. "If he doesn't soon recover we shall stop the rogue's pocket money."

They rustled softly out after the hasty bestowal of cigarette ends, a quick scanning of make-up in compact mirrors.

When the door had closed upon the last of them—it was Vannie in her shimmering dove-gray frock, who tiptoed back for cigarette case and gloves—Ben flouted the decencies; he kicked viciously at his covers, called for a long drink and one of his long cigars.

Miss Ellis reported spicy bits to Doyle that evening. The French boy was top-dog himself and didn't have to look at a girl twice to let her know what he was thinking about; he'd certainly be a swell dish to party with. He was Mr. Fresh though; kidding the old boy that he was two-timing the wife with her, Ellis.

"The idea!" she finished. "And that chief of the blond Eskimos, say, how she does hate gals with these lithe, boyish figures. She says they don't look feminine and almost all of them got T. B. from starving their curves down. But she says the womanly woman is coming back. That's the only kind word she gets from her bathroom scales. And her with a new-art wave that set her back nineteen-fifty. But she's just a girl that men forget. Wouldn't it splash you!"

XIV

BEN broke crackers into his soup that night and derived a new pleasure from this disobedience to the rules governing nice people. No Addie there to warn him it wasn't done. It simply was done and he was doing it. He crumbled seven of the crackers into his bowl and dusted his hands with a needless flourish. If only Addie could be brought to see that he was hopeless! He couldn't ever get cultured up to the standards of lady folks that had come into money.

He had left the hated but protective bed to sit up for his dinner, and he continued in the big chair to smoke his cigar. It was peaceful with all of them gone. Smoking thus, he thought about money—that there was a trick to it. Too little—or too much. It could do the same thing to you either way. If a man wasn't a prosperous citizen, making enough to give his folks what they wanted, well, that hombre didn't rate one-two-three with them. And the other way around, if money happened to him—a big flood of money—it seemed to take his place with 'em; shove him off the map.

Tricky stuff. Some people seemed to want money so they could have things other people couldn't have. If everybody could have the other things, about half of these wouldn't be wanted by anybody. He thought of Hercule, the butterfly, rushing around Europe, teasing his old friends to sell a lot of things to his new friends at half price, that most folks wouldn't want at any price if everyone could have them for the asking.

He'd bet dollars to doughnuts Addie didn't really want an oak-paneled interior; it didn't sound attractive. Once she had loudly wanted a tea wagon, and now she didn't. All pretty queer.

And Presh? He was sure Presh would be a blanket Indian again, once he got back to the reservation; the world hadn't seen the last of that fawnskin vest and the Chugwater hat with the high-peak pinch. What Presh really wanted wasn't a long yellow cigarette holder or period pants or a study. He wanted someone to set him up in a garage business with the agency for a good-selling car.

And the general? In the weaving blue of his smoke cloud he reviewed the general's placid life at the ranch—sitting out in the sun in the old busted armchair, his shirt collar open, his belt loosened, needing a shave, one slippered foot patiently rocking a cradle while he read The Scientific American, in almost every issue of which he found where someone had beaten him to one of his own inventions; at least he had had the same idea, only he hadn't quite worked it out. In the cradle would be a keg of new moonshine, and it was the general's own inspiration to rock it to a premature old age by giving it all the benefit of a long sea voyage which, as is well known, adds suavity to any ardent liquor. When he got out the flivver to go for the mail he would place the keg in the back, thus over a rutty road aging the stuff even more rapidly with the realistic effect of a storm at sea.

Surely the general had led an ideal life. He had his stovepipe hat and Prince Albert coat for gala occasions at Branlock when he made the address of the day; he had his letters to write to the papers, and he often had the cow hands to address in the evening at the ranch. The cow hands called him "Old Jinglebob"—not to his face or in Ben's actual presence. Still, they had to sit up when he discoursed about world affairs.

Things were always being done in Washington that the general had long been afraid would be done; they were always making mistakes down there that a detached observer, eight miles west of Branlock, could have saved them and the country from. The general probably didn't care much for more clothes than he could wear at one time, but the papers would surely pay more attention now to his letters of advice and, moreover, he had dropped a hint that afternoon that he might take from Ben's shoulders the burden of administering a fortune; he had spoken of doing some big things in a big way. That was all right with Ben, so long as the general's wider operations didn't cut into the cattle business. He had never been stingy with advice about how to run a cow outfit, but on this point Ben had shown a certain lack of plasticity, probably from having been so long in a rut.

Ben believed the general to be right about Nicaragua and the Peace Pact and Muscle Shoals and the income tax. He was far enough from these problems to take an unbiased view; but he was, it seemed to Ben, a trifle too close to the cattle business. Addie and the girls, of course, were having a spree; going places and buying things they had dreamed about, or having Hercule, the monster of a butterfly, buy them at half price. Ben felt a little guilty about the way Hercule was taking advantage of his friends for stuff the Carcrosses had money to pay in full for.

As for himself, the money had brought an operation, and he could smoke the kind of cigars every day that he used to smoke on Sundays; but, on the whole, he sneakingly wished the money might have happened to some other family. It was like that time he had driven out to the ranch with a yearling calf in the truck and the calf had licked the back of his neck for eight miles, nearly sending him into the ditch every time he felt the hot tongue under an ear. It wasn't downright painful, yet he had greatly wanted it to be over.

Addie and the girls had made little laughing speeches, watching him sidewise meanwhile, about a city home in the East. Well, if they wanted to be go-Easters, that was all right with him. Denver or Kansas City wouldn't be so bad for an Eastern home; not too far from the high country. Of course, he wouldn't live there much himself; he'd be back on the Lone Tree raising

(Continued on Page 107)

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(Continued from Page 104)

period white faces. He was a saddle-warped old hellion and that Lone Tree place had a tail holt on him with a downhill pull.

One phrase he had been hearing a lot: Be yourself! Well, he'd be himself; braid feathers in his hair, beat the war drum. But of course a man must use his judgment about letting other people know it.

While he pondered his insurgency Doyle slipped out. A moment later there was a muffled bump on his door and he found Jackson Temple backing his chair off for a harder bump. He welcomed the interruption. Here was a man that would be himself, how great soever any Pettigrew menace. He brought out the bourbon and more cigars.

Jackson Temple's own cigars were fierce; free burners that might at a pinch be smoked out-of-doors in a high wind. Temple always had one newly lighted when he came and, on being urged, would abandon it for one of Ben's costly cigars. He professed to like his own and said he had smoked that brand for forty years, yet he always welcomed the better cigar—acted like a poor man—and Ben wondered why. This was a mystery never to be made clear.

"How goes it?" Temple wanted to know when the exchange of cigars had been effected.

"I don't suffer quite so hard," Ben admitted. Another knock at the door and Whitey appeared on crutches, attended by an entranced Belinda who had never seen crutches.

"Still on flat tires, but I'm moving," said Whitey, lowering himself tenderly into a chair.

"I'm going to have me a little play pair," announced Belinda. She was without her bathrobe and had run off again. She had been seized with the dizzy-ache, she explained. The last time she had run off she had said she was truly sorry—cry-sorry—and would never do it again. But she had seen the crutches going by. Here the professor's chair bumped against the door and he presently beamed upon the group.

"It's get-acquainted week," remarked the genial host.

Belinda claimed the floor. She was going to have her cask off tomorrow. The old robbers still had her scooter, but if she could have crutches like Whitey she wouldn't mind. Without intermission she related that from a window that day she had watched a man chop down a poor old dead tree. The ax went bang! a lot of times and down came the tree.

"Axes don't go bang," Whitey pointed out. "A gun goes bang! but not an ax." Belinda said axes did, too, go bang!—but how did they go then? They all tried to tell her how an ax went and she received widely varying and quite misleading versions.

They were relieved when Doyle came in, though Doyle was embarrassed because she clasped a rug-wrapped burden to her breast. She hadn't expected callers. She had to come in, though, and reveal her guilty secret. Belinda wanted to know if the doctor had just brought it and how much Doyle had paid for it. She also wanted to poke its eyes open, and was so set on this that she was persuaded to go back to Thelma.

With the menace of Belinda's fingers removed, Doyle lectured on the baby in terms that caused the professor to accuse her of being excessively philoprogenitive. Doyle only smiled at that, but Ben thought it was nothing to accuse a nice girl of. He supposed that was what too much education did for you. The professor went on to speak of behaviorism, and even Doyle didn't relish this. Behaviorism seemed to be something all babies were guilty of. The professor couldn't quite define it except to his own very evident satisfaction, but neither Doyle nor Ben believed for a moment that this particular baby could have any taint of it. The professor was inclined to view the infant as a commonplace demonstration in biology; he seemed to think it was any baby at all.

"But you see so many," he insisted to Doyle. "You watch the process, life coming, life going; you see all the deadly mechanism. Here we are, this morsel of slightly organized protoplasm and we who are rather in the wane of life. Tomorrow, in a way of speaking, we shall have disintegrated and this bit of flotsam will be old in turn, hurting under the besoms that life's so handy with."

"Long-trail," Ben put in helpfully. "What's the answer?" The professor looked wise but uncertain, as if, possibly, he had just forgotten the answer.

"The earth always in labor, bringing to birth and devouring its offspring. Rather silly I dare say."

"All of it's silly," Doyle flatly told him. "The idea of saying such things with a baby like this before your very eyes. Flotsam! Protoplasm! You and your old biology!"

"Woman is ever the instinctive empiricist," remarked the unabashed professor. Ben vaguely felt that this was something to be resented in Doyle's behalf, but Jackson Temple, it seemed, thought not.

"Right you are, doctor! Hasn't it been so ever since Homer put Greece on the map? Look at what one of 'em did to Troy." None of the others seemed to care to look at this and Doyle flounced out with her bundle.

"Well, we're all human," said Ben, feeling that someone should be apologized to.

"Life is like that," admitted the professor. Ben had noticed that this was always a safe and sometimes a helpful thing to say.

They took minute quantities of the bourbon and the talk came back to where Ben could speak without keeping his guard up. He was presently lamenting the days when help was down and cattle up; when you could get a riding boss for seventy-five a month and dry she stock brought sixty dollars a head. The professor said it must be ever so jolly a life. He supposed the employe called a riding boss must keep his horse on a leash practically all the time. Ben felt it would be polite to confirm this with a mere nod. The professor went on to say that he was at the beginning of a sabbatical year in which he had meant to do certain research work and he might find time for a study of actual conditions in the cattle business, which was a basic industry and about which, he suspected, he knew rather little. Ben thought sabbatical year sounded good—"Like as if every day was going to be Sunday"—and cordially offered the Lone Tree as a base from which to conduct the researches. The professor thought that would be larky.

Jackson Temple began to give them figures about the shipment of livestock into Chicago. They listened respectfully until Ben remembered a couple of bad years when it had been all he could do to putty the leaks; when you had to ride your horse tired and then eat him, which the professor considered to be the extreme of adversity, though he looked at Ben doubtfully when he disclosed this view.

Ben felt that the evening was making a new man of him; nothing to be afraid of with these people; not a one of them bothering about the mode trend, and probably they all broke crackers into their soup even if company was there. With the professor on the ranch, of course they'd probably have to veal him quick, and Whitey, who had apparently knocked down a hip, wouldn't be any flash rider; but with people like this around him he wouldn't be afraid of an army of Pettigrews. He'd show them he could be a fence breaker on a top-dog sporting estate. He scowled on this, which drew together the two ends of his eyebrows. He would be out there with a giant's stride quick enough.

At a break in the talk he genially told them a few things about the long-bodied Berkshire hog; also how pure-bred cattle carried their fat well distributed, while common cows got paunchy; and how sheep and cattle were kept thirty-six hours in the cars between feeds; and wound up with a good one about Ed Bantry's lawyer the time Ed was tried for selling ties to the railroad off government land and his lawyer gave him a bum suit of clothes so he could look to the jury like a poor man, then saying his fee was five hundred dollars and leave the clothes. Neither Ed nor the lawyer ever had more than one jump on a crook. He wished Addie could hear him talking that way, all friendly and unafraid, with a bunch of good scouts. He affected a polite interest in Jackson Temple's account of some reorganization; Temple had only a growling interest in that company before, but now the crooks knew whose hand they must eat out of.

It had been a lovely evening and Ben was sorry when his callers left. He sat with visions in which he was a prevailing figure. Addie had been a nice home-keeping woman who read library books; now she was chasing the wind. Little he cared. He'd run the other way and be running honest. Hercule and his mother were sure some brand blotchers. They'd got Addie's and the girls' marks all burned over so a stranger couldn't read them any longer.

Doyle came back and stood with a hand to her heart, her face alight with excitement.

"Do you know what happened?"

Ben didn't know.

"He reached for the moon!" Ben's eyes were wide, but blank.

"He actually did! Right out in this very hall. I was going along and I stopped to talk at him a minute by that open window so he could breathe some fresh air after all this smoke, and there was the full moon over us and he opened his eyes and the moon shone in them and he reached his hands right up to grab it."

"No!" This was hard to believe.

"He actually and truly did, as plain as anything. It's the truth I'm telling you. There I stood holding him, just talking to him, and the moon was shining in his face and he gets his two hands out and reached right up for it—both of his hands, as if he could take it out of the sky."

"Well, I'll be good gosh-danged!"

XV

THERE followed three days of enforced seclusion for Ben; days needed not only for Hercule to pick up a few more old things through new connections this butterfly seemed to have a genius for establishing, but to convince the Pettigrews that Ben would not at once be fit for travel.

Ben himself told Addie it would be a fortnight, and when Addie and both girls had said, "What a pity!" Ben had replied, with an effort at brave lightness: "Life is like that."

He decided that the fortification of bourbon had been a tactical mistake, causing him not only to gabble but to sing. Yet, unstimulated, he would catch himself softly whistling in the midst of their talk. On the third day he suddenly became aware that Addie had been boring into him with narrowed eyes. He was at once stricken by a shooting pain, but Addie accused him:

"Ben Carcross, I'll bet a cooky you're up to some caper!"

He groaned in the throes of a fresh paroxysm, called for the thermometer and had Miss Ellis count his pulse. But he was glad to remember this was the last day he'd have to keep it up. Ben was not a born actor.

There was much talk to regale him, those three days, as they came singly or in pairs or all together. Addie had acquired a darling sweater suit of pale absinth green through a New York connection that Mrs. St. John Smythe had formed, and from the same source Vannie and Gail had secured the most wonderful bargains, among them a platinum-gray ensemble with fox collar, and cuffs of the same distinguished fur. Ben heard of Riviera blue and Monte Carlo yellow. He guessed that these—"dresses," he called them—would knock the eye out of Branlock.

It was now he learned of the adventure in genealogy. The Pettigrews, of course, had always possessed ancestors, but until this time, as Ben understood it, no one had ever bothered to get their names into the herd book. Now they were there, a line of Pettigrews extending back to one who had come over with William the Conqueror in 1066.

Ben was charmed, though regretful, that no trace could be obtained beyond this ultimate Pettigrew. He, too, must have had ancestors, but it seemed that nothing could be done about it. Besides, nine hundred years or so of Pettigrews were a great many. Ben visioned the line receding from the general, all of them looking like him, all of them well posted.

The general was apologetic about the outlay for these choice data, a matter of two thousand dollars in round numbers, he explained; but he felt justified because of the children. The adventurous Pettigrew of 1066 had been a Sir Rufus, and Hercule was in touch with a trusty agent who would scour England for a portrait of him. This would require, if found, a further outlay of two thousand dollars in round numbers, but a portrait of so old a member of the family might be worth it. Ben said of course it would.

"And they threw in the most adorable coat of arms," murmured Addie. "Hand-painted with gules and lions and other things; we have it on our stationery. It's the smartest note! Would you like these same wonderful people to try again for the Carcross coat? Perhaps they came over in 1066 too."

"Well, that's mighty far back in the earlies for a Carcross," said Ben doubtfully. He was thinking that even if a Carcross had come over from some place that long ago, it would take the price of a pretty fair pure-bred bull to prove it.

The St. John Smythes, it appeared, were quite ready to leave the barbaric splendor of New York for the simple and rough West. They jested with each other about the hardships.

"I rag *maman* until she becomes furious with me," boasted Hercule; "I tell her how rude the cuisine will be and how she must sleep in a wigwam. For myself I am not afraid. I have often roughed it in hunting the chamois."

Maman patted the cheek of her stormy petrel. "Bad monster that you are!" she prettily reproved him.

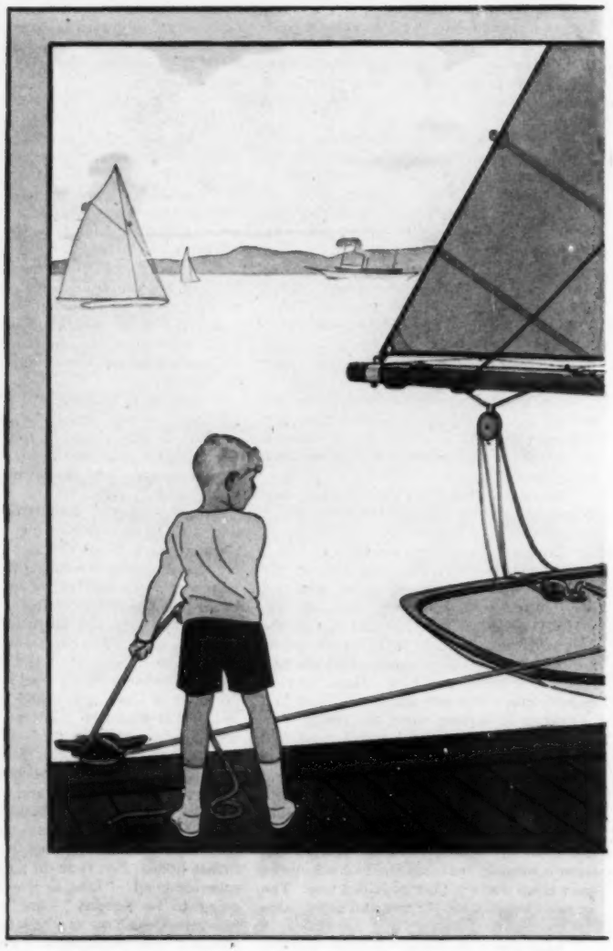
Ben began to wonder how you hunted chamois—if maybe you could get one with a lass' rope. Then he remembered Maria, the Branlock cook. Maria was large, with a noble and seldom-restrained torso. More than once she had refused to don corsets merely for the family. "No, ma'am, Mrs. Carcross, I wouldn't ever saddle up unless it's for company; I'd quit sooner." Would she, Ben wondered, regard the St. John Smythes as company, after the first day? But that would be Addie's grief.

While rapid talk went on he recalled a group photograph of Addie and the girls, taken, it seemed to him, but yesterday, when skirts swept the floor. Then they were prim, with dark hair, gently interested in art and clubs and welfare movements. Now they were canary-headed, smoked cigarettes, and he had never seen such amazing areas of skin-colored stockings. He idly wondered what had become of all the corsets, high shoes and cotton stockings in the world. Merchants must have woke up some morning and found no sale for these. What was ever done with all the millions of them, and with the sturdy underwear ladies used to protect themselves with? Where would they fetch up if they kept on taking off things? Of course the law might step in.

Addie came, managing her long cigarette holder with ladylike jauntiness, to remind him about the sports clothes and proper evening suits, and to ask what he had done in the matter of a secretary. He mumbled evasively concerning the clothes, knowing too well the neutral garb demanded of its votaries by the only sport he was mad about. Addie saw guilt in his eyes and told

(Continued on Page 110)

Like sunlight on blue water, Cool



"Canada Dry" brings vigorous refreshment to bright vacation days

HIGH NOON of summer with its drowsy days and languorous delight of summer sun . . . high noon of summer, blue and gold to look at, pacing on in regal state . . . wind blows across the hills and stirs the leafy green of trees . . . wind blows across the water, riffling its sparkling, glancing blue . . . and like fresh nodding flowers in a shaded wood . . . like laughter falling lightly in a garden . . . like sunlight on blue water, cool and sparkling . . . is the thrill, the freshness, the quality of drinking "Canada Dry."

This fine old ginger ale is served in countless homes

Refreshing as the breath of a sea breeze . . . keen as a plunge in icy blue water . . . as full of zest as a quartering wind on a sail . . . mellow as the sunlight in a sheltered cove . . . and as delicious with a meal or at a picnic as only the Champagne of Ginger Ales can be—such is "Canada Dry."

In countless homes this summer "Canada Dry" is finding its place, for the distinction, the quality, the matchless flavor of this beverage make it the finest, most cooling drink in summer you can find . . . "dry" as a rare old wine . . . subtle yet fragrant in its bouquet . . . and with an unforgettable flavor which comes from matchless excellence. And do you wonder that it is so popular? Its fame has gone far and traveled wide.

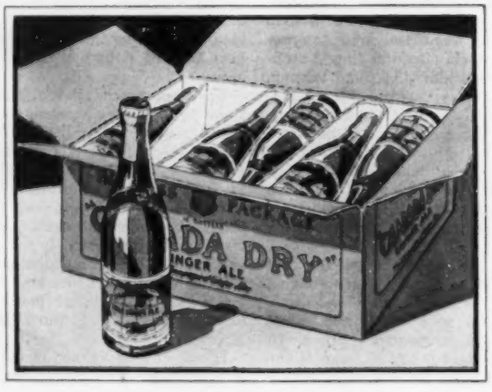
The connoisseur's nod of approval proves the distinction of "Canada Dry"

The connoisseur's nod of approval has been won . . . in clubs, hotels . . . on trains, transatlantic liners and at famous watering places. In many fine homes in all parts of the United States, the grace and hospitality of "Canada Dry" finds its accustomed setting.

A bell tinkles in the lounge of a New York club and the word is given to the waiter. "'Canada Dry,' sir?" says the servant, and both members nod their approval. Or again, dinner coat and dinner

Y Y Y Y

Wherever you go this summer, you'll find the convenient Hostess Package of 12 bottles a good way to buy "Canada Dry." For a motor trip, for the summer camp, or at home, you'll always have plenty on hand when you order "Canada Dry" this way.



and Sparkling–

THE START OF AN ALL-DAY SAIL

This feature makes "Canada Dry" particularly good for you as an appetizer and digestive.

Serve this fine old ginger ale on many occasions

dress at eight follow one another into the dining-room of a Park Avenue restaurant . . . smart, assured, composed in bearing. Waiters bow and flourish pencils and the host, after ordering, pauses a moment to consult his guests with, " 'Canada Dry'?" And again the nods of approval. So, sparkling crystal clear in tall glasses it stands beside each plate, the sign and symbol of the distinction which it has achieved.

What is the reason for such universal appeal? The answer begins with basic excellence. Only the purest ingredients are used in "Canada Dry." Jamaica ginger of the finest quality lends its distinctive, elusive aroma. The blending and balancing are achieved under exact methods. These methods require skill. Hourly tests are made to see to it that the exact proportions never vary. Daily tests are made under laboratory methods to assure purity. The carbonation—delicate and uniform—is the result of a secret process, which enables "Canada Dry" to retain its sparkle long after the bottle is opened.

In many ways has this fine old beverage lent grace and hospitality to an occasion. Serve it with dinner tonight. Order it when you dine out. Offer a glass to your friends when they come in to see you. Its sparkle adds zest to a meal. Its mellowness has the warmth of a friendly handclasp. Its vigor and refreshment bring added pleasure to an evening of bridge. Order "Canada Dry" today. Let it bring the same air of the world to your home that it does to those places of the world where it is served.

"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

© 1929

(Continued from Page 107)

him she would order an outfit by measures taken from one of his good suits.

The secretary, he was admonished, must be someone who would know all the things that he, Ben, didn't, but should, know. Here he was no longer mutinous, as Addie had feared, being, indeed, so cordial as to arouse a queer alarm. He had several people in mind, he admitted. They would all make good secretaries and he might need more than one—with all the things he didn't know. He would give no names.

"And how about Presh?" he demanded. "Don't he have to have one of those secretaries?"

Addie looked sharp at this, but Ben's eyes were boldly innocent.

"Well, he certainly needs one as much as what I do. Don't he always get fingered for his roll every time he goes to a big city?"

"Don't be too absurd!" Addie refused to consider Presh's need for a secretary.

Ben lost the thread of her urgency about his own need in a study of the silent but attentive Presh, seated near by; nut-headed, forehead going back like a porch roof; wanting to sell cars when anyone would know he couldn't sell rice in China; always girling around, with a sign on his flivver: "Chicken, this is your coop." Presh needed a secretary if ever anyone did. Ben's queer manner, as of a dog who has a bone hidden somewhere close at hand, once more jarred Addie from the patrician altitude of old Europe.

"Ben Carcross, you're being double-tongued about something. Is it about your secretary?" He looked at her with hurt eyes. "Then tell me who these people are you claim to have in mind."

He was still mulish, but finally allowed—a word at a time—"Well, I was thinking maybe of a woman secretary; you'd ought to know all these big oil men and other kinds of big ones have a smart woman secretary always—maybe a man too. I'll need a lot of help."

"A woman! Not that ——" Her glance sped venomed arrows at the dusky-eyed Miss Ellis across the room. Addie had not been oblivious to Hercule's jolly banter; and had she not lately seen a powerful screen drama in which an elderly man had—how did the screen delicately word it?—"gone out of his home for love."

"Shucks!" jeered the suspect. "That little frisk!" But then, on a blinding inspiration, he added darkly: "You got trouble enough without borrowing any. Remember when Bill Hepburn was living with that first wife of his and went home too early on purpose one time? Well, that lady was a pretty good scout, in spite of it, and Bill had to admit so. He always said after that, 'Never look for anything you don't want to find.'"

Addie's mouth tightened beneath eyes at once secretive. Let him try something! Wouldn't she be on the ground to watch the old fool if this operation had made him queer? She tried for what she had read of as "a faintly amused smile," and made a pretense of abandoning all suspicion for a legitimate worry about help in the new house. How could they ever keep the right kind of butler!

This was a new thought to Ben. "Why couldn't Hercule be the butler after he gets all his other chores done up?"

Addie's "sh-h!" was low, but vicious. "And all these local people—the best of them too good to be servants and not good enough for anything else. Of course, it isn't as if we should be keeping open house all the time."

Ben gathered, as she went on, that the family would winter elsewhere. He was pleased to hear this; maybe they would spring and summer elsewhere after a while. With this possibility the future didn't look quite so murky. They could winter or whole-year it away. He wouldn't be stingy like Bill Hepburn. He had been born feeling rich and always felt that way, with little or much, while Bill Hepburn had been born feeling poor, and with all his money he still felt poor—one-way pockets, fondling a dollar: If he had to spend as much as thirty cents he lost all his native dignity. This was another thing Ben had so soon learned about money: Being rich or being poor depended more on a person's natural feeling than how much money he had. He had always felt richer on nothing much than Bill Hepburn ever could on all his millions.

There was Addie, telling Hercule how primitive Branlock was—socially a desert—no people of the right sort there, and Hercule was endeavoring to "fancy that" as she prettily requested him to.

Ben refrained from heated contradiction; he thought that one single issue of the Advertiser would show Hercule that Branlock, socially, was some proper little cow town. Still, maybe those people weren't the right sort. From this point of view the earth seemed to be peopled with a few of the right sort, the rest being merely population. He wondered what the brands were by which the right sort spotted one another; earmarks or dewlaps or something. He knew ladies in Branlock that would set off a living room as good as Addie.

"Hasn't he a sensitive face?" murmured Addie of Hercule. "So living, so responsive!" Hercule was mirthfully bewailing the stress he had been under; running to this place and to that; not a moment to himself.

"I should go gaga in one more day," he assured the ladies. "*Maman* will tell you I should be in a nursing home. Yet I rack along."

Maman called him a poor infant and fondly added that he was "*au bout de son Latin*."

"That means he is simply at the end of his Latin," Addie translated for Ben. Ben wondered how a person went gaga and why Hercule must use Latin, but they were now speaking of overstuffed furniture, so he puzzled about that. It sounded careless. Why should anyone overstuff furniture unless they wanted it that way; and if they wanted it that way, why talk about it?

But when he would again have asked questions Gail was talking about another puzzler—"fascinating contacts." Thanks to Hercule and *maman*, they had made so many fascinating contacts in Europe: "And how quaint Branlock will seem now!" Branlock, the socially arid! Gail raised one of her quite pretty hands in a gesture blooming with dismay. Ben could see that she thought the old home town nothing to do a step dance about. Again he wisely refrained from speech; from informing the assemblage that he had made a lot of fascinating contacts in Branlock.

But he would be himself; break crackers into soup, even worse: The first time they had gravy he'd sop it up from his plate with half a slice of bread, no matter who was there—that always seemed to appetize him. Maybe, back there, he could get up the nerve to blurt out to Addie that the machine wave in her hair made her look like one of those old-fashioned china dolls; and the fact that he didn't know how to behave in the presence of an artichoke would trouble him no more; they could have as many of the things as they pleased at the house in town, but the ranch itself would be quarantined against those infernal vegetables; the seed might get out and ruin good grazing land.

In town, he now learned, there was to be a lawn—a lawn, so they could have tea on it under a marquee, which—as Ben supposed this to mean a nobleman—he found perplexing. Also Addie spoke of her day at home. Another puzzle. She had used to stay home almost every day, but apparently she meant to stay there now but one day a week. Well, that would click with him—he had picked up "click" from Vannie.

To his relief they began the stirring preliminaries of departure. He had been fearing the train might be missed, with Hercule going gaga, Gail telling about the Louvre, and Vannie in knowing speech about Maxim's and about certain young and beautifully gowned Parisiennes who seemed to have a perfect mania for pedestrianism; and with the general relating that one who looked like a kind of a gentleman had submitted some picture cards for his inspection, which had evoked from him an indignant rebuke, whereupon "He called me a vile epithet and fled along the boulevard before I could box his ears as the scamp so richly deserved."

Ben urgently and publicly regarded his wrist watch at rapidly shortening intervals until the ladies began to pretty themselves, pinking their cheeks and lining their lips, with eyes strained on their little mirrors. In the flurry of farewells Hercule merrily threatened to give Ben a jolly good trouncing at golf on that top-dog sporting estate, and Addie became serious with "Something tells me I'm doing wrong to leave you alone here." As he hastily reassured her they both managed rather significant side glances at the attentive Miss Ellis—Addie because she couldn't help it and Ben with cool intention. All in an instant he had discovered that there was still one old handle to this new Addie—one he could grip. She kissed him, with another involuntary glare at his nurse, and joined the retreat.

Ben drew a free breath and waited in the restored cathedral calm until he knew no one could return for something forgotten. Then he rioted off his covering, called for his dressing gown, the new bottle of bourbon and a cigar. He might be just a run-of-the-mill man, no weighty thinker like the general, but his brain clicked after a fashion. If it became a matter of fascinating contacts, he would make a few himself. If driven hard enough, even a decent man could, in self-defense, stoop to a lot of dirty work down the gulch.

Said Miss Ellis to Doyle that night: "Let me tell you something, Pansy Gundlefinger; that blond belle of the frozen north went off with the curse of an aching heart. I don't get what this old bird is up to, but take it from me, he's been fooling us about those pains."

"Not me," insisted Doyle.

"Well, why fool anybody? He's letting that dame think he's hugging his bed on account of little me. And did she stab me with a look? You know it! So there's my fair name all gooed up—going wild with a married millionaire—and what have I got to show for it? Me that ought to have at least a dozen 'kisses for babykins' letters and about a pint of diamonds. But not the scratch of a pen I could show in court, and not even a dollar bangle bracelet with 'dearie' on it. He did slip me a hundred as a tip the other day, but he couldn't expect to get fresh with me on a hundred dollars. Now, is that sad opera or is it not, and what's the answer?"

Doyle shrugged. She lacked the answer.

The shrewd eyes of Miss Ellis suddenly fastened on Doyle's eyes with a novel suspicion. "Don't tell me you're the answer; don't tell me that old rip is chasing our Nell!"

Doyle shrugged again and grinned in a way Miss Ellis thought secretive.

"Well, I'll be darned! That's opera for you."

"You poor batty dear!" Doyle commiserated. "If you were half as wise as you think you are you'd be twice as wise as Solomon and Henry Ford rolled into one."

"Stand by for your station announcement!" was the snappiest retort Miss Ellis could instantly achieve.

Later that evening Ben sent for Whitey, who came with his assisting impedimenta slightly reduced—one crutch and a cane. The bandages were off his head, revealing the whole of his bleached face starred with rusty freckles.

"How's feed and water, son?"

"Coming good, sheriff."

"You going to be all right, think?"

"The doc ain't too sure. I'll be fair, if his tacks and piano wire hold."

"Maybe not flying so much?"

"Anyway, no stunting in any more gripping dramas of the sky; no more 'eagle in his pride of place,' like one of my pictures said."

"Well, what you going to do for yourself if you can't risk your fool neck any longer?"

"Gee, sheriff! I don't know yet."

"Got any ideas?"

"Well, I've been studying a lot over in the front of a magazine and something ought to be easy for me. In just a few hours you can get to be a piano tuner or a train dispatcher or a hypnotist or play the sax or speak French or be a banker. That's what it says, I can show you the book; 'Learn to be a banker in your spare time. Good pay, easy hours.' But I don't know; I can't fly, but I'm still up in the air."

"Listen. How'd you like to come with me? Good pay, no cracked legs, and plenty of time to read magazines."

Whitey looked doubtful. "On a ranch? What could I do, with a couple of flat wheels and probably one wing not so good?"

"Don't fret; I'll find something for you, like I just said."

Whitey seemed a bit relieved by this certainty. "That's nice of you, sheriff. I've seen plenty of ranches, in pictures, where the guy has to ride down the side of a cliff to save the girl from some other guy; but maybe there's more jobs on a sure-enough ranch than I know about."

"There's going to be on mine; running a ranch ain't just riding bad horses. I'm learning new things about it every day. Life is like that," he concluded.

"Of course, sheriff, it's up to you. I don't mind telling you it would come nice to know I'd not have to figure on a veteran's home or selling lead pencils out of my hat."

"Then we're set. I got an idea I made a fascinating contact with you."

"Hey! How's that?" demanded Whitey.

"Nothing; I mean I'm just getting wise to the mode trend."

Whitey's face was still a friendly blank. "But say, sheriff, on the level, what'll I have to be doing on this farm of yours?"

"For one thing, quit calling it a farm; you can go to work right now on that. Afterwards—let me see ——" Ben deliberated, staring judicially at Whitey through the fog of smoke. "I ain't quite decided yet whether you'll be a butler or a secretary."

"Hell!" Whitey's grin was one of awkward discomfort.

"You're now on the pay roll," Ben told him, and wantonly brushed ashes to the rug.

XVI

A RENEWED Ben Carcross was early up the next morning. If a certain train didn't break down so that a pack of naggers would have to come back on him, he was going to be himself.

Doyle, with knowing eyes, watched him devour a steak—"In habit-forming quantities," she told herself; then to Ben: "Would you believe it, he smiled last night? At least I'm almost sure it was a smile. And gaining weight—you'll be perfectly astonished."

"We're going to plant him," announced Ben, guiding an expert knife around the steak bone.

"Plant him?" Doyle seemed to have forgotten about the tree.

"A seedling," he explained. "On the Lone Tree—something running about the house besides the fence."

"You wouldn't take him away from me?" she asked in quick fear.

"Who said anything about that?" he demanded, looking mysterious. "No mother and practically no father?" Doyle nodded, unequal to speech. "Lone Tree!" said Ben, still darkly important.

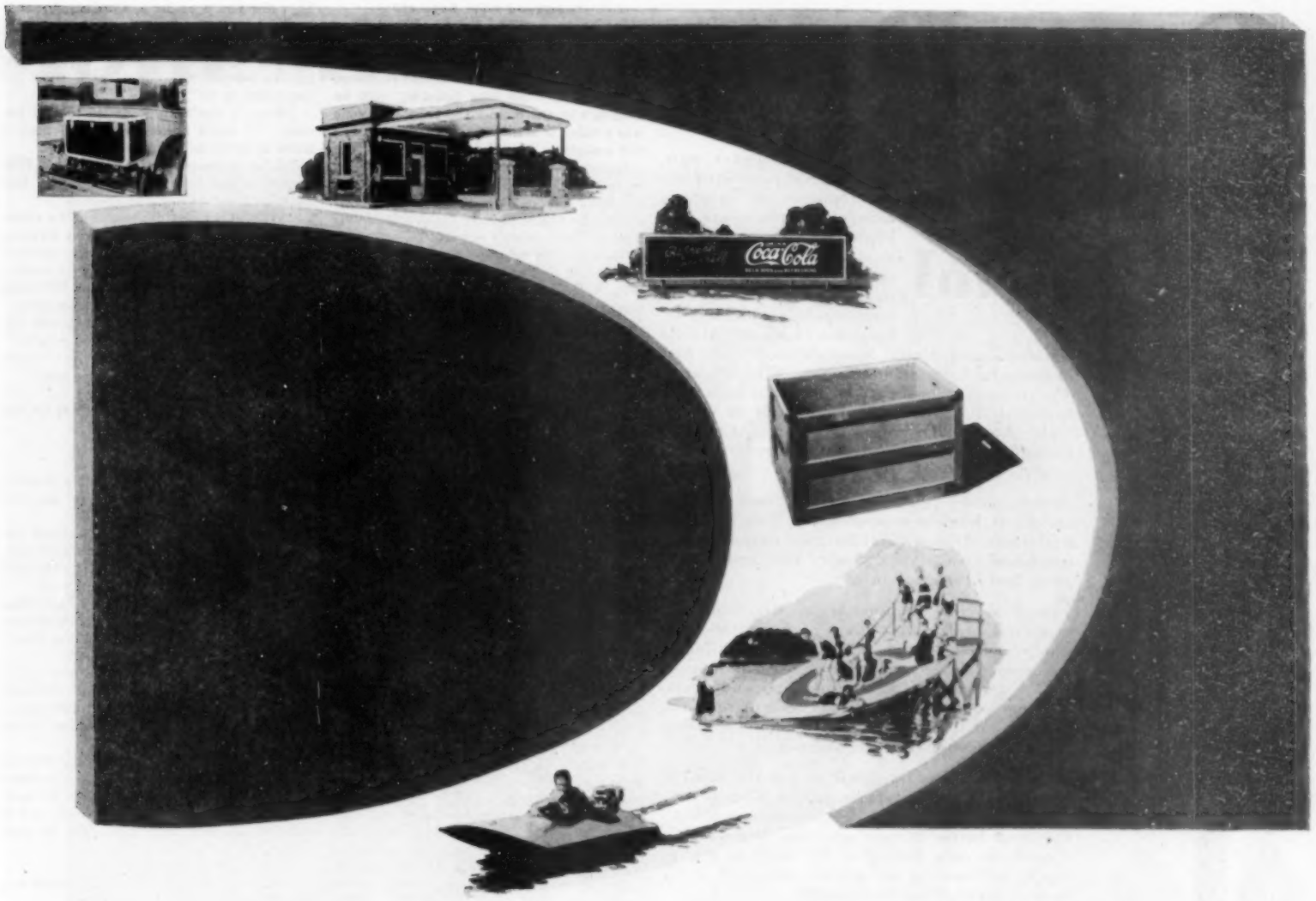
"They'd put him in a home," Doyle explained. "And you wouldn't think how hard it would be to get him out. I tried for three others, but they wouldn't let me."

"More than one way to skin a cat," Ben told her, becoming a dictatorial man of affairs.

"This will be a hard one to skin—even to catch," Doyle suggested.

"You often get him this far, don't you?" He glanced about the room with sinister implication. Doyle looked scared. "My

(Continued on Page 112)



Touring the Presdwood Trail

The automobile trunk is of Masonite Presdwood—product of Columbia Body Corporation, Detroit.

The gas station is one of twenty-one in Cleveland—all paneled in Presdwood.

The Coca-Cola sign of Presdwood is made by the Southern Advertising Company of Chattanooga.

The bakery goods shipping box is one of the Multitrip Boxes made by the G. B. Lewis Company of Watertown, Wis.

The Safe-T-Wheel has a top surface of Presdwood. It is made by the Playground and Gymnasium Equipment Company, Minneapolis.

The Presdwood boat was built by Dr. F. L. Dobbs of Fort Dodge, Iowa.

As vacation lures draw you toward lakes or mountains, the details of industry are left far behind. Yet one product of industry follows your trail wherever that trail may lead. It is Masonite Presdwood, used perhaps in the trunk of your car, forming paneled walls of service station rest rooms, making attractive partitions in summer cottages and serving as an easily painted material for weather-resisting road signs.

All these things and scores of others are made of this grainless wood. At the railway station platform you may see it used in sturdy boxes that bring in bread from some city bakery. If your vacation plans take you to a popular bathing beach you are quite likely to find a safety water wheel which is covered with Presdwood. Here it is used for its smooth surface, resistance to warping and freedom from splinters. Because it is strong and practically unaffected by moisture, Presdwood is often used for hydroplane hulls and decks.

In industry, Presdwood makes everything from toys to motor truck bodies—makes them stronger and lowers their cost. It panels walls and ceilings of homes, apartments and industrial buildings. Used to line concrete forms, it produces perfect, smooth surfaces.

Industrial executives, builders and home lovers should read the story of this interesting material that is all-wood, yet absolutely grainless. It is told in the attractively illustrated Presdwood booklet, sent to those who mail the coupon. Clip it NOW before you forget.

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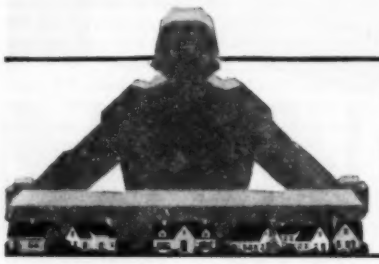

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UNION METAL
FLUTED STEEL PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 110)

great goodness! Just because I been lying on that bed so long, don't get the idea I'm helpless; don't think I got no more bones in me than a dish of that custard you been feeding me." He was boasting, but he wouldn't let this copper-top know it. Doyle was a thing of sunlight and shadow, scared yet ecstatic. "Say," he demanded, "did you ever be a secretary to anyone?" She looked blank. "Well, no matter if you did or didn't. You leave it all to me." Of course, he would have to think things out. You couldn't trust a woman.

He ventured into the corridor, found an elevator that emitted him on the ground floor, and hesitantly made his way to the hospital's impressive front entrance, where he drew a full breath of morning air before going to walk a paved footway along the grassed terrace. Wafts of flower scent came to him. From the elevation he occupied, he looked afar over a colorful sea of roofs and lordly gray walls; beyond were sharp spires and lofty towers catching the new light, but all bounded by angles. Again too many straight lines where his need was for slow bends and softened contours. From a distance at intervals came the nervous staccato of a riveting machine.

"That's one awful noisy way to make a living," he told himself.

The day before, he had studied the print of one of those towered structures. It went so high it made you afraid. It would have offices for eleven thousand people—more than twice the folks there were in all Branlock! Those eleven thousand would be a dull bunch, he thought. How could they ever get to know each other, when in Branlock alone there were people he had never even spoken to—probably dozens of them? New York looked like a permanent camp, but he wouldn't live in it and be one of eleven thousand in one building. Kind of like animals, bunched and driven, afraid to leave the herd. What he wanted now was grass and water; to see grass growing and water running. Of course, they had grass and water here, but the water was muddy and they mowed the grass. He smoked a patronizing cigar at New York.

He recalled his view from an early train entering the city; running on a trestle close to the windows of dingy houses so he could look in and see the poor things getting up, putting on their clothes and never once glancing out to watch a train go by. Miles of that—half-dressed men and women not caring who saw them. And in between buildings were pennants of wash drying from window to window; miles of drying wash, fifty, a hundred feet in the air. How did they ever get up to those clotheslines? None of this for a man that had a game of his own; a man that wouldn't be nagged so much, either, after he'd made a few more fascinating contacts.

No longer house-bound, he had meant this morning to venture forth into the town; now he thought he wouldn't. He had once read of a man shut in prison so long that when they turned him out he found he was homesick and crept back to the old jail. Might be—here. On Lone Tree he wouldn't be homesick for any hospital; Lone Tree scratched you where you itched.

But he must make some more contacts. He walked about the grounds for a time, longing for the soft yield of earth instead of the asphalt under his feet, and debating these needful contacts. He'd have to be deep. He went back, to find Miss Ellis on duty.

"New York ain't so much," he told her.

"You better not let a policeman hear you talk that way."

"That new building I saw in the paper yesterday is kind of wonderful," he admitted. "Whoever conceived that thing is a wizard. All the same I wouldn't want to live here."

"You're going to say New York is a good place to visit," returned Miss Ellis brightly.

"No, I ain't; too many people, not enough hills. I'd sooner visit Niagara Falls, which is certainly the grandest body of water on earth—moving water, I mean. Say, did you ever be a secretary to anybody?"

"I tried it a few times, but they got grouchy about my spelling. Every word had to be just so—you'd think their life depended on it."

"Well, I don't know." He looked her over. "I don't know but what I need a nurse as much as I need a secretary."

"What's on your mind?" Miss Ellis paused in her bed making to regard him sharply.

"Well, it's like this: I might be taken down again any time and I don't want to run chances; I wouldn't feel safe unless I had someone by that knew how to work a thermometer on me. How'd you like to go West? Of course, I'd pay you a lot extra."

"Well ——" She recalled the lavish tip. "Well, yes, and no. You live on a farm?"

"I do not," he told her curtly. "I live on the best little ranch you ever saw."

Miss Ellis tittered.

"I never saw any ranches. What do you raise—chickens?"

"Cattle."

"Cowboys?"

"Plenty of 'em. I got about a dozen I bet are taking the rest cure on me this minute."

"Well ——" Miss Ellis resumed her bed making to hide rapid and difficult cogitation. This was a new line. The old bird wasn't trying to be funny—and yet?

Ben watched her. He didn't care what she thought so long as she made other people think. "She's a smart model for that," he assured himself.

"Think it over," he urged, "and you'd better get a few ensembles of different pretty colors; some simply adorable ones."

"What's that? Come once more." Miss Ellis abruptly halted her toil.

"I wouldn't want you should be wearing those white dresses except when I'm down with something. I'd want you to have home dresses—Monte Carlo yellow, and so on. Shop some and pack 'em in your trunk."

"I haven't any trunk."

"Get one. There ——" He pointed to a packet of bills on the dresser.

"A ranch," Miss Ellis dreamily murmured. "Sports wear with a couple of party frocks."

"All whatever!" he directed.

"You jar me; it looks like somebody's bright idea." She gave final pats to the bed and secluded herself in the bathroom for an exciting cigarette. She had thought she knew all the good lines; all the city lines, at least. Here was something else—a ranch, cowboys, a swell sports outfit and extra pay. This money boy looked like a big flash. Her mind ran back to photoplays of the West—"Where men are men and women are glad of it," she murmured. The old boy was selling himself like nobody's business. "Either this is good or I'm a sap," she concluded. The latter possible infirmity had not hitherto been even remotely considered by Miss Ellis.

The only trouble was, it looked too good; a flashy production idea, but would it hold up? Probably a catch in it. Still, she knew the old boy's money wasn't trick money. Her lively mind ran to picture a rose-beige traveling suit in her fashion magazine—smart lines that would make her a scenic wallop. And a light pleated skirt with a slip-on sweater, and a fitted overnight bag and a trunk—the kind shown in advertisements, with drawers and chests and closet room, even an ironing board; everything but a kitchenette.

This was one jarring proposition—an imported novelty line, apparently all the heart throbs extracted. The old boy certainly wasn't girl-conscious. "If I just listened to him and didn't look, I'd think he was being collegiate, but I have to give him good; he means well. Still, one of us is a fish; if it ain't him, it's little me. It's simply aquarium any way you take it."

Early that afternoon Ben found Whitey at the door. "Chippering along with only one crutch, be you?" The cane had gone

(Continued on Page 114)

MORE MILES *with* MANSFIELDS

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Tomato Surprise

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FRENCH'S MUSTARD

(Continued from Page 112)

and Whitey was chewing gum with a new vivacity.

"Yeah; and the doc says this one crutch can soon go into the discard."

"All right, and since you're so spry and since you're drawing pay, scout around and find that professor. Tell him to get into his car and drive here this minute. I'd like to go into conference with him."

"Aye, aye, sheriff!" Whitey hobbled briskly down the corridor, to return with the professor trying to be nimble on his own feet.

"My first day up," he told Ben. "I must be a bit cautious." The desk stoop was still there and the watchful smile—a guarding smile that would go instantly if the professor became sure you were serious. Ben found seats for the two and, keeping his own feet, began diplomatically to make another contact. Here was a genuine professor with a name like a string of Pullmans, one that would make all the Pettigrews sit up.

"It's like this, professor: Whitey and I have taken quite a fancy to you; so we says to each other, 'Why let this good scout get away from us? Why not take him out to the ranch where he can study conditions?'" Whitey looked amazed at his part in this fancied dialogue.

The professor's smile was amiable but timid. He turned to Whitey. "You know, sometimes Mr. Carcross has a twinkle in his eyes when he's being facetious, but not always. I'm rarely able to be quite certain."

Whitey talked. "He's on the level this time, professor. He told me this very morning he needed people like you and I on his farm."

"Ranch," prompted the owner patiently. "And it's like Whitey says, so why not come along and get in fine condition again? You got this Sabbath year ——"

"Sabbatical," corrected the professor.

"Whatever kind, the Lone Tree is the mode trend for it."

"He don't know if you'll be a secretary or a butler," explained Whitey.

"Ah, ha! Now you're chaffing," put in the professor. "But I might care to consider your proposal. It's awfully decent of you and I should of course wish to throw along with you as a paying guest." The term was new to both. They looked to each other inquiringly.

"Sure, we pay our guests well," said Ben uncertainly.

"He means he wants to pay his keep," explained the quicker Whitey.

"Oh!" Ben was enlightened. "No, sir; the Lone Tree never took a cent from anyone for grub or a place to sleep or a horse to ride. We ain't come down to dude-ranching yet. You'll be a perfectly natural guest."

"That's awfully decent of you, old chap." The professor smiled with understanding at last. "To be quite candid, I have often thought of junketing into your land of claw and fang."

"Claw and fang—you said it!" exclaimed Ben with feeling.

"I've really been West, you know—Cleveland—an exchange professorship. I found it interesting."

"It gets interestinger the farther you go," Ben declared.

"I dare say. And I must tell you that I have always been a great lover of scenery. Many a delightful stroll I enjoy in Central Park. Descending one rugged defile there I sometimes fancy myself far, far from a city."

"I bet it's pretty wild," agreed Ben.

"And I shall have an opportunity for work," mused the professor.

"Plenty," Ben assured him, wondering how the professor worked; he might require tools or machinery or something. "What do you need to work with?"

The professor waved, genially modest. "Leisure only. I shall be engaged on a monograph I have for some time had in mind."

Monograph? Was that something you played records on, or maybe something with wheels that you rode? A discreet question proved it to be something you merely wrote. And he'd made his contact. He glanced about to find Ellis apparently oblivious to the talk, but he knew she wasn't. "This young lady is going with us," he explained. The others regarded Miss Ellis with quickened interest. "I'm taking her in case any of us has a relapse or something."

Miss Ellis said, "Well, yes, and no," with an effort at coy lightness, but it might be seen she was impressed. "Now," her thoughts ran, "if the old boy will take Madden and Sister Acquinata we could start a hospital that would be a class joint."

"You think of everything," applauded the professor.

"I think of a lot of things people ain't expecting me to," Ben confirmed. At the moment he even wondered about Jackson Temple. Temple on his staff would be a knock-out for the family. But Temple probably wouldn't join up. He had to stay here and fix that bunch of Broad Street crooks proper.

"Life is so casual," declared the professor, running long fingers through his tired hair. His blue eyes gleamed with rising speech. "We make passing and quite accidental contacts ——"

"Contacts!" Ben broke in. "That's one grand word. I've made some fascinating contacts that ——"

"—— that result in extensive and exhilarating permanencies," resumed the professor.

"Ain't that the truth!" demanded Whitey. "If I hadn't contacted the sheriff I'd probably be out one-nighting with Indian Bitters."

"One-nighting?" queried the alert professor.

"And now," continued Whitey, "I'll probably go native when I get out there on this truck farm."

"Not a farm," Ben admonished.

"Anyway, I'll probably be raising chickens or these Belgium rabbits. There's an ad in that magazine says you can be sitting pretty in no time with one pair of these rabbits. They're fond of each other from the very start."

"Rabbits ——" The professor arrested Whitey with a raised hand and regarded the two with suddenly merry eyes. "I am reminded of a bit of fun. At a certain rural French inn a pal of mine and I were served a stew of rabbit for dinner. It wasn't half bad, you know, but as we were eating, we missed our host's cat that had been a familiar of the establishment. We looked about us in mock alarm. Toby, for that was the cat's name, was nowhere to be seen, and my pal—an inveterate wag, by the way—after looking at a bit of the stew on his fork suddenly convulsed me by quoting in a grave voice., 'Toby or not Toby?'" The professor glanced merrily from one to the other of his waiting audience. "You see—'Toby or not Toby?' In other words, 'To be or not to be?'" he helpfully added, following this with a burst of high laughter in which his audience, after a swift exchange of glances, heartily joined.

"That was certainly a hot one," Whitey applauded. "Toby or not to be?" Again they both laughed loudly.

"This pal of mine was an awfully decent chap who afterward ——"

"Did they ever find out what become of the cat?" asked Ben.

"Well, to be sure ——" The gleam faded from the professor's pleasant eyes. "Of course, you understand we were sitting there at table in this jolly little inn and of course if we had been dining on Toby, actually, it would have been rather horrid, but the ragout was really one such as only the French can contrive, and my pal, Basil Edgewater—quite a wag in his way—having missed Toby, looked solemnly up at me and said ——"

"I like a good stew," Ben offered. "You take some onions and some ——" The professor felt that all had not been well with his little narrative and feared that his manner or choice of words had perhaps obscured its undoubted values, but the talk was diverted irrecoverably to food at large. Ben's first choice was steak, and Whitey believed that a man on a desert island would think oftener of ham and eggs than anything else; yet some good words were tactfully said of stews.

Thwarted in every effort to tell his story again, the professor began perforce to interest himself in his coming adventure. He would be out of the hospital immediately and would at once secure an outfit of rough clothing; or perhaps he already possessed this, having done some mountain climbing in New England.

Ben disbelieved that there were any mountains in New England, but "Anything will do," he assured his latest contact. "Any old clothes at all."

"I have an excellent pair of hobnailed boots."

"Just the thing," Ben told him.

"I understand ranching is different. I have noticed in magazine illustrations a rather distinctive attire. Should I, perhaps, be fitted to a pair of those fur pantaloons that seem to be conventional?"

"Fur pantaloons?" Ben was puzzled only for a moment. "No; we'll fit you out with hair pants and spurs and all the do-funnies. We'll have you looking woolly and hard to curry."

"Hair pants or trousers, of course I should have said." The professor accepted the correction and arose. "But remember it is only in appearance that life is so accidental, the mere flux of chance. Logically there cannot be free will, and yet we may not act even momentarily as if we did not possess it. Really, it's a stunning illusion, and the only possible working hypothesis." He beamed a cordial farewell to them, waving long ink-stained fingers.

"He livened up like I never thought he would," Ben confided to Whitey.

"Say, what was the joke he was giving us?"

"Well ——" Ben considered. "Anyway it was good; you could see that. Something about this French cook making them think he'd run in a cat for dinner and telling 'em it was rabbit."

"I had some mixings over there might have been cat," said Whitey. "They hide it up with gravy so you can't tell."

"Toby or not to be?" said Ben knowingly, and laughed at his own sally.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PHOTO FROM E. J. FRANCIS

Long's Peak, in Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado

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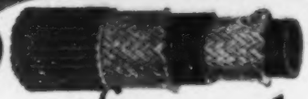

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MAT'S LUCK

(Continued from Page 19)

came tonight? I saw the old folks down at Brighton today and, better still, I saw Dickins, the only tec who's ever put my wind up, in a bath chair, looking as sick as hell. . . . . So long, you fellows! Here comes my call. See you in about an hour."

The uniformed page boy from the telephone leaned over his chair and whispered the familiar announcement:

"Wanted on the telephone, sir."

Mat swaggered down the room, and a minute later his place was taken by a very creditable replica.

Luck! The luck of the underworld! The luck of the prepared against the unprepared!

"Mat's luck!" that wizened little mortal chuckled to himself, as he sped down the broad front stairs of the great silent house in Belgrave Square. They were stirring uneasily in the upper regions, but what matter? He was approaching freedom now with flying footsteps. In those last stretches he was conscious of a sense of vastness around him—perhaps because he himself was so small. Here and there the massive frames of the oil paintings glittered through the semidarkness, and rows of pale faces glistened. He never paused to reflect that in his pockets reposed the jewels which had decked those flesh-painted bosoms, those tapering necks.

More sounds in the gloomy spaces above! What did it matter? The front door ahead, and outside the most wonderful get-away ever dreamed of—Ginger Ellis, Costigan's first lieutenant, with his thirty-horse-power bicycle and side car guaranteed to go through any traffic sixty miles an hour, through a market town on Saturdays or up the side of a house if necessary. Hurrah! Finished with the stairs! The floor—how he could dance on it!—smooth with the wear of years, slippery as generations of housemaids' arms could make it. Across it he sped to the ponderous front door. The well-oiled bolts slid back in his hands. The key turned as easily as butter. Inch by inch he opened it, loving the wet wind which streamed in upon his heated cheeks. Another inch or two—he peered out!

For the first time Mat's luck faltered. Exactly opposite, on the other side of the way, was a fully uniformed policeman—magnificent, portentous, slow moving. Mat's heart for a moment sank. He closed the door softly and turned round, crouching on one knee, his wicked-looking automatic gripped in his right hand. The pursuing fools had turned on the electric light over their heads. They were asking for it. He himself was as yet out of sight. He waited till they were halfway down the stairs—four of them, two apparently with some sort of guns. He peered out again into the street, risking his own life that he might not take theirs.

The policeman had moved a few paces on, but not far enough. He closed the door. What must be, must! He leveled his gun and pulled the trigger. A miss! He fired again.

The man on the stairs spun round, clutched for the banisters and, missing them, lost his footing and fell crashing down, his leg doubled up grotesquely under him. There was a shriek of pain, a shout from the other men as they caught sight of Mat. A moment's agonized silence. Once more he pushed open the door. The policeman was within half a dozen yards of the corner. He closed it again stealthily. No risks after what had happened. There was a blaze of illumination now in the hall. The other man with a gun, a striped-waistcoated footman, was rushing forward. Well, he was asking for it! Let him down gently. He picked him off about the knees, and the man collapsed with a great squat bump upon a rug. And now for his rush! He sprang up and opened the door, turning round for a moment to glance at his pursuers. A gray-haired man in pajamas had picked up one of the guns and let fly. Mat felt a sharp pain in his arm, a shock as though a bullet had flattened itself upon the metal of his braces. The policeman was out of sight now. Bang went the door. Mat laughed as he leaped from the pavement into the carriage attached to the motor bicycle.

"Like hell, Ginger!" he cried. "They're after me!"

The shadowy figure by the side of the machine jumped into the saddle, but even as he did so he groaned. The engine was beating stoutly, but Mat knew well that something was wrong.

"Back tire gone, Mat. There's a taxicab at the corner. Sit light and I'll get you there."

Floppity flop—flop—flop! Gone those hopes of a swift ride to safety. There was a stream of light, someone yelling for the police. The front door behind was thrown open. Floppity flop—flop—flop. Nearly over at that corner! Groaning and bumping, they crossed the road. Mat's luck was gone, but Mat was still a man.

"Got your story right?" he snapped out.

"No one can touch it," was the swift response. "I know the housemaid next door. I was waiting for her."

Mat's luck was in again. The taxicab man had seen them coming and had started his engine.

"Charing Cross by Pall Mall," Mat ordered, throwing himself in.

The man shoved in his gears. They were away. By the grace of Providence the chauffeur heard nothing of the shouting behind. Mat did, though, and the sweat poured down his face. He wiped it off with his pocket handkerchief, let down both windows and lay back. He lay back and panted.

After they passed Buckingham Palace he became himself again. They were unchecked. The luck held. They sped along the great broad thoroughfare.

The bell under the table! A shiver of excitement ran through the assembled party. In due course the telephone boy made his appearance and addressed the ghost.

"Wanted on the telephone, Mr. Sarson, sir," he announced.

The pseudo Midget Mat arose with a mumbled word of apology and departed. The little company who were left had been through many such scenes before without turning a hair, but some demon of unrest seemed tonight to have them in its clutch. Even Eustace Grant was nervously folding and unfolding his napkin. Martha, sitting apparently as quiet as a statue, was tearing her handkerchief to pieces under the table. Passiter was drinking fiercely, but the hand which held his glass was shaking.

"Mat's through all right, then," he muttered.

"What are we all crazy about?" Grant queried severely. "Welcome the boy back, but don't forget he's only been gone a few seconds. Don't look as though anything could have happened."

Mat, at any rate, forgot nothing. Up the room he came, smiling a greeting here and there, his fingers tucked into his jacket pocket exactly as he had noticed the dummy's. He slipped into the vacant place with perfect naturalness. But when he was once there his tone was thick and choked.

"Give me a bottle of wine," he demanded—"a whole bottle."

They filled and refilled a huge brandy glass, and he drank and drank and drank. When he set down his glass his eyes were like pools of fire.

"You're beat. You're beat, all of you. You're beat!" he cried in a muffled voice, leaning across the table. "You think nothing of us, Nick of New York, but you've got to pay. You others can try pocketpicking in Swan & Edgar's. You'd have kept me

(Continued on Page 119)

. . . the "19th" hole

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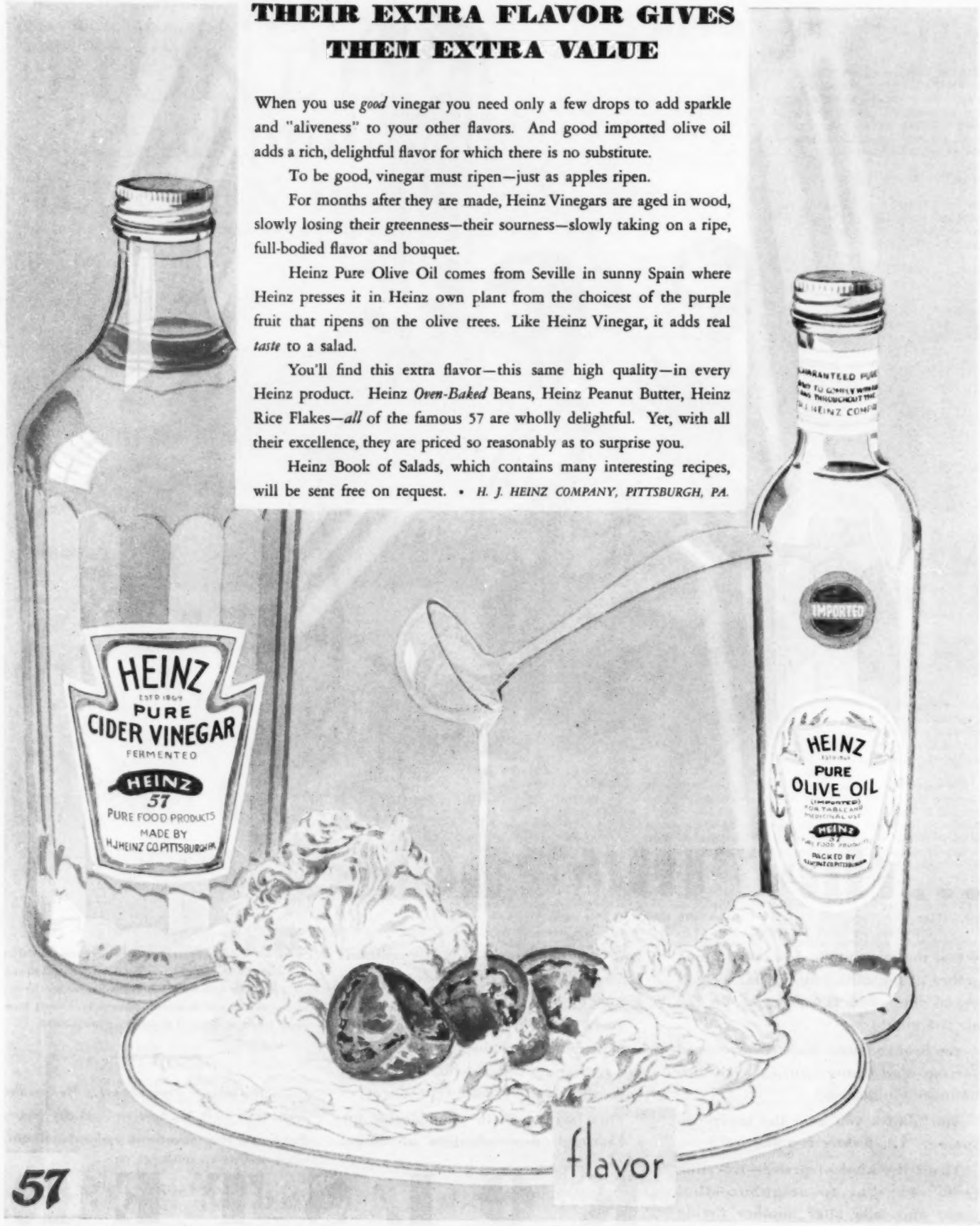
Heinz Book of Salads, which contains many interesting recipes, will be sent free on request. • *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.*



HEINZ VINEGAR and OLIVE OIL

(Continued from Page 116)

back, Boss Grant, and you, Ted Passiter. You never did a job like this."

The room was nearly empty now, and the gems trickled through his fingers onto the tablecloth—diamonds and pearls which had hung on the necks of queens, jewels around which history had been written. Something ghoul-like, some devilish quality of another world crept into and distorted the faces of the men who pored over them. Then, if Grant's heavy hand had not closed with apparent playfulness upon her mouth, the girl's shriek would have rung out through the room. She pointed dumbly. Their eyes followed the direction of her finger. Slowly, on the left-hand side of his shirt front, a small red stain was growing larger and larger. Mat himself looked down. He saw it there and he knew.

"I'm going!" he muttered. "They got me after all!"

There was a door leading into the musicians' gallery within a couple of feet of where he was seated. They pushed him through it, and the few loiterers in the restaurant imagined that he was drunk. But before his feet had touched the first of the stairs Mat was dead.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Mr. Oppenheim. The next will appear in an early issue.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

back to Old Paree; Chinese garage pagodas represent the *dernier cri*. But say, for something up-to-date that's snappy and artistic, come over on the hill and see our Mansion Modernistic! Sir, if you buy a home from us, the view can never bore you, for when you rise each morn you'll find this pageant spread before you; it isn't quite complete as yet, for on that green expanse we'll add a Swedish hunting lodge, a quaint old Tudor manse, a Babylonian luncheonette, to vary things a bit. . . . Hey, Oscar, call an ambulance; my prospect's thrown a fit!

—CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN.

Literary Lights

SOME poets love a dusty skylight,
Because it gives a Celtic twilight;
And some, who likewise shun the noonlight,
Prefer a sad, Slavonic moonlight;
While those who need a mystic, far light
Demand an Oriental starlight.
For quite a few the one sublime light
Is unmistakably the limelight;
But let me tell you that the fun light
Of poetry is Yankee sunlight!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Here and There With the Rug Experts

"OUR rugs," said Mr. Tolliver, "are rather small and do not exactly represent a fortune, but we get a great deal of pleasure out of them. Such interesting things when you know a bit about them. This one, now, is an Abyssinian Lulu which ——"

"No, dear," said Mrs. Tolliver. "That is not the Abyssinian Lulu; it is the Royal Kumquat. Don't you remember ——"

"I certainly do remember. I would know a genuine Lulu anywhere I saw one. This little rug ——"

"My dear, that is not the Lulu. It is the Kumquat."

"Very well, then, it is not. However, in order that I may go on with the story, will you please indicate which is the Lulu?"

"Certainly; this is it."

"That? Folks, this is rich and just goes to show how easy it is to get mixed up in such matters. This is a pretty fair example, if I do say it—a pretty fair example of an Imperial Samovar. You get them only from one place—some little town in Persia. A good adult native who knows his business can make about two square inches a week, provided his eyes are good. Of course, they sell them cheap—at least cheap when you consider the amount of labor involved. The man I got this from ——"

"I believe, dear, you are thinking of something else, are you not? Most of the Samovars are made by small children—generally Hindus, I believe. Besides, that is the Samovar over there."

"Where?"

"The one with the narrow rose border and the mosaic effect in the center. Every Samovar has practically the same pattern. It's a matter of tribal pride with them. The dealer told us how the buyers once tried to get them to use another design and the natives virtually ran them out of the country."

"Right you are, except that you are speaking of the Kurdistan Patootie."

"I believe not."

"Well, at any rate, folks, here is something you don't run across every day—a real Gondolian prayer mat. It seems that the Gondoliers at one time were past masters of the art of making rugs and every family had bales of them, ranging from two by four feet all the way up to six by six. In the last few generations, however, the industry has suffered a relapse, and as a result, any time you get hold of a genuine Gondolian it's likely to be worn a bit. Another thing, you never see one that's over six feet in either direction. If it is, it's probably an imitation and not a very good one."

"Really, dear, I must correct you. That's the Mahraja you're speaking of. The Gondolian is always identified by the close stitches and the long silky goats' hair. A native will sometimes find a goat with hair of a particularly fine texture and he will use the hair from that one animal only. He will shear the goat a couple of times a year and weave that into the rug and then wait for the goat to grow some more hair. Naturally, it takes a long time to complete a rug in that way. They say some of the best Gondolians have been ten and fifteen years in the making. This one, of course ——"

"That, my dear madam, is what I was going to say about the Lulu. If you will tell me where the cards are I will suggest that we play a few rubbers."

—DAVID B. PARK.

That's the Way I Am

IF I THINK a thing, I just
Have to say the thing. I must.
That's the way I am.
Though it chances to offend,
I must be a candid friend.
That's the way I am.
If I think you're looking ill,
I will tell you, yes, I will,
Though it makes you sicker still.
That's the way I am.

I am not a coward; no,
I am frank where'er I go.
That's the way I am.
I tell you very clearly that
I'm appalled by your new hat.
That's the way I am.
Yes, if you are looking worse
Than any victim for a hearse,
I'll tell you. I am not averse.
That's the way I am.

I detest hypocrisy;
Falsehood's alien to me.
That's the way I am.
Since it is my mission to,
I'll reform the world and you.
That's the way I am.
If you think that I'll awaken
Victim of this stand I've taken,
Very lonesome and forsaken—
That's the way I am!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

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PIPE smokers appreciate Dill's Best for its honest, unadulterated natural-tobacco taste and delicate fragrance. Many who smoke Dill's Best claim that no other tobacco, regardless of price, can give such comfortable, continuous satisfaction as is found in this smoke. Since 1848, Dill's Best has been manufactured so as to maintain and spread this reputation. No other process is like the Dill process, a fact which at least partly explains why so many pipe smokers find in Dill's Best Tobacco a difference that they like and endorse.

In making Dill's Best we use only the choice, all-clear leaves of the tobacco plant. From each leaf we remove the harsh, bitter, fast-burning center-stem. We do NOT then crush, flake and disguise these stems and put them back to cheapen the tobacco and destroy the delicate natural taste and fragrance. All stems are taken out and *kept out,* thus maintaining the *all-clear* leaf quality of Dill's Best Tobacco. This involves *discarding* about a pound of stems from each three pounds of tobacco leaf bought from the planters. But in no other way can you get all that the best tobacco has to give—in smoke-taste, coolness and fragrance.

Perhaps you already know Dill's Best. If so, it is quite probable that you often tell a friend about the full, natural-tobacco taste and fragrance that lasts as long as you smoke. You enjoy this clean, dust-free tobacco that doesn't "bite"—or clog the pipe. Pipeful after pipeful you smoke all the way to the bottom, and find it sweet and dry.

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Indian islands and Central and South America. Goats, parrots and monkeys were the favorites. They were brought to the port by sailors as pets, and when short of funds and before shipping, it was easy to drive a sharp bargain with a sailor for his pet monkey.

At one time I had a West Indian goat, four dogs, a parrot and a monkey, all living in peace and harmony in the garret of the South Street house. Sailors' boarding houses located on the streets adjacent to the water front were small menageries, and many of the stories about talking parrots were invented in sailors' boarding houses.

There were no dog catchers. Dogs of all kinds and varieties were allowed the absolute freedom of the city, and one of the pet hobbies of the small boy was collecting dogs. At one time, in company with half a dozen companions, I had as many as seven dogs. Being unable to take them home at night, we left them in the shed of a warehouse in Front Street near Dover, and each member of the firm was charged with bringing enough food from home to take care of the dogs. My familiarity, in later years, with various breeds of dogs suggests to my mind that the early collection in which I had an interest was just dogs.

My early relations with animals and my recollections of them probably account in at least some degree for the private zoölogical garden at the Albany Executive Mansion that has so frequently been commented upon.

The New York tower of the Brooklyn Bridge was completed the year that I was born, and I often heard my mother say—she having knowledge of what was going on, because we lived directly under that tower—that if the people of New York City had any idea of the number of human lives sacrificed in the sinking of the caissons for the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, in all human probability they would have halted its progress.

The Brooklyn Bridge was built by hand. Pneumatic tools and compressed air were unknown. All the riveting of the steel in the structure of that great bridge was done by hand, and it was the pride of New York and Brooklyn when, on Queen Victoria's birthday, on the twenty-fourth of May, 1883, it was opened to the public. Newspapers of the time contained a great many stories about the character of its construction, its strength, the load it could carry, and the other details of its construction. Militia crossing it in step or too many elephants crossing it at one time, because they are known to keep in step, were mentioned as dangerous because of the rhythmic vibration they would cause.

A Crush But No Crash

It must have been these newspaper stories stirring the minds of some of the pedestrians on Decoration Day, 1883, six days after the opening of the bridge, which caused the cry, among those on the bridge, that the bridge was falling. Regiments of the national guard, in celebration of the opening of the bridge as well as in celebration of Decoration Day, were crossing it. The cry of alarm started a stampede for the New York end and twelve people were killed and thirty-five injured in the mad scramble to get to the masonry work and away from the suspended steel.

I was a boy of ten, and with the other boys was standing under the bridge in South Street. We were unable to discover what was the matter as we saw hats, coats, parasols, umbrellas and pocketbooks dropping from the bridge into the street, until we later found that there was an emergency call to all the hospitals of New York to send ambulances to the New York end of the bridge. We learned then that it was due to what was called the "crush," in the effort of the people to get to what they considered to be a place of safety.

UP TO NOW

(Continued from Page 5)

In its early days the bridge served as more than a utility for transportation between the two cities. It soon became a place of recreation and of pleasure. So much so that it was referred to in songs and popularized on the variety stage. I can still sing Danny by My Side.

The Brooklyn Bridge on Sunday is known as lovers' lane,
I stroll there with my sweetheart, oh, time and time again;
Oh, how I love to ramble, oh, yes, it is my pride,
Dressed in my best, each day of rest, with Danny by my side.

CHORUS:

Then oh, my, do try, on the bridge on a Sunday,
Laughing, chaffing, happy the lovers go by;
Moonlight, starlight, watching the silvery tide,
Dressed in my best, each day of rest, with Danny by my side.

In the early 40's, when immigration was at its height, no ships from foreign ports landed north of Corlears Hook on the East River. Before the days of railroads or entry in any other way except by boats, the old section of nearly every city was close to the water, and though Manhattan Island is surrounded by water, it is, nevertheless, true that no parts of it except the lower section were then accessible for ships.

From the Seven Seas to South Street

The lower end of New York might well be called the cradle of the city. It is where the city was born. Aside from the sparsely settled sections in villages on the northern end of the island, the real population of New York was south of Fourteenth Street.

Since all the celebration of Evacuation Day, November 25, 1883, occurred south of Fourteenth Street, it indicates the size of New York at that time. The major celebration was a night-time display of fireworks on Brooklyn Bridge, when fireworks reproduced Niagara Falls in fire over the side of the bridge into the East River. Seats were rented at a quarter apiece on the rooftops of the houses on South and Front streets, for a good view of the fireworks demonstration. I saw the display from the roof of John T. Smith's house on South Street, one door from the corner of Dover.

When I was a boy, South Street from Market Street Slip to the Battery was the busiest part of New York. It was there all the trucking was done. Produce of all kinds from foreign countries was received there. The North River was more or less given over to boats plying between New York and New England cities and for railroad freight terminals. But the big clipper ships that sailed the Seven Seas came across the Pacific Ocean, around Cape Horn, up the Atlantic, and landed at South Street.

The foot of Market Street was where the tea ships landed. There, day and night—by candlelight at night—the men were leading horses up and down the dock and pulling up chests of tea from China and India out of the holds of the ships. Farther down, and south of the Brooklyn Bridge, was the landing place of the Port line, which sailed between New York and the ports of Europe. South of that, and below Fulton Street, were the trading ships to the West Indies that brought fruit and the products of Central and South America. Coffee was unloaded at the foot of Burling Slip.

The passenger ships landed, some in Jersey at Hoboken and some on the North River water front in the vicinity of the Chelsea district.

Practically all the warehousing was done along the East River; whole blocks being devoted to the storage of coffee, tea, cocoa and spices of all kinds.

The residential sections of New York during my boyhood resembled, to my way of thinking, the small cities of today in other parts of the state. Henry Street, East Broadway, Monroe Street and Madison Street running east and west, and the cross streets between East Broadway and to within a block of the water front, were given over to residences and were lined with trees. I remember climbing up into a tree in Pike Street to witness the burning of Hecker's flour mill.

Only recently, at the laying of the corner stone of the Museum of the City of New York, which is intended to portray old New York in figure as well as in story, one of the orators of the occasion referred to the fact that were it not for Central Park, Washington Square, Gramercy Park, City Hall Park, and the Battery, nobody today would ever know that trees once grew on Manhattan Island.

One of the very striking changes in New York of today and the New York of my boyhood is what I might call the absolute lack of neighborhood spirit. When I was growing up everybody downtown knew his neighbor—not only people who were immediate neighbors but everybody in the neighborhood. Every new arrival in the family was hailed not by the family alone but by the whole neighborhood. Every funeral and every wake was attended by the whole neighborhood. Neighborly feeling extended to the exchange of silverware for events in the family that required some extraordinary celebration. Today on Manhattan Island people live in large apartment houses and do not know the people living right on the same floor with them.

The old-time neighborhoods as we knew them had their meeting places and exchanged opinions as to what was best for their particular regions. Every man, woman and child knew the alderman. Today a large percentage of the people do not even know the number of the assembly district in which they live, and when called upon to forward some civic movement and to write to their alderman or their assemblyman, they are unable to do it. Several years ago, two women called upon me to complain of the nuisance of an ash dump in their district, and I referred them to the alderman. One of the women said "Oh, have we an alderman?"

A Neighborhood Mogul

In my boyhood, all men, young and old, leaned quite naturally toward politics. They might never hold a political position of any kind, but they, nevertheless, took an interest in what was going on. My father, for instance, never held any political office of any kind, but was always deeply interested in politics. Young men were prompted to be active for the purpose of securing political preferment, which then and in those neighborhoods really meant something. Men often sought public office because of the salary. Few bank clerks forty years ago received as much salary as a policeman or a fireman did. Thirty-five or forty years ago the members of the police and fire departments were well known in their neighborhoods. Political appointment gave them an income in excess of what they could earn for similar work in private occupations, and it also gave them prestige among their neighbors. The clerk of the district court was well known and was looked up to by the people of the neighborhood. Today the average man or woman in New York does not know the name of the clerk of the district court, or even where the court is.

Policemen were known to all the neighbors, and the police captain of the precinct was as important as a United States senator. When Alec Williams was captain of the Oak Street precinct, everybody in the Fourth Ward knew him when he walked down the street in his citizen's clothes. In the old Fourth Ward the families spent their summer evenings on the sidewalks, sitting on chairs and camp stools, and the

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policeman, as he came along on the beat, formed a friendly and social relationship with most of the families. In Henry Street and Madison Street, where the private houses were, people were seated on the stoops, and the policeman stopped at each stoop to bid everyone "Good-evening."

In the tenement districts they sat on boxes or benches. Trucks were left on the street during the night and they formed a place for the children to play and for the old folks to sit down and talk. All the slips leading down to the East River, like Pike Slip, Market Slip, James Slip, Peck Slip, Coenties Slip, and Rutgers Slip, were favorite places for storing trucks at night, and when, in 1894, an ordinance was enacted against leaving trucks on the street at night, the whole town wondered what would become of the trucks. Forced to it, the truckmen found places for them by putting them along the marginal way or against the stringpieces of the docks.

In the late 80's and in the early 90's it was customary for each alderman to nominate one fireman and one policeman from his district; of course, provided he could pass the examination for physical and mental fitness. The aldermen generally presented these appointments to large social organizations in their districts, and the man selected was usually the most popular one, because the position was one very much desired. That, of course, was all changed by the amendment to the constitution in 1894, placing all police and firemen under civil service and providing for competitive examinations.

The neighborhood political club was always the center of all activity. It provided the excitement of the election every year. It took part in all the charitable and social endeavors of the district throughout the year. The people of the neighborhood could go to the political club for advice and information on any subject.

In fact, the Tammany clubs are noted for their interest in the personal affairs of their members and neighbors. They perform every function, from charitable relief—a ton of coal, food and clothing for a family newly orphaned, hospital or medical care, jobs for the growing boys and girls—to Christmas parties, with gifts for everybody. The young man aspiring to political advancement spent his evenings there, and the elected official reported to his constituency and tried to minister to its needs from the same headquarters.

A Farm on Forty-second Street

I have heard, in my time, many stories calling attention to and indicating the phenomenal growth of New York City in the lifetime of a single individual. My father as a young man drove a team of horses for a grindstone yard in Front Street, and my mother told me that for recreation on Sunday he went in a stagecoach with a number of his friends to play ball in the vacant lots back of the Bull-Head Tavern, at Twenty-fourth Street and Third Avenue. General John Merritt, the father of my friend Ed Merritt, with whom I served in the assembly, once Collector of the Port, told me the story of a young friend of his in the tobacco-importing business who resided on Park Place between Broadway and Church Street, and talked over with his wife the desirability of buying a place in the country where they could go on Friday and return home from on Sunday night.

She expressed a preference for the Orange Mountains in New Jersey. He spoke to her of a possible location of a farm that could be purchased reasonably. She took exception to the location on the ground that it would be nothing but a Sunday roadhouse where his friends could play cards. At any rate, they moved to the Orange Mountains in Jersey, and the place there is probably worth today what he purchased it for. The site he had in mind was afterward occupied by Hammerstein's Theater, a Forty-second Street and Seventh Avenue.

As late as 1895 a cow was grazing on a plot of land worth two and a half million dollars at the corner of Eighteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, the original residence of the Goelet family. Within the past few weeks, after visiting a friend in a hospital on the upper West Side, I rode in an automobile through Central Park West, and I saw block after block, in a solid row, of substantial apartment houses averaging fifteen stories in height, and my mind went back to the day when I walked up Central Park West with an armful of jury notices, and there was nothing there but rocks, with squatters living in little shanties on top of them, surrounded by goats and dogs.

Unknown to the youth of today are the old-time holiday parades. In the lower end of the city, on both the East and West sides, on Washington's Birthday there would be a turnout of target corps, rifle corps and musketeers, who assembled at a given point in the morning and paraded in hired uniforms to a park, where, in the afternoon, after luncheon and refreshments, they would shoot for prizes. The prizes were donated by the business men of the locality and presented to the captains of the companies during the parade. Silver castors made out of lead, and remaining bright and brilliant for a day, were the favorite trophies; although, in some instances, orders for hats, boxes of cigars or even suits of clothes were handed out to the paraders.

Ox Roasts and Chowders

Thanksgiving Day on the lower East and West sides provided amusement for the people by a parade of what are still called ragamuffins. Nowadays only the children dress up. In those days the men paraded under the name of Rangers. We had the James Slip Rangers, who usually formed the line of parade in James Slip. The Rutgers Rangers met in Rutgers Street; the Madison Rangers had their headquarters on Madison Street; and the Hudson Rangers came from Hudson Street, on the West Side. They were arrayed in all kinds of fancy costumes. One man would be dressed up as Uncle Sam, another in the costume of a prince, and there one could see all the various costumes that one might expect to see at a masquerade ball. Several nights after the parade, at Arlington, Standard or Pythagoras Hall, there would be a fancy-dress ball.

Political chowders, which were quite an institution in old New York, have entirely died out. Nearly every assembly district leader, it seemed, at one time or another during July and August, gave an annual outing. These were for men only, with the exception of a few districts, which, instead, gave a picnic to which the children were invited in the afternoon and the men and women at night. As a small boy I remember attending the district ox roast, when the big ox was roasted in public, carved and huge slices were passed around. This took place at Sulzer's Harlem River Park.

Tom Foley's annual picnic, also held at Sulzer's Harlem River Park, at East One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street on the East River, was an event every newspaper in New York wrote about and of which cartoonists made pictures. At night, people came from every part of New York, Brooklyn and the Bronx to attend the Foley banquet. In the afternoon children would receive free rides on the carrousels and the swings, and all the ice cream, cake and candy they could eat. It required a volunteer committee of as many as fifty men to keep order and distribute the refreshments. I know, because I was often one of them. The children were brought uptown from the lower end of the city in special street cars and, in later years, in buses gayly decorated with bunting and large signs announcing the name of the downtown Tammany club. The last political picnic of the district was held at Steeplechase Park at Coney Island in 1926, where the children were allowed to have free all the amusements which that enterprise afforded.

(Continued on Page 125)

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CROMAR Floors cost no more than hand-finished oak floors. Sold by lumber dealers, but installed by carpenters and contractors.

Consult any of these for further information. If you have the slightest trouble in getting satisfaction, write us and we shall give your inquiry immediate personal attention.

THE CROMAR COMPANY
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

Pacific Greater West Distributors:
THE C. L. THOMPSON COMPANY
Offices and Warehouses:
200 Davis Street, San Francisco, California
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CROMAR
FACTORY FINISHED
Oak FLOORING

CROMAR marks a revolutionary advance in the history of wood floors. The story of its manufacture and the benefits you derive from it is most interesting. Write for free sample and booklets which tell of the numerous and exclusive CROMAR features in detail.

CROMAR is a *tongue-and-groove* flooring—which means that the nails are driven *not* through the finished surface, but through the tongue, and are thus concealed by the groove of the adjoining strip.

This airplane photograph of Conowingo Dam was taken during the first week of May and, in the upper portion, shows but the very beginning of the ambitious housing development undertaken by the Philadelphia Electric Company. In this development, the first unit alone consists of 14 individual homes. In an authorized interview, the Philadelphia Electric Company stated that a most thorough survey was made of the better type of homes in the Philadelphia area, in order to determine the best construction methods and the best choice of building materials. On that basis the contract for all the planned units was eventually let to Mr. W. Percival Johnson of Gladstone Manor, Pa.—and Cromar FACTORY FINISHED Oak Floors are installed in every one of the new homes.

Two Great Years
in the history of your motor car

1536

ONE DAY IN 1536, *Portuguese missionaries, penetrating the jungles of Brazil, discovered Para rubber. Several other kinds of rubber were discovered after that, but, as the motoring world was to learn centuries later, no other rubber offers the toughness and long life so important in automobile tires. Para rubber was Nature's greatest gift to the tire industry.*

1859

IN 1859, *a practical dreamer named Colonel Edwin L. Drake discovered Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil near Titusville, Penna. Though other kinds of oil were discovered later on, this first oil has remained first in quality. For just as Nature gave Para rubber qualities no other rubber possesses, so Nature made Pennsylvania Grade the finest of all crude oils.*

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE
. . . nature's greatest gift to the motorist

NATURE made this one crude oil of finer materials—unsullied by tar, asphalt and sulphur compounds. She endowed it with a degree of oiliness unlike any other crude. And in so doing, she made possible the finest lubricants known to man.

For Pennsylvania Grade Crude, given proper refining, yields finished oils that do not break down under the sustained heat of modern motors and machinery. They stand up! Use them in automobile, airplane, tractor or motor boat engine, in locomotive, turbine or stationary machinery—use them for any lubricating task, no matter how difficult—and see how superbly they do the work!

In an automobile motor, these oils give, under normal conditions, at least 1000 miles of superlubrication to a filling. They effect a better piston seal, give greater power, reduce dilution, minimize gasoline consumption, insure longer life to your motor.

This emblem guarantees the quality of the crude oil—the maker's individual brand guarantees the quality of the finished product

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

THE HIGHEST GRADE CRUDE OIL IN THE WORLD

The emblem shown below appears on many different brands of oil, along with the maker's individual brand or trade mark. This emblem is your proof that the oil is made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. The individual brand or trade mark is your assurance of careful refining.

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S. E. P. 7-27-29

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
114 Center Street, Oil City, Pa.
Please send me the booklet, "$1000 Worth of Information on Motor Oil."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(Continued from Page 122)

The biggest chowder of the year was given by the Timothy D. Sullivan Association from the Bowery. Big Tim Sullivan led the parade, and after passing through the district, the parade would head toward the dock, where the boats would be ready to take the picnickers to the picnic grounds. As many as seven thousand men have attended one of these outings. The old steamer Grand Republic could carry only about thirty-five hundred. It was impossible for the steamboat inspectors to keep track of the guests, as they were jumping on the boat along its entire length and many times it pulled out from the dock with as many as six thousand men aboard.

When it arrived at Donnelly's Pavilion on College Point, Long Island, the parade would form again and march from the boat to the pavilion, where breakfast was immediately served. Six or seven thousand people could be seated at a single time. When the head waiter rang a large bell, waiters would appear with clam fritters, ham and eggs, fried potatoes, rolls and coffee.

After breakfast there would be games. There would be a fat men's race, a hurdle race, an obstacle race, and three or four different games of baseball. Kegs of beer would be on tap around the entire place. Strange to say, in those days, out of a gathering of six thousand men, there would not be a dozen who drank anything stronger than beer. When evening came along, dinner would be served, which consisted usually of clam chowder, roast beef, lamb chops, ice cream and coffee.

Returning home at night, the picnickers would again parade through the district, and there was great rivalry in the various parts of the district as to which would give them the greatest reception. Fireworks were so freely used that on the morning after one of the chowders I found my best suit and my straw hat covered with burns from the sparks of fireworks.

In those days political leaders had very little spare time to themselves in the summer. They were expected to attend one another's outings, and leaders of the prominence of Tom Foley, Tom McAvoy, John F. Ahearn, Timothy D. Sullivan, and The McManus spent a large part of their summers sailing from Manhattan Island to Donnelly's or Witzell's Point View Island, eating clam fritters and parading through a shower of fireworks at night.

On the World's Busiest Corner

The line of march of the various set parades indicates the northward growth on the island of New York's population. The St. Patrick's Day parade, which now forms above Fourteenth Street and parades up Fifth Avenue to One Hundred and Tenth Street, when I was a boy, paraded up the Bowery and Fourth Avenue to about Twenty-third Street. As an indication of the growth of New York since the days of Ned Harrigan, the lines from his popular song, The Mulligan Guards—which reflected the custom of the day—speaks of the guards' parade: "We shouldered guns, and march'd and march'd away, from Baxter Street we march'd to Avenue A."

A lost sport to the children of today is sleigh riding. It is next to impossible now in New York City, except in Central Park, or here and there on the west side of the city. Prior to 1894, no appropriation was ever made by the city for the removal of snow. It remained on the streets, just as it does now in the country sections of the state, until the warming suns of spring melted it away. When Colonel Waring was appointed street-cleaning commissioner by Mayor Strong in 1895, he shocked the whole community by appearing before the Board of Estimate and Apportionment and asking for two million dollars to remove the snow after a snowstorm. Nobody had ever heard of such a thing and it created much discussion. Tobogganing and sleighing on hills was a popular sport. Dover Street was probably the center of it, because there is a sharp incline from Franklin Square to Water Street. I remember one side of Dover Street where there were no buildings and which abutted upon the masonry work of the Brooklyn Bridge, and which, after a night's sleighing, would leave the sidewalks as smooth as glass. People then were not required by ordinance to remove snow from the sidewalk.

In 1894, in company with Henry Campbell, I attended a meeting of the executive committee of the so-called O'Brien Democracy, then lined up against Tammany Hall. The meeting was held at the St. Cloud Hotel at the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway, where later stood the Knickerbocker Hotel, and now an office building. After the meeting, Henry Campbell and I stood on the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway and waited for a Seventh Avenue horse car to take us across Forty-second Street to the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad. At half-past eleven at night there was not a soul in sight. It was quieter than the road between Albany and Saratoga. The bells on the collars of the old horses could be heard before the car turned the corner. New York was lit by gas, and very poor light at that.

Before New York Stretched

The center of activity of the city was between Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets. The old Morton House, at Fourteenth Street and Broadway, facing Union Square, and the Hoffman House were the meeting places for Democratic rallies. Richard Croker was often found at the Hoffman House. Thomas C. Platt, the Republican state leader, and his men used to hold forth at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, where the Amen Corner was established. The group of leaders and politicians who gathered there was said never to differ with Tom Platt. They just said "amen" to whatever he proposed. Hence the Amen Corner.

All the hotel life was south of Twenty-third Street, and when the Windsor Hotel was built at Forty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, it was predicted that it would be a failure because it was too far uptown. The popular hotels were the Sinclair, at Eighth Street and Broadway; the Morton House, at Fourteenth Street and Broadway; and the Holland House, at Thirtieth Street and Fifth Avenue.

Bicycle riding was the popular pastime of the later 80's and 90's. The bicycle was within easy reach of everybody. Throughout New York renting agencies sprang up, and a bicycle could be hired by the hour or by the day, or it could be bought on the installment plan.

Downtown people learned to ride on Wall Street, Nassau Street, and William Street, where there was asphalt pavement, and on a summer's night, when the hum and bustle of the daytime business of Wall Street had quieted down, thousands of people could be seen in front of the Sub-Treasury, learning to ride a bicycle.

It was at this place that I learned to ride, and I paid as dearly as anybody else in the way of accidents. I lost control of the wheel the first night I came through Nassau Street. It bounced up on the sidewalk and down three steps into a telegraph office that was open at night.

Bicycle clubs were formed all over the city, and you acquired full membership when you belonged to what was called the Century Club. That meant you had ridden a hundred miles in a single day. With a number of young men from my neighborhood, I left Oliver and Madison streets at nine o'clock on Sunday morning and wheeled to Far Rockaway. We went in swimming, had our dinner there, and wheeled back.

When Lieutenant Governor Woodruff was park commissioner of Brooklyn he received the full three cheers of all the bicycle riders when he constructed two bicycle paths along the boulevard to Coney Island. On a warm night in summer the bicycle riders were so numerous that they were riding elbow to elbow on the Parkway. The lights on the wheels at night, and the bells which bicyclists were forced to carry made a fascinating picture of flashing lights accompanied by tinkling bells of every description.

I started my schooling at St. James' Parochial School in the fall of 1880, when I was seven years old. The old schoolhouse still stands on the corner of James Street and New Bowery. My mother attended the same school when it was located in Roosevelt Street opposite Batavia. The Roosevelt Street school was afterward sold to the city for a public primary school, and St. James' Church, in turn, purchased the plot on New Bowery directly opposite the church.

I was taught by the Christian Brothers, and all of them who were there in my time have passed away with the exception of Brother Baldwin, who is now at the novitiate in the Pocantico Hills, practically retired. Although a man of advanced years, he travels between Pocantico Hills and New York and Albany for every prominent happening in which I have, in any way, a part. He attended all of my inaugurations and was in the Assembly Chamber at Albany on the night that I made my speech of acceptance of the presidential nomination. He was even at Manhattan College this year when my second son, Arthur, was graduated.

While I was serving as an altar boy in St. James' Church in 1883 and 1884, it was the leading Catholic parish in New York, not excepting the cathedral itself. In that year a parish census showed 16,000 Catholic communicants in this single church. Its school was the largest in the city and was in the front rank of all our Catholic parochial schools.

If old downtown was the cradle of New York, I might, with justice, even spread it a bit, because boys who were taught in St. James' School can be found in every part of the United States. I never realized that such was the fact until my nomination for the governorship of New York, and later for the presidency. I received hundreds of letters from all over the country, identifying former pupils of old St. James' School.

Boys of Old St. James'

In the competitive examinations for appointments to West Point and Annapolis given by the district congressman, St. James' School stood in the very forefront. It sent to West Point, General Paul B. Malone, who achieved nation-wide distinction in the recent World War. Among the other well-known men who have attended St. James' School were Sen. Thomas F. Grady, Judge Joseph M. Mulqueen, Judge Thomas W. Churchill, William L. Ettinger, afterward superintendent of schools; Judge Thomas J. Nolan, Congressman Daniel J. Riordan; John F. Gilchrist, and a long list of men who entered every known business and profession in the city. Cardinal Hayes was born in City Hall Place a few blocks away, but his family moved to St. Stephen's Parish, in East Twenty-eighth Street, when he was very young.

There was keen rivalry among the parochial schools for medals for elocution. There was a gold one for seniors and one of silver for the juniors. The elocutionary contest when I was eleven years old took place in the old De La Salle Institute, Second Street near Second Avenue. I remember being dressed in my Sunday suit and with my sister being taken to the hall by my mother, who would not let me go so far uptown alone. St. James' School won both medals that night. The senior medal was won by Daniel Donovan and the junior medal by myself. I have been presented with other medals since, but none has meant more than this one which I received in my mother's presence. My wife still has the medal. I made her a present of it before we were married.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by former Governor Smith. The next will appear next week.

"Way back when"

Way back when the clumsy "high-wheelers" were the only bicycles, the rider was the pioneer of progress. Today, he would simply invite ridicule.

In those days, also, hand scrubbing and mopping were the only ways known to clean floors. Today, such methods are as needless and antiquated as riding a "high-wheeler." With progress have come electric scrubbing, waxing and polishing. The FINNELL Electric Floor Machine has proved much faster, far more efficient and actually less costly than hand methods.

The FINNELL is now used by thousands of leaders among stores, factories, office buildings, hotels, hospitals, etc. Every business and public building can use it *at a profit*. There are several models—a right size and type for every kind and area of floor.

Household model. Small FINNELL made especially for homes. Light, compact, easy to handle. Sold on terms.

Write for booklet—stating whether interested in machine for home or business use—to

FINNELL SYSTEM, Inc.
107 East Street, Elkhart, Indiana
130 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ont., Canada

Floor machine headquarters for twenty-three years
District offices in principal cities of U. S. A.

FINNELL
ELECTRIC FLOOR MACHINE

It Waxes
It Polishes
It Scrubs

Prices $87.50 and up

Purveyors to that Giant, *Gasoline Power*

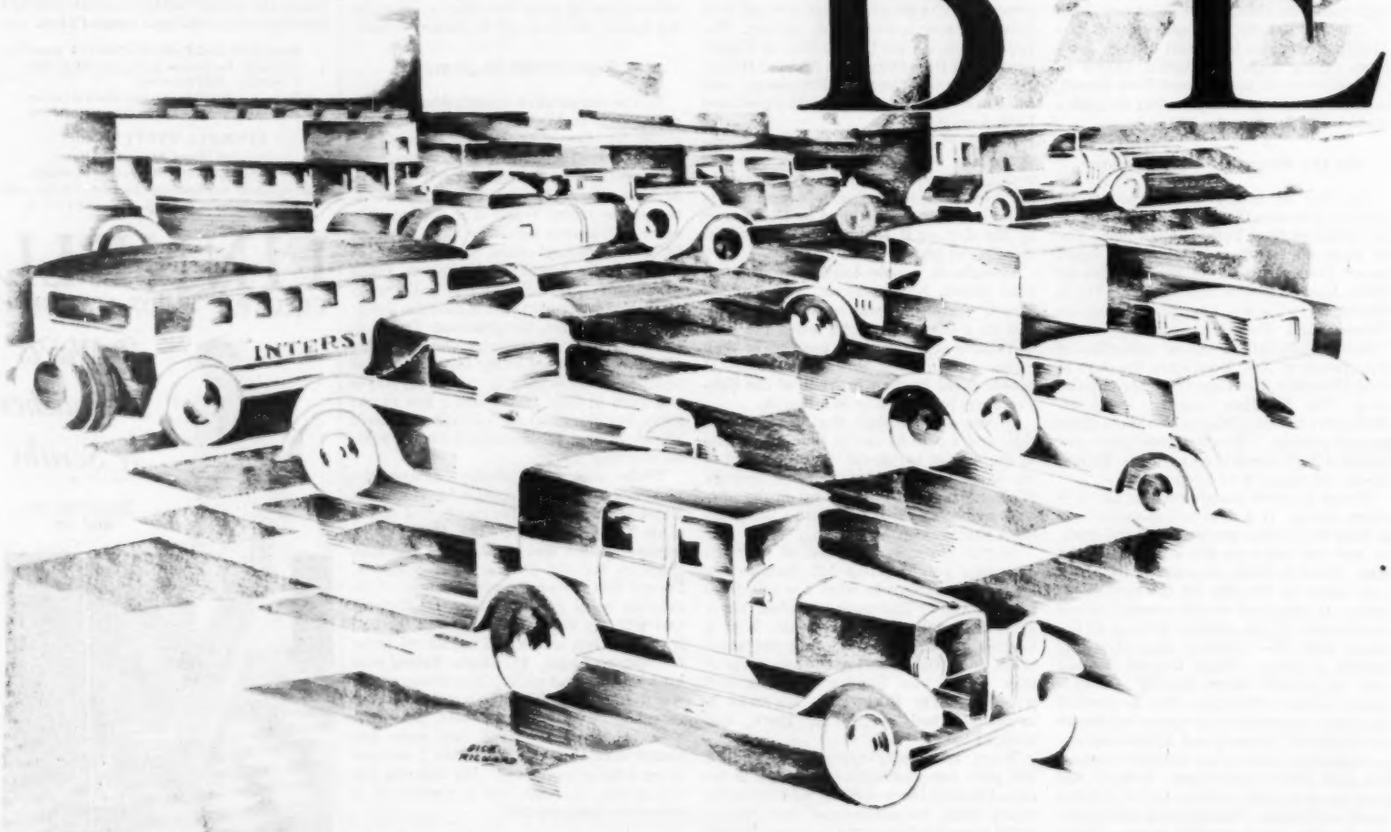
ASLEEP under the hood of your car, or in the wings of a plane, is that modern giant, Gasoline Power . . . ready to leap to life at the touch of the Bendix Drive, or the Bendix Aviation Starter. These Bendix products are standard on most automobiles, and on most completely-equipped airplanes.

The giant has been a more obedient servant of Civilization ever since the tremendous energy he represents came under the precise control of Bendix Brakes . . . used on most motor vehicles and on the thoroughly modern planes.

The life spark and vital energy of the giant come from ignition and carburetion equipment, also important Bendix products.

Here are the essentials of starting, of going, and of stopping, in this age of Gasoline Power. These essentials are destined for soundest, responsible, foresighted development by Bendix Aviation Corporation. Its units, always individually great, now compose the very ground floor of a structure whose firm foundation is *Modern Transportation*. Bendix Aviation Corporation, Chicago.

B·E



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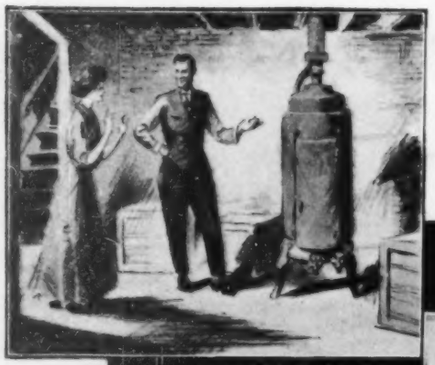
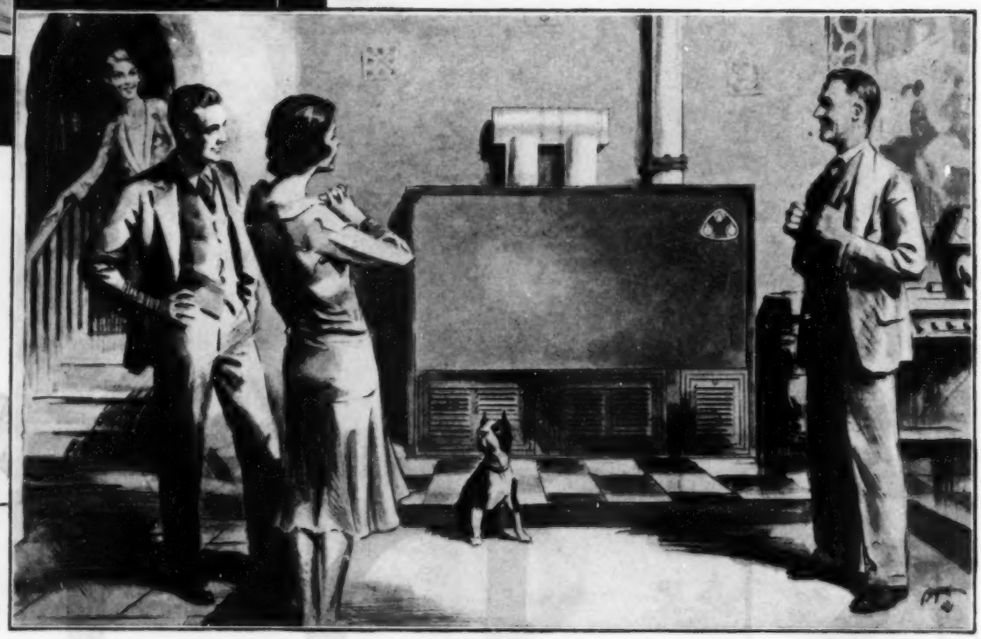


The Endurance Test of TIME

BRYANT 1929



THE PROOF OF TRULY Automatic Heating

The country-wide "declaration of independence" of American families from hand-fired furnaces has resulted in a startling flood of new house-heating devices within the last two years. In one single city during 1928 seventy-one different makes of automatic or semi-automatic devices were installed! How many of them will be in service even next year only one test will tell—the endurance test of time.

In sharp contrast, Bryant Automatic Gas Heating has already a 20-year record behind it. There is no experiment, no gamble, in buying a Bryant. You can be shown Bryants that have been in use ten, twelve, fifteen and more winters, in all that time requiring no more attention than an annual inspection, plants that are operating today just as noiselessly and with the same utter freedom from dirt, noise, vapor and grime as when first installed.

For automatic heating without disappointments and without interruptions come to Bryant—Automatic Heating Headquarters.

Ask us to show you why Bryant Gas Heating is truly automatic—from "ordering its own fuel" to maintaining winter-long uniform warmth without even a thought of the heating plant for weeks—and months—at a time. Your local Bryant office will be glad to tell you the complete Bryant story, or, if one is not listed in your telephone directory, write to us at Cleveland.

BRYANT GAS HEATING

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THE BRYANT HEATER & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
17852 ST. CLAIR AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO

In the Bryant Gas Heated house you can . . . Throw away your coal shovel . . . Junk your ash can . . . Make a single match your winter's kindling . . . Tend furnace by the calendar, not by the clock . . . Live in a warm house, sleep in a cool one . . . Add a useful room to your house . . . Laugh at the ups and downs of the temperature outside . . . Enjoy winter . . . and "let the pup be your furnace man."

It is truly automatic—whether used with steam, hot water, vapor or warm air.

Bryant Gas Heating provides ample, uniform warmth—thermometer measured to a single degree of the temperature you prefer—with no more effort or bother than the winding of an 8-day clock.

And a Bryant Heating Plant embodies no revolving mechanisms, it is as noiseless as your kitchen stove and stays noiseless; and so utterly reliable that you can take your winter heating just as much for granted as the water you draw from your kitchen or bathroom faucets.

When the Bryant Pup takes charge of your furnace room it can be just as you see it above. No shovels, brooms or refuse cans hidden "around the corner." Not an inch of storage space is required. There is no dirt-distributing fuel bin or storage tank somewhere outside of the picture for the pup or his household to bother about. A Bryant Boiler or Furnace is as clean in the basement as it is in the picture. The pup remains a happy, carefree canine who sleeps quietly in a noiseless furnace room.

RADIO FINDS ITS EYES

(Continued from Page 13)

this new prospect of science. Radio has found its eyes. How far we can see through space and to what seemingly fantastic uses we can put our new-found power is now the fascinating problem of the future.

Now that television is actually on the eve of making its debut in the home, before the struggle begins anew the engineer may safely lay down his arms and tell his story. It is a story of a struggle as desperate as that of a tiny vessel sailing in a rough ocean. The vessel is the cursed idea that came into the mind of a single isolated individual as far back as 1884; the troubled ocean is the world laboratory that was barren of tools for carrying out his idea. These tools had to be invented one by one, slowly and sometimes desperately, across a span of years.

Indeed, behind the televisor that will bring moving pictures before the eyes of men and women in the autumn of 1929 stretches a veritable melodrama of the strange ways of light and sound. Always this ruthless master, wireless, groping through men and motors for its sight, has been painstakingly stocking this world laboratory with new inventions, new tools, new materials. A certain almost fatalistic perseverance has combined to press this discovery from the minds of men. Even engineers admit that wireless has its destiny.

Nearly fifty years ago, in 1884, a German inventor named Paul Nipkow patented a device that was to pave the way for further television experiments. His device was a crude transmitter for the purpose of dissecting the image. Just here let me say that it is this idea of scenic dissection which underlies all our work today. Although the general public has not been aware of it, we radio engineers have been dissecting pictures in truly surgical fashion for many years. Indeed, it is the whole trick of television.

What is dissection? It is exactly what the word suggests. We are obliged to cut up an image into lines and to flash those lines in proper sequence over wires or radio waves. At the distant point we must reproduce those lines in proper sequence and with identical variations—that is, in perfect step with the lines drawn at the transmitting end, so as to weave a duplicate of the original image.

All this takes place in less than one-sixteenth of a second—or faster than the human eye can turn from one impression to the next. Actually, we fool the human eye. There is only a single dot of light at any given instant. But the eye, unable to follow our game, sees the dot as a line and all the lines at one time as a complete image.

The Technic of Television

What mother has not entertained her child by placing a penny under a piece of paper and, by drawing a succession of straight lines across the paper, making a picture of the Indian appear? This is exactly the technic of television. We make pictures by radio by employing a point of light instead of a point of lead. With the point of light we draw successive parallel lines across the picture screen until the whole is covered. The incoming radio signals vary the light value in each line to build up the picture, just as the humps on the penny vary the blackness of the pencil lines to build up the sections of the Indian.

As simple as is the underlying principle of television, it is the most difficult technic ever undertaken by man, for we are dealing with minute fractions of time in which we must accomplish great ends.

Nipkow's device was doomed. The light-sensitive cell available to him at that time was not fast enough to reproduce moving figures. It could reproduce only still figures. Two parts were missing—the neon lamp and the photoelectric cell, inventions of later days. His machine gave way before the general darkness that then surrounded radio.

Ten years later this idea was to me the most fascinating spot on the whole horizon of wireless. But I had not even a laboratory in which to work, much less the necessary tools. I was at that time holding a job as stenographer in the Life Savings Institute at Washington, and working in my room at night with materials too crude to describe. That was in 1890. Even radio broadcasting, as we know it today, was a far-away dream; much less seeing by radio. And since practical engineers and experts, employing the most modern devices then in use in applied science, failed to discover the necessary missing part to put Nipkow's idea into a practical device, what chance had I?

Meantime, while my work in wireless was little more than the efforts of a fascinated amateur, a much more promising prospect loomed upon the horizon—moving pictures. This was long before the days of the early nickelodeons. All that the public knew of moving pictures were those old penny-in-the-slot machines in which, by thrusting your head into an iron opening and pulling a lever, you could catch a fleeting vision of more or less animated figures for a fraction of a minute.

A Tired Arm, and its Results

The line of descent of television may be traced back to a hot summer evening somewhere in the annals of 1890 when, at a loss for something to do, I began spending my spare pennies in the slot machines, watching one after another of those strange animated pictures. My arm grew tired of cranking the lever. I began to speculate. What this lever needed was some kind of motor with the power to keep it moving. Suddenly there loomed before me visions of the possibilities of taking these figures out of their peepholes. Whereupon I began experimenting. I bought a number of camera films, cut them into strips in my room at nights and exposed those strips in a crude camera whose moving force was my crank-pin mechanism, sometimes called the beater movement.

I got results. Against the knowledge of my futile efforts at wireless, the sight of figures moving on a wall came like balm. I began to improve my mechanism, to give demonstrations, to take out patents. Here was an idea for which science offered multiple tools of expression. Here was something that lay within the range of possibility.

One day in 1895 word came that the last concession of space in the widely advertised Atlanta Cotton Exposition was still open. This was my chance for a public demonstration. A friend who had watched my work at home had faith enough in my invention to advance the needed funds. We wired the manager of the fair and secured the concession.

A new problem immediately presented itself. How could I give a program unless I had some interesting moving pictures to show? Up to that time there was nothing in my repertoire but the most commonplace outdoor scenes. I had only a week to arrange for a new program. I went to see Anna Bella, the famous heroine of The Black Crook, whose serpentine and butterfly dances had captured the American public. She agreed to dance for us. We met with the same success with Carmencita, the Spanish dancer of the day. But we had to leave for the exposition to arrange for the building of our theater, so we made the rest of our program from objects of general interest—the passing of the Black Diamond Express, a boxing contest, and the inevitable picture of Niagara Falls—only this time it moved and miniature men and women moved by its side.

Whereupon began the exciting business of erecting the very first moving-picture theater in America—a crude wooden shack painted bright green, with a small ticket office and a brilliant sign reading, MOVING PICTURES INSIDE. PRICE, 25 CENTS. We had the advantage of having a theater situated in the midst of the fairway where the crowd passed in promenade. The show opened. We waited. Men and women turned to examine the sign—and passed on. Moving pictures! What were moving pictures? The theater remained empty. A whole day passed.

We came next morning and hung out our sign as usual. The same result—no audience. At the end of the third day the manager of the fair came to discuss business, but we had no proceeds, for we hadn't succeeded in attracting even one patron. He expressed sympathy, but he added that he needed the hall.

"Why don't you hire a hall in some smaller place?" he suggested.

To this day I cannot hear that expression "hire a hall" without a swift mental picture of that manager standing in our empty theater, telling us to move on. He was about to leave when suddenly he turned and spoke to my friend.

"What are moving pictures anyway?" he asked.

We tried to explain, but he said he didn't understand, so we showed him. He sat in the empty theater and watched our program again and again. He was amazed. It was his comment that turned the tide for us.

"I don't think the people outside know what moving pictures are," he said. "If you could only find some way of letting them know what they were going to see, you could fill the place."

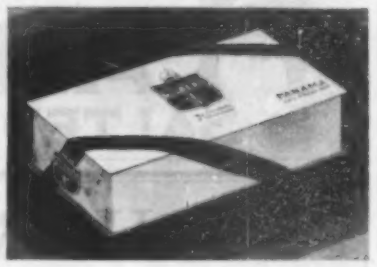
He continued to explain that he had intended to turn the theater into a place of rest, but that if we liked the idea we might continue to hold it and give free demonstrations. We agreed. We took down our original sign and hung out a new one reading: COME INSIDE AND REST—AND LOOK AT MOVING PICTURES FREE OF CHARGE.

First in small groups and singly, later in crowds, the throngs from the fairway poured in. We had hired a ballyhoo man from a side show opposite to speak for us, and as soon as the theater was filled he announced that the demonstration was about to begin. It was a great trick. The crowd responded, first with faint applause rising from stray corners in the silent theater, and later with excited conversation and even cheering. The ballyhoo man came on to explain that while there was no charge, if anyone wanted to leave a quarter at the box office, it would prove a welcome aid to this new invention. From that first demonstration we raised more than fifteen dollars. By the end of the exposition I had made sufficient money to give up my stenographer's job and launch forth as an engineer.

After the One-Man Stage

Inventions are, first, ideas that must move through a slow and painful metamorphosis from the brain of an individual into the laboratory of science, and so from the laboratory of science out into the practical world. Moving pictures with their original penny-in-the-slot machines, radio broadcasting with its ear phone, and television with its crude scanning disk—these represent the peephole or one-man stage of three American inventions. Two of these have become great industries. I think it is safe to say the last must soon follow in their wake. But each of these waited as it were between life and death for the missing parts—that is, those particular mechanisms that would lift the invention from a peephole-affair for one man to see, to that plane of practical function where it could be enjoyed by millions. In the case of moving pictures it was the early camera with its crank-pin mechanism; in the case of radio it was DeForest's audion vacuum tube; and with television it is the scanning drum.

Gilbert's . . the Chocolates of Connoisseurs



"Betting on a sure thing" is to give her Gilbert's, subtly acknowledging her good taste in chocolate preference. Secret formulas and blending have made the Gilbert name the symbol of highest quality in chocolates. Dealers are proud to recommend Gilbert's because of the fine blending of flavor and the exceptionally high quality of materials used. . . . We cordially invite you to visit our plants and sample our chocolates, for then you will be convinced that we have the outstanding quality line—an assortment to please every type of taste. If, for any reason, your nearest dealer does not have Gilbert's, you can best know their superiority by mailing us your check for $1, $1.50 or $2 for a pound, postpaid. We guarantee you'll like them. John O. Gilbert Chocolate Company, Jackson, Michigan, and Los Angeles, California.

Caballero package, $2 the pound. Panama and Connoisseur, $1.50 . . . Other Gilbert's, $1, $1.25 and $1.50

GILBERT

GILBERT

CHOCOLATES

Announcing the Winners

Below are listed the names of the Prize Winners in the Contest that appeared in the two-page advertisement for Planters Salted Peanuts in the April 13th, 1929 issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

First Prize $100.00
Mr. & Mrs. Edwin E. Ohlfs
405 Henry Clay Avenue
New Orleans, Louisiana

Second Prize $75.00
Mrs. Blanche S. Evans
3303 University Avenue
Des Moines, Iowa

Third Prize $50.00
Mr. W. L. Faurot
617 Montgomery Street
San Francisco, California

Another of these contests will appear in a two-page advertisement for Planters Salted Peanuts in the August 10th, 1929 issue of The Saturday Evening Post. *Watch for it.*

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY
U. S. A. and Canada

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

Will He Bring $50.00 to YOUR Home?

AT first reading of the question above you may murmur, "No such luck." But wait a minute—it may easily be true! If you will but ask us—*today*—we will promptly send you full details of three sure ways to profit:

(1) Forwarding the renewals of present readers in your locality for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman;* (2) securing new subscriptions and (3) accepting the orders of folks who desire to send subscriptions as gifts.

No Experience Necessary

If we could get together and talk this over, we could doubtless quickly convince you how easily you may win an extra $50.00 or more. As we cannot, do the next best thing and mail the coupon below. It will bring you, without charge, all the information and equipment you'll need to get started right away.

Mail This Coupon

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 377 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.
Please send to me by first class mail everything I'll need to make an extra fifty or more.

Name..... Age.....
Please print name and address
Street.....
City..... State.....

The particular service that the inventor of these so-called missing parts renders mankind is inestimable, and inevitably he reaps his reward. But it is those workers in the dark like Nipkow who, coming upon the horizon long before an invention has assumed even a one-man stage, deal in what has been to me the most fascinating problems of science.

In my own case, even while I continued to develop new cameras for use in the motion-picture field, my interest was focused upon the transmission of images across distance. My crank-pin mechanism had helped to carry moving pictures out of the slot machines, their first form of life. But the idea of transmitting these pictures by wire had no form at all. To create this form became my problem.

Paul Nipkow had actually succeeded in transmitting still pictures by wire. Since the transmission of living subjects in action differs from still pictures only in that they are more rapidly formed, the whole secret lay in putting together a device that would supply this movement. After failure to find a practical workable mechanism made up of devices already in use in applied science, engineers and inventors the world over had begun what was to become one of the most exciting races for the missing part in the whole development of communication.

With the financial returns from my moving-picture patents I fitted up a laboratory and began experimenting. As baffling as was the problem, I felt like one who has come home after a long journey. This was my field after all. I would never again attempt to evade it.

It was months before even that first crude concept, which was more of a theory than a machine, could be put together. No word of mine can describe the futility of that early experiment better than the last printed paragraph that appeared at the end of an article printed in the Electrical Engineer in which I had outlined my project.

"The scheme, if practicable when necessary modifications are made," it read, "is objectionable in that it contemplates a multiplicity of conductors; but as a basis for study the method has its merits. I should be glad to learn of the success of such an experiment by someone, as I cannot at present get results myself."

A Miles-Long Camera

Meantime, radio broadcasting, or wireless, as it was called in those days, was emerging slowly from its chrysalis. With its every move forward it brought us new tools, new materials, for the inventor to utilize. In my search for the missing part, I began sending pictures by wireless. This was a comparatively simple process. Success in sending pictures by radio from flat photographs and receiving them on flat photo negative plates began with my invention of the prismatic ring, a new contribution to optical science. The scheme is just a long camera, with miles instead of inches between lens and plate.

Other men in other laboratories were working toward television. Scientists had already accepted the possibilities of taking pictures to pieces and building them up again a long distance away. Encouraged by the success of an article I published in Motion Picture News of 1913, entitled Motion Pictures by Wireless, I began to plan my apparatus. The laboratory had become stocked since Nipkow's time. There was the potassium photoelectric cell, or electric eye, which is really a miniature power house that converts light into electric energy, and is an indispensable worker in transmitting images; and there was the neon lamp to be used as a light source in the receiver.

My work in radio photographs led me directly into radio vision, because these two processes, when both are accomplished by the flat-plate method, are identical in principle, the difference being only in the speed of the apparatus. Just as in the radio photograph, the picture surface of the radio vision is covered with a small spot of light moving over it in successive parallel lines, with the light value of the lines changed by the incoming radio signals to conform to a given order.

Not for one single day in these thirty years of hard laboratory work have I ever let go of the idea of television. Whenever my work in the moving-picture field became too absorbing, I would just jot down the suggestions that occurred as I thought over possible improvements in television technic, and send them out by publication to the few fortunate scientists who might make use of them while I could not. Anything to be somehow associated with the great adventure of finding the eyes of wireless! I suppose it is an obsession like that which often drives creators in other fields, working with very different tools, finally to abandon all accepted and applied methods and create what they see.

When at last I could afford to fit up a laboratory on the proceeds from my patents, the situation of the machines in that early laboratory tells the story better than any words of my own. On one side stood many models of devices for transmitting and receiving radio photographs. On the other side, partitioned off by an asbestos curtain, stood the clumsy, primitive television machine that refused to work. The art of sending photographs developed swiftly. Lines that marked the early photographs disappeared until the likenesses became perfect. There was little to hold me on in this field.

The Machine That Wouldn't Work

One day I stepped behind the partition and began work on my television apparatus. I had already begun to use a flat surface in my attempt to photograph moving objects—the same process as that used in sending still pictures. Now the only difficulty lay in speeding up until the succession of lines recurred with a frequency enough to deceive the eye into the belief that it sees all these lines all the time. But this process of speeding up has been the bugaboo of television.

I took a lens disk and substituted it for the fast pair of prismatic plates. The difference was remarkable. Each lens drew a line while the relatively slow rotation of the plates distributed the lines over the whole picture surface. Immersed in this new process, I worked away in my laboratory day and night. At last I had put together what appeared to be a workable machine.

That first televisor consisted of a large lens which reproduced on a ground glass an image not unlike an image which would appear on the back of an old-fashioned ground-glass camera. This image I analyzed or cut up into pieces, and swept these broken pieces into the electric eye by means of the scanning disk. At a station several miles distant from the laboratory I set up a receiving set, making use of the neon lamp. It was a long time before we could see anything at all of the objects back at the laboratory; and what we finally saw on a morning early in the spring of 1925 looked like ink marks set in motion on a soiled blotter. But they moved. The idea that had haunted me half a lifetime had come alive at last!

I went back to my laboratory and slept soundly for twelve long hours. When I awoke I knew I would have to begin again the same kind of concentrated effort, but now we had a goal ahead—a public demonstration. The old fever had gone. I had proved to myself and my associates that it could be done. I began to work slowly and steadily to improve my apparatus.

On the morning of June 13, 1925, I went to the telephone in my Washington laboratories and made hurried calls to Secretary of the Navy Wilbur; the Director of the Bureau of Standards, Dr. G. K. Burgess; the Acting Secretary of Commerce, Stephen B. Davis, and other officials, and asked them to be audience to the first motion pictures to be transmitted by radio.

(Continued on Page 133)

SHE IS his Partner

MORE than any other woman, the farmer's wife shares her husband's life and business interests. His problems are hers: the condition of the crops, the current prices in the city markets, the modern conveniences they can afford this year.

In the past two decades, she has come to the front. Travel by automobile, better education, club work, motion pictures and radio, home demonstration agents—all have broadened her mental attitude . . . quickened her desire to enjoy the living standards of folks in towns and cities. She is determined that the farm shall furnish the money to meet these new needs. Labor-saving devices have given her valuable hours for planning, for reading how to go about it.

Like her husband, she is vitally interested in the magazine devoted to living on the farm. *The Farm Journal* is this publication in more than a million and a half instances.

The Farm Journal is a digest of the newest thought and most accepted practices in American Agriculture. It points the way to better crop yields, improved live stock, profitable marketing, and lends a helping hand in every phase of farming activity.

Likewise, in the rural domestic revolution, *The Farm Journal* has been a pioneer. Month after month, it has brought the farm wife a wealth of practical suggestions for the efficient management of her particular home: Tasteful furnishings. Up-to-date dresses. Appetizing recipes for the kitchen. No general magazine for women can achieve such intimate contact with the farm wife.

This broad editorial background makes *The Farm Journal* a truly unique medium for your advertising message to the farm home. Its circulation goes out where the crops are grown, and where billions of dollars worth of purchases are decided. We are confident that through no other publication on earth can you reach so many real money-making farm families!

The farmer's wife is sprucing up. Her dressing table holds some 22 million jars of face creams, and more than 25 million cans of talcum powder. She is as up to date in lipsticks as her city cousin—using some 6 million sticks every year.

The farmer tidies up the home and the farm buildings with some 29 million gallons of paint every year. Yet this figure represents less than half the amount of paint the farm market could use. Some 765 million cakes or packages of soap keep things spick and span. Other purchases, such as automobiles, clothes, shoes, furniture, home furnishings, farm and household appliances, run into billions of dollars.

The farm market has been carefully charted by *The Farm Journal.* We offer you a store of valuable facts applying to the profitable advertising of your own product. The service is free. You are not even obligated to a salesman's call. Write to *The Farm Journal,* Washington Square, Philadelphia.

NATIONAL

THE Farm Journal

Appeals to the whole family in 1,500,000
prosperous farm homes

Don't expect comfort from trucks...

or to carry girders in a roadster

Neither must you expect all the good qualities of motor oil to be found in oil made from a single kind of crude oil.

The newest idea in motor oil for present day high-compression, high-speed motors, is a skillful blend made from two kinds of crude oil—one with a paraffine base, the other a naphthene base.

This two-base motor oil has been perfected in the laboratories of the Gulf Refining Co. and is now available at any dealer who does business "at the sign of the orange disc."

IT IS GULF SUPREME MOTOR OIL

Drive to the nearest Gulf dealer. Drain your crankcase and fill up with Gulf Supreme Motor Oil. Notice the smoother running of your engine, its improved performance and the economy of Gulf Supreme Motor Oil. Then decide upon results to use it always.

Fair Retail Price
30¢ per Quart
for all grades

GULF SUPREME MOTOR OIL

At the sign of
THE ORANGE DISC

Gulf Refining Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. A.

District Sales Offices

BOSTON NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA
ATLANTA NEW ORLEANS HOUSTON LOUISVILLE

(Continued from Page 130)

I had found that morning that for the first time my machine was functioning perfectly. Although the image broadcast was devoid of dramatic interest, being merely a small model windmill with the blades in motion, broadcast from NOF, the old naval radio station which was turned over to me for experimental purposes when the department erected a larger one, it caused no small speculation as it cavorted on a small screen in my laboratory. I explained to the officials that this was merely a scientific test to prove that we had attained our goal.

"I suppose," said the Secretary of the Navy, "that if there should ever come another war, we could sit at our desks here in Washington and watch the progress of the fighting far out at sea."

Seeing From New York to Washington

I told him that was perfectly possible. Though this demonstration made a front-page story for the press of the nation, the editors very naturally were guarded in their comments and took with many grains of salt my prediction that I expected shortly to be able to "stage a radio-vision show with the talent performing at the broadcasting station and the audience watching the performance at the receiving station miles distant." I explained that these images might not be clear-cut, but that they would be easily distinguishable and that, with the numerous improvements in our sending and receiving machines, the public must sooner or later receive these images by radio in the form of entertainment.

As I stood together with these officials watching the blades of the windmill move upon a small screen, I knew that television had reached its earliest form. Crude and blurred as was the picture, it was moving there before our eyes. The first long race was over. The second had begun.

Before I can justly tell of those early days of television broadcasting, it must indeed be added that a more spectacular demonstration of television than mine took place two years later, when Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, and other prominent men speaking in the Capitol were clearly seen in New York over an apparatus constructed in the Bell Laboratories under the guidance of Dr. Herbert E. Ives. It was the first form of the apparatus that may sometime work in conjunction with the individual desk telephone, and the reports of the demonstration undoubtedly gave rise to all the speculation and joking about seeing by telephone.

The first long race for a workable apparatus was over, but it was not until three years later that I dared broadcast moving pictures by radio. I can think of no less auspicious start for what will soon be a popular form of entertainment than my own first attempt to give the amateurs a chance to help me develop visual radio by giving them something to fish for. My position on that night, July 2, 1928, was very much like that of an actor who knows he must play to an empty theater. I knew that for audience I had only a few widely scattered amateurs operating on the despised short-wave lengths, the so-called worthless frequencies below the 200-meter band, and for the most part on homemade sets that probably would not work. For actors I had animated silhouettes—a girl skipping rope, a boy playing ball, a negro chasing a chicken.

The program itself was poor enough, but in addition, everything went wrong. The apparatus, which had been working perfectly in rehearsal, was stricken with almost human stage fright. When at last my assistants and I succeeded in broadcasting, the knowledge that we were sending these blurred, broken images out into nowhere left us discouraged and baffled. The reception was bad. No word came in—no sign that the announcement had aroused any interest. We left the studio convinced that the radio movies' first public appearance had been little more than futile.

That next morning was the happiest in these years of struggle with television. I came to my office, to find some fifty telegrams and more than a hundred letters, all congratulatory, all full of helpful criticism and intelligent advice. These letters kept coming in. Our silhouettes were very much easier for the amateur to get while he was building up a technic than half-tone movies, we were informed. By August we knew that our programs were being regularly received in hundreds of homes.

From then on my problem lay in perfecting the technic of broadcasting, in improving the apparatus for reception, and in arranging for interesting programs. In a word, the third hard struggle had begun—the search for new mechanisms to make television possible on a public scale; a search that has led us far afield in quest of flowing light. That is, since light is the pencil that draws our picture, the problem became one of keeping this pencil so sharp and so strong that it would not break off.

The method I had been employing thus far was not very different from that fully described as long ago as 1884, but this method, called the disk, or lens, scanning method, possessed such physical limitations in practical applications as not to permit of development. Yet our audience was increasing. The demand put upon us for better mechanisms became more urgent.

I began to experiment with methods for strengthening and saving my pencil of light. A quartz rod has the peculiar property that light flows through it like water through a pipe. If we let a small stream of water loose, it flows in all directions, loses its force, and may never reach the final outlet; but if we confine it within a pipe it flows smoothly, swiftly and forcefully. I employed a drum—that is, structurally, a hollow cylinder, containing quartz rods to carry the pencil of light from the lamps to the holes without loss, the drum turning four times for each picture, whereas the disk turns but once. The result was phenomenal. The very first time the drum functioned in my apparatus the picture was four times as large as the old disk pictures, so that a whole group of people could watch and enjoy it.

From Many Men's Minds

The discovery of the scanning drum made the prospect for the future of television so bright that new methods to bring us still larger and better pictures come much easier. Already one of these is in process of development, a machine called a projection televisor. The receiver is a projection receiver—that is, radio movies and television images are projected on the wall of a room or a screen set up to catch the pictures, much as moving pictures are projected across a theater to a screen. The picture that this machine produces at present is approximately two feet square and beautifully illuminated. This picture suggests both in size and general characteristics the present films shown on screens by the home motion-picture-projecting machine.

And so television is launched at last. Behind this practical means of home entertainment stretch years of painstaking, sometimes heartbreaking, research in secluded laboratories and workshops the world over. Into its present state of development have gone contributions from physicists and chemists, from the research departments of great communication companies, even from the darkrooms of photographers and the workbenches of photo-engravers in print shops and newspaper offices. It is, indeed, no one-man affair.

Unlike radio broadcasting, television will come to a waiting and friendly public, for the pioneer work for this new invention was accomplished in the early struggle of radio. Listeners-in, having acquired the habit of tuning in their sets for the evening's entertainment, are bound to become lookers-on as well. It may safely be said that television arrives at an opportune time.

Speculation as to what will happen behind the scenes in the television studio has

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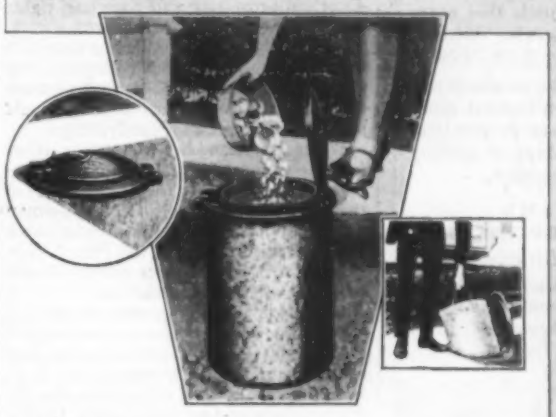

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Every home should have this convenient milk and package receiver.

YOUR GARBAGE should be kept *underground* . . . out of sight . . . out of reach of dogs, flies and other pests—in this convenient Majestic Underground Garbage Receiver. Step on the foot-trip and the lid rises, ready to receive garbage. When full, the inner container is easily removed. Steel shell and cast semi-steel lid . . . guaranteed not to break or rust out for ten years. The Majestic is sold by hardware and department stores in sizes from 5 to 20 gallons, complete with inside container. Write for full information and dealer's name.

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Write for full information about any one or all of these Majestic Quality Products for the home.

No danger of ruining clothing if the bottle in your vacation luggage is locked with Kork-N-Seal!

THIS CAP with the LITTLE LEVER tells you... "HIGHEST QUALITY ...superlative convenience"

You'll find it on only finest quality products . . this handy little cap. Because only makers of quality products can afford it.

It is the highest priced cap made . . and worth it! Opens with a flip of the finger. Seals and *reseals* perfectly. Keeps contents leakproof, airtight . . *fresh!* Until the last drop has been used.

So manufacturers who take real pride in their products, who appreciate how much this extra convenience and service mean to you, are now using Kork-N-Seal.

Look for it . . on the products you buy. It assures you highest quality . . and absolute protection against bottles leaking or spilling in your vacation luggage.

WILLIAMS SEALING CORPORATION
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Used on the highest quality products you buy in tins, too—this distinctive cap with the little lever!

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THE CAP WITH THE LITTLE LEVER

already arisen. We are asked about television actors. There will have to be television stars just as there are screen stars, and it is only logical for the public to inquire who, indeed, will be the Mary Pickfords of the television studios. Even in our crude pioneering efforts we have made certain discoveries—first, that the television actors must employ even more make-up than the moving-picture actor, because of the crudity of our electric eye. Eyebrows and lips must be carefully painted. Up until today we have successfully employed black-and-white make-up in the experimental television studios. In television moving pictures the grotesque face will have its chance as will the beautiful one. We can safely say that the television face will be a face possessing more strength of features than the conventionally beautiful screen face, for the televisor requires more than mere prettiness to depict a character. Character faces will probably be in great demand.

The entertainment possibilities of television are vast and promise spectacular results. For instance, the public can look forward to a demonstration of talking pictures by radio within a period of months. Theatrical performances and even grand opera will ultimately be broadcast for home entertainment.

Aside from mere entertainment, when it is remembered that all that can be heard by radio can be seen as well, it is possible to cite the ultimate service that television must render to mankind. For instance, in a nation where it is impossible for men to know their political representatives by sight, the "feel" of a candidate's personality has hitherto been transmitted only by the sound of his voice. Governor Smith's accent was one of the factors that was said to have seriously affected his campaign. The next presidential election, however, will bring political candidates into the home where every citizen can examine the face and mannerisms of his representative, know him by sight as well as by his voice.

The service that television must render aviation is inestimable. Already it has been proved possible to place a television transmitter in an opening in the bottom of an airplane, the lens looking toward the ground as the plane flies along. Back at military headquarters in Washington, let us say, the commander in chief can see on a screen exactly what the lens catches as the plane moves. In this manner, in possible wars of the future, it will be easy for the commander's eye to view the fortifications of the enemy and even the figures of soldiers, just as we now watch the movements of an army in war films.

In the still more distant future, although it may never be possible for us to calculate, as Paul Bourget depicted in his story, The Disciple, "the hour and the minute when England will evacuate India, when Europe will have burned its last piece of coal, and when a certain criminal still to be born will assassinate his father," it will indeed be possible for us to look at men and events at all corners of the world. We will be able to watch men moving in the sunlit streets of Moscow while the moon is rising before our own window. And, in a measure, we will be looking into the future.

WAR PROPAGANDA

(Continued from Page 28)

a rule, a shrewd judge of American psychology. Her orders in council, transgressing our neutral rights, were timed with uncanny skill. The declaration making cotton unconditional contraband was published on the very day on which the American press was in a state of great excitement over the sinking of the Arabic. As a result, Bernstorff dolefully laments, the wicked Germans got the headlines, and an economic measure that gravely affected American prosperity and American rights was dismissed by most editors with a stick. The shock troops of Allied propaganda were invariably American volunteers. An Englishman, taking our German-Americans and our Irish-Americans to task, would have found himself at a disadvantage.

When Americans became restive, titled foreigners who said little in public whispered confidences into the charmed ears of their hosts and hostesses. A few German counts and Austrian princes were no match for the British lords and the French marquises who descended upon our shores and took possession of our social life.

In the game of propaganda, honors and decorations bore a by no means insignificant part. The Kaiser, before the war, had decorated individual Americans like J. P. Morgan. Small bits of ribbon landed in the lapels of German-American leaders. During the war and afterward, circumstances rendered the distribution of such honors by the Germans impossible. German decorations were always considered less classy than similar distributions of British and French origin. German decorations, unlike the British, carried no titles.

Many of our fellow citizens, decorated by King George, are entitled to prefix Sir to their names. The British Government had no wish to confer knighthoods upon Americans. It realized that to be addressed as Sir would make an American ridiculous in his own country. But the only orders sufficiently important to be bestowed on generals, ambassadors and captains of industry carried with them automatically the elevation of the recipient to knighthood. Equally solicitous of expressing their gratitude and of retaining our good will, England, France, Italy and Belgium vied with one another to decorate distinguished Americans.

It is impossible to trace every atrocity story in detail here. For that we must go to specialists like Ponsonby and Demartial. I would not rehash the atrocity stories at all if they were not important as illustrations of how the propagandist manipulates his material. They reveal propaganda at work. I shall dwell on a few exemplars which gained credence in the United States. Our indignation at having been victimized by the propagandists will be mitigated by the knowledge that human nature is, after all, better than we were led to believe. This recognition should put us on our guard in the future. It also should serve to remove the last trace of bitterness and hatred engendered in many hearts by propaganda.

The story of the Belgian baby without hands encircled the globe. Soon eyewitnesses appeared. The germ planted by the propagandist blossomed into a tree which threw its shadow on every newspaper in the world. The Pope promised to raise his voice in an official protest if the violation of a Belgian nun or the cutting off of a child's hand could be established in a single instance. Investigations were instituted. Cardinal Mercier was one of those intrusted with the investigation, but, according to Colonel Repington's war diary, not one case could be proved.

After the war a wealthy American sent a representative to Belgium to provide a livelihood for the children whose little hands had been cut off. He was unable to discover a singie one. "Mr. Lloyd George himself," remarks Signor Nitti, Italian prime minister during the war, "carried on extensive investigations as to the truth of these horrible accusations, some of which at least were told specifically as to names and place. Every case investigated proved to be a myth."

Early in the war five distinguished American war correspondents—Roger Lewis, Irvin Cobb, Harry Hansen, James O'Donnell Bennett and John T. McCutcheon—publicly declared that after having been with the German Army for two weeks and after having accompanied the troops for

(Continued on Page 137)

FLEAS and LICE

Pulvex never fails to kill and keep them off! This remarkable new powder really kills—not merely stuns lice, fleas, ticks. One application gives sure, certain, lasting results.

Pulvex is non-poisonous, odorless, stainless—safe and easy to use. Actually protects against re-infection. Equally effective for dogs, cats, foxes, birds. Highly recommended by veterinarians. Your pet deserves protection—PULVEX is guaranteed to give it! Only 50c at leading pet shops, sporting goods stores, drug stores, and other good dealers.

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HOW good hot meals taste on hikes and trips. Easy to cook them with Sterno Stove. It heats, boils, broils, fries. Makes hot soup, crisp bacon, sizzling eggs, cooks steaks, chops. Makes delicious toast, steaming coffee. Yet Sterno Stove folds flat. Slip into bag or knapsack. Use Sterno Stove at home, too. Fine for camping. Has hundreds of uses. Heats solder for radio parts. You'll find many ways to use this handy, portable stove. Sterno Canned Heat supplies the fuel. It's safe—burns solid—no sparks, smoke or cinders. Buy it at your local dealer, and use Sterno Cooking Utensils. Send 10¢ today for special Sterno Stove. Dept. S-9, Sterno Corp. (Est. 1887), 9 E. 37th St., N. Y. City.

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KOOL KOOSHIONS bring comfort and cleanliness to dusty summer driving. They're porous, flexible,—ideal "breeze conductors"—and prevent perspiration. Ideal for car, home, camping, picnicking, office. Your dealer has them. Or, we will gladly send them direct. State size and color.

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$50 a Week for your spare hours!

Make money easily, quickly with **Jane Morden Box Assortments.** Sell 21 beautiful greeting cards, with fancy envelopes, for only $1. World's greatest Christmas card value; actual worth $2.50. Show beautiful sample we send you—your friends and neighbors will buy like 'hot cakes.'

21 BEAUTIFUL CARDS IN BOX $1.00

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WLW *the nation's station*

. . . the most powerful and highly developed broadcasting station in the world . . .

Thousands of people in every locality in America are today turning the dials of their radio sets to WLW—the Crosley Radio Corporation in Cincinnati . . . In many instances few other stations are invited by the hand at the dial, because WLW is constantly there—clear, strong and with an infinite variety of program.

Countless times we are asked: *"Why is it that WLW is clearly heard well above stations hundreds—even thousands of miles closer to us?"* Or: *"Why is it that WLW many times will keep on coming in through storms and air saturated with static?"*

It is felt that the answer to these and other questions will prove interesting to the great national audience of this station.

The enlarged WLW went on the air October 29, 1928, under its new rating of 50,000 watts. It is regarded as the highest development of broadcasting in the world today, and the most powerful station on the air. It employs entirely new principles and new equipment.

The Difference in Power

The station which is now WLW, started as an amateur code station of 20 watts, in Mr. Powel Crosley Jr.'s home in 1921 . . . This was virtually at the very inception of radio broadcasting. This power was soon increased to 50 watts, and the station located in one of the Crosley factories.

In 1922 it became a 500-watt station. Later, WLW was the first remotely-controlled 5,000-watt station. Today WLW is recognized as the only station putting into the air 50,000 watts of power with 100% modulation.

Mr. Crosley and his associates have felt from the beginning that there is no substitute for power in increasing the efficiency and quality of radio reception in the home.

Using 100% of the Power

Perhaps it is not too technical to describe how WLW uses its full rated power, and why it is possible for this station to be clearly heard thousands of miles away and under practically all atmospheric conditions.

There are *two* impulses in radio—the carrier wave, and the sound wave (modulation) which is imposed upon the carrier . . . The sound wave is exactly the same signal heard over your telephone . . . In the absence of telephone wires a medium must be employed to carry this sound . . . This carrying force is obviously called the carrier wave.

There is little problem in putting out a full-strength carrier wave, but to put the sound wave up to the same strength is the real test. Usually the sound wave is only 10 to 40 per cent of the intensity of the carrier. You notice that fact when you tune your set to certain stations and get only a whistle and unintelligible noises. You get the carrier wave—but you don't get the program.

At the new WLW an entirely new principle is followed, which assures amplification of the sound wave to the full 100% strength of the carrier . . . When we say WLW is a 50,000-watt station we mean 50,000 watts of clear, usable sound, not merely a possible 50,000 watts of electrical power. This is made possible by "100% modulation" and WLW, we believe, is the only station in the world now equipped to deliver it.

First Real Static Eliminator

Static is an electrical impulse; there is no control over it and it will always exist. It applies to the telephone just as it does to radio. It has been overcome in the telephone by putting enough power through the wire to ride over it. Radio must overcome it in the same way. With its 50,000 watts of power, 100% modulated, WLW delivers a clear, distinct signal, cutting through static like a knife, over far greater distances than have ever been possible before.

The towers of WLW. The transmitting unit of this station is located near Mason, Ohio—about twenty-five miles from the center of Cincinnati, far away from population congestion.

Responsibility of WLW

It appears from thousands of listener documents received monthly that WLW is constantly available and clearly heard in practically every community in America and over a good part of the world—thus clearly demonstrating that this station is national—even international in its service and influence.

A vast audience such as this has naturally placed on WLW a greater responsibility than has ever been attached to any single station . . . In thousands of communities WLW is practically the only station used. This requires not only a wide range of program features—but a constant program throughout the day and most of the night.

Nearly 19 Hours a Day

The casual listener in the home would find it interesting if he could only step back of the scenes and see the WLW organization at work—the constant stream of artists necessary every day to provide nearly nineteen hours of news, education and entertainment.

School. Newspaper. Church. Dance. Concert. Cook book. Physical education instructor. Advisor. Entertainer of children. Minstrel show. Counsellor. Neighbor. Doctor. Nurse. Companion. Work lightener. Soloist. Circus. Historian. Story teller. Inspirer. Friend.

So goes WLW for nearly nineteen hours every day, with something vital, something interesting, something entertaining for the great, unseen audience which it serves. The cost of programs broadcast through WLW amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars annually.

Naturally it is too much to expect any one organization to bear such program costs and the accompanying large costs of operation. Furthermore, the first interest of the owner of a station is to build the goodwill of its audience. No one institution—even though it could afford to do so—should monopolize the air for its own aggrandizement. WLW therefore is available at certain hours to other institutions which desire to share in the great national goodwill created through this station.

Turn to 700 Kilocycles Tonight

You'll find WLW near the middle of the broadcasting band at 700 kilocycles. If your set is working properly, you should be able to get WLW any night in the year anywhere in the country. Of course, even WLW's powerful signal is sometimes affected by extreme atmospheric conditions, but if you don't get WLW we suggest you investigate the recent improvements in radio sets, ascertain if friends with modern sets are getting WLW and consider a new set for yourself.

The present WLW is the outgrowth of our determination to establish a station which would serve, under reasonable conditions, practically every radio home in America.

Powel Crosley Jr.

The Crosley Radio Corporation, which owns and operates WLW, is the manufacturer of Crosley receiving sets—firmly established for their performance and value.

* * *

WLW commercial programs are available to the manufacturers of highly meritorious products . . . Full information concerning available hours and approximate cost may be had by addressing WLW, Cincinnati, O.

RADIO OWNERS EVERYWHERE WILL WANT THIS BOOKLET

WLW, The Crosley Radio Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send, without obligation or cost, a copy of your booklet, "Behind the Scenes at WLW."

(NAME)

(STREET ADDRESS)

(CITY) (STATE)

Please check this question: Do you frequently listen to WLW? Yes ☐ No ☐

How *Big* Is a Town?

RANKING towns and cities by their human population is not the best way to compare them. When manual toil created most wealth, the man power of a community determined how much it could produce. But in an age of electrical power, usable anywhere any time, available man power no longer sets limits upon the wealth and buying power of a town or village. The notion that the choicest markets are to be found in dense swarms of humanity comes from mental habits inherited from the older day.

The Middle West Utilities System provides electric power to four thousand small and medium-sized communities with a population of 6,000,000. A population of that size has about 2,400,000 people gainfully employed. The power distributed to these communities is equivalent to the working capacity of over 11,000,000 able-bodied men working eight hours a day the year round. No mere "counting of noses" can measure the productive capacity of these towns.

Electric power used in the small communities goes directly into net gains of productive ability and better living. The power used in great cities is largely absorbed in moving people to and from their jobs. The larger the city the more power must be diverted to traction, elevators and other means of combating the handicaps of congestion. In one great city a 15 per cent gain in population caused a 50 per cent increase in car-riding.

In the smaller community no such pyramiding of power use is required. It follows that electric power put to work in a small town profits its people more than the same amount of electric energy in a great metropolis. Electric power brings to the small town a greater per-capita productive ability than it can possibly bring to the big city.

All-pervading net-works of electric power systems, which can be tapped anywhere, have equipped the small town with this productive advantage.

* * * *

Provision of power supply to small communities on a scale equivalent to the service available in the great metropolitan centers is the achievement and responsibility of the Middle West Utilities System, a group of electric companies furnishing service to more than four thousand communities located in twenty-nine states.

The strategic position of the small town in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "America's New Frontier," which the Middle West Utilities Company (72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.

MIDDLE WEST UTILITIES COMPANY

(Continued from Page 134)

more than one hundred miles, they were not able to report one single case of undeserved punishment or measure of retribution. Rudolph Cronau, in his British Black Book, reprinted the testimony of these newspapermen and of other witnesses, but this publication never reached more than a few thousand people. The edition was confiscated after America entered the conflict.

All these denials had little effect on the public mind. To this day millions of men and women are convinced that the Germans systematically committed all the atrocities of which they have been accused. Before the committee investigating German propaganda appeared a witness who reiterated, on hearsay, evidence that the Germans had crucified a Belgian child. This was in 1918!

Senator King asked: "You did not see the child?"

"No, sir," the witness replied. "The child was not permitted to remain there more than a minute or two after the soldiers went on."

American mothers were driven frantic by the wild rumor that the Germans were in the habit of crucifying their prisoners. It was believed by many of our doughboys before they met the enemy on the field. The story of the crucified Canadian went round the press in the United States and in Canada. It was quoted in Congress. The Postmaster-General of the United States, Mr. Burleson, whom I happened to meet shortly after the entrance of the United States into the war, repeated the story to me, completely convinced of its authenticity. It was eventually categorically denied by General March at Washington.

Allied stories of illtreatment written by prisoners under stamps were similar fables. All these stories were exploited by the propagandists. They became folklore. It may be said to the credit of the English Government that it sent one woman to jail for forging a letter alleging the cruel mutilation of a nurse by German soldiers. But, nevertheless, the lie went marching on.

The press, under the guidance of propaganda, became a museum of horrors displaying German frightfulness. Cartoonists were enlisted to visualize the atrocities. The gruesome cartoons of the Dutch cartoonist, Raemaker, were especially effective. Punch, too, delivered telling blows. The Germans have devoted several volumes, edited by Ferdinand Avernarius, to exemplify the use of caricature in the World War.

Faking and Falsehood

Faking was a weapon employed by both sides. Illustrations were deliberately faked. Old pictures of past atrocities were pressed into service with new titles. We believed that the camera could not lie. But we underestimated the ingenuity of expert photographers and caption writers. A snapshot of a Jewish pogrom occurring in 1905 in Russia was dressed up as a German atrocity in 1914. A London newspaper in 1915 displayed a picture of three German officers holding various trophies in their hands, with the caption: "Three German cavalrymen loaded with gold and silver loot." This was a skillfully retouched reproduction of an illustration which had originally appeared in a Berlin paper and which showed the winners of a cavalry competition in the famous Grunewald near Berlin.

Our common sense, lulled to sleep by the propagandists, failed us like our sense of humor. We were like men hypnotized. Reiteration is a secret of propaganda. Every day England drummed into our ears the legend of German frightfulness. It was not, as my friend the master propagandist insisted, sufficient to prove Germany guilty of an occasional act of cruelty, inseparable from war. We must be made to believe that unspeakably fiendish crimes emanated from her philosophy of government, that German atrocities were part of a system proclaimed by Treitschke and symbolized by the Kaiser.

We shall not discuss the ethics involved. The Germans, too, did their best to depict Great Britain as the devil incarnate. In wartime, as Ponsonby remarks, governments cannot afford to tell the truth. "Falsehood," he insists, "is a recognized and extremely useful weapon in warfare, and every country uses it quite deliberately to deceive its own people, to attract neutrals and to mislead the enemy. The ignorant and innocent masses in each country are unaware at the time that they are being misled, and when it is all over only here and there are the falsehoods discovered and exposed. As it is all past history and the desired effect has been produced by the stories and statements, no one troubles to investigate the facts and establish the truth."

With Neither Alias Nor Disguise

Every government sought to make its enemy appear the aggressor. Official texts abounded in perversions of facts and willful omissions. No government was free from guilt. The Russian Government was apparently most brazen in this respect. However, the Russians, like the Germans and the Austrians, have been exposed by revolutionary governments. We do not yet know what secrets slumber in the archives of other nations. The full truth, in spite of innumerable White Books and Blue Books, is still screened from us by official red tape.

During the war, scholars and historians in every camp staked their reputations on the veracity of their country. In Germany, ninety-three distinguished intellectuals, including Ehrlich, Harnack, Brentano, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Eucken, Lieberman, Wundt, issued a pronunciamento declaring their faith in Germany's cause. The Oxford war pamphlets, the Princeton symposium and the Chicago war series were similar expressions of the British and the American attitude.

The facility with which sincere and dexterous hands may shape cases on either side of a controversy, as Professor Lasswell remarks, leaves no doubt that in the future the propagandist may count upon a battalion of honest professors to rewrite history to serve the exigencies of the moment and to provide the material for him to scatter thither and yon.

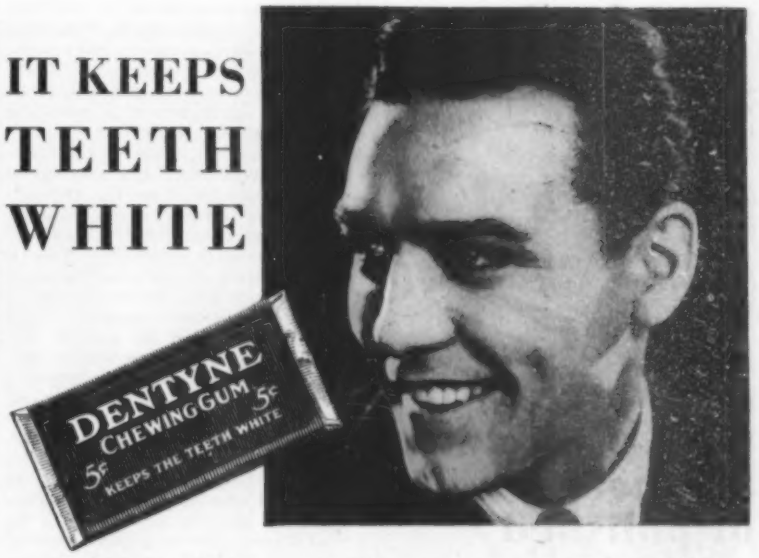
France, like England, conducted propaganda on an enormous scale both in Europe and in the United States. When Tardieu came to this country after our entrance into the war he coöperated closely with Lord Northcliffe. Distinguished French authors dilated on German atrocities. André Cheradame and other French propagandists belabored public opinion. The ancient friendship between the United States and France aided French propaganda, but they were poor psychologists and poor linguists. Society and charity drives were their favorite fields of endeavor.

The French are not afraid to call propaganda by its right name. Three days after the outbreak of the war Viviani promulgated the law passed on the same day by the House and the Senate, which provided as the first installment of a powerful propaganda twenty-five million francs in gold for the establishment of La Maison de la Presse. This building, according to the disclosures of a chief editor in Behind the Scenes of French Journalism, was as lively as a beehive. Its two hundred rooms contained the workshops, offices, parlors and reception rooms where, to quote our French authority, "those war-mad heroes are domiciled whose courage grows with the degree of distance from the trenches."

After the entrance of America into the war the French insisted vainly upon the necessity of creating unity of command in propaganda. They sought the creation of a thinking General Staff to correlate Allied propaganda in enemy and in neutral countries. However, the divergent interests of the Allies made genuine coöperation impossible.

The French were especially energetic in drawing upon the graphic arts for reënforcements. Many of these pictures are in

IT KEEPS TEETH WHITE



"There are smiles" . . . went the popular song . . . "that make you happy." "Happy" is right.

For a flashing smile makes you attractive and popular—and popularity brings happiness.

To have white teeth—gleaming teeth—healthy teeth, chew Dentyne. Chew Dentyne—and SMILE. No other chewing gum has ever matched its delicate spicy flavor. No other, say chicle experts, has ever matched its pliant "chewy" quality.

Buy a whole box today so you'll never be without it.

Chew DENTYNE *. . and smile!*

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From Now On I Work for Myself!

Would you like to say, as you quit work tonight, "From now on I work for myself?"

"Surely," you reply, "but that takes capital."

Not always. For here is a plan that offers ambitious men and women the opportunity to build up a profitable business.

Scores of our most successful workers began in spare time only to find that before long they were able to devote *all* their time to this dignified, interesting work. Then off dropped the shackles of their desk-bound jobs! You can do the same thing!

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As our subscription representative, you forward renewal or new Curtis subscriptions for your friends and acquaintances. From the very first day, you will be laying the foundation for a business of your own. And what's more, you'll be earning generous cash commissions from the start! There's Flints of California for example: We've paid him as much as $4.00 for a brief half-hour's work. At present, he runs a thriving subscription business of his own—just as you can if you get started NOW!

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18,000 miles - 16 months in use - and LOOKS NEW

- yet never been washed or polished!

SOUNDS unbelievable. And it is—until you see with your own eyes, *right on your own car*, the modern magic of this French dry cleaner—TARNOFF (meaning tarnish off). Does away with washing; does away with polishing! Yet restores—and holds—a greater beauty than either gives—the *original finish itself*. Oil and grease stains, rain-spots, polish streaks, even fresh road tar, disappear under TARNOFF'S magic touch; tarnish, or road film, is quickly dissolved and wiped off. Only the lustrous original finish remains—glossy, bone-dry, no clean and glassy that rain, dust, sun, road oil, road tar or mud have no effect on it. Yet there's nothing so safe for a car as TARNOFF—a vegetable compound, *absolutely free of all acids, alkali, soap, wax, grease or grit*. And so simple to use: Merely *rub on—let dry—wipe off!* Full quart—4 to 8 cleanings—costs only $1.00. Get it now at leading dealers. Or order direct, enclosing currency. TARNOFF CHEMICAL CO., Inc., 632 Guardian Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

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is the title of a 32-page illustrated booklet, fully describing a new Course in Office Management. It tells how you can easily qualify for this interesting, high-paid profession in your spare time at home.

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the collections preserved by the Germans as memorials of the madness of the war. Most French cartoons were too Continental to be effective in the United States. Nevertheless, the war cartoons helped to create that intense atmosphere of animosity in which war hatreds blossom.

Irish propaganda in the United States was mostly anti-British. It was, except for occasional subsidies from the Germans while the United States was still neutral, carried on almost without funds. It was supported by voluntary contributions from individual sympathizers and by organizations.

The campaign of the Irish irreconcilables against the English was temporarily lulled when America entered the war. If, formerly, it was eminently proper to let the eagle scream on every occasion, it now became patriotic to forget the American Revolution and to omit the third stanza of The Star-Spangled Banner. After the Armistice the battle was renewed with increased vigor. The League of Nations and the World Court were resented as British encroachments upon the sovereignty of the United States. Irish propaganda reached its zenith in the battle against the league. The Irish were very clever in utilizing paper and skeleton organizations.

The Irish knew what went on in the British camp, but the Irish press frequently spoiled their case by exaggeration. Moreover, they did not have a large secret-service apparatus to track down their suspicions and to wrest the truth from reluctant witnesses. But they were rarely caught napping.

The story of Irish propaganda is a valuable foil to the story of British propaganda. In spite of its occasional effervescence, it furnishes many clews. The case of Irish against British propaganda in the United States is summed up amusingly in The Reconquest of America, published in 1919. In spite of many obvious absurdities, the writer of the pamphlet revealed an extraordinary familiarity with various phases and personalities of propaganda.

George III of Germany

The report discusses education. "For many years we [the Allies] had trained the inhabitants to view native culture with disdain and distrust. Real culture was produced only on the other side. Americans such as Henry James, Whistler, Sargent and Edwin Abbey were conceded domestic recognition only after they had received our imprimatur. Before the war we had created a considerable demand for British born and educated men to fill positions of intellectual control here. During the war we added thousands to the number of these men by substituting them for hostile natives, teachers, preachers and lecturers. . . . We are now nearing the point where, through their concerted efforts, we shall control from the cradle to the grave whatever mind this nation possesses.

"German," the report continues, "we have managed to bar from so many schools that we need no longer fear either intellectual or commercial competition from Germany in America, or commercial competition from this country in Germany. It is considered near treason to use German silver, to hear German music or to have German measles. And we are rewriting the school history books in order to make King George the Third, of glorious memory, a German king."

The report notes the activities of pro-British clubs and pro-British publishers and pro-British newspapers. "Needless to say, we employ none but Englishmen as American correspondents of our British dailies, so that American news is presented to this people, only in its proper, its English aspect."

The writer regrets that British propaganda mobilized American emotions too thoroughly. "Although the war is over, there are creatures here who refuse to allow their sentiments to be demobilized and are growing hostile because we desire to resume trade relations with Germany. I am meeting this difficulty by diverting their feelings to another hate channel."

The One-Track Mind

Discussing the international trade, the author points out how shrewdly England placed upon American officials "the onus of the various South American blacklists we drew up, and thus created an antipathy to the American trader which further circumscribes his field." The argument for the cancellation of war debts is stated thus:

"We are conducting a vigorous campaign for the cancellation of the war debt on the grounds: (a) that we fought America's fight for her for two years, while she was prospering in cowardice; and (b) that at least the material burdens should be distributed justly if the world is to be made safe for democracy.

"Synchronously with this agitation, we are agitating for further loans of American money to rebuild our markets in Europe. There is no possibility of these two agitations endangering their mutual success. For we have repeatedly proved beyond question that the American mind cannot synchronously fix and correlate facts. Two cognate items in the newspaper mean to the American public two unrelated independent statements to be judged each on its merits. Hence, we are able in a cloud of candor to state the merit of the loan—viz., that unless the money be lent to us we cannot pay the interest on it. In these agitations, we are receiving valuable, if not wholly disinterested, aid from our financial auxiliaries and fiscal agents."

Irish propaganda talked in hyperboles. It was too violent to be convincing. French propaganda bore too obviously the label Made in France. German propaganda suffered from psychological, lingual and geographical handicaps. Great Britain surpassed both her Allies and her foes in the great game of propaganda. Where she failed with the might of her guns she succeeded with the finesse of her propaganda. She ruled both the waves of the sea and the waves of public opinion. German submarines challenged, at times successfully, her supremacy on the seas. But German propaganda produced no Tirpitz!

Germany's greatest strategist, Gen. Eric Ludendorff, refuses to admit his military defeat, but he confesses himself beaten by propaganda. Lloyd George, he exclaims, knew well what he was doing when, after the end of the war, he conveyed to Lord Northcliffe the thanks of Great Britain. Northcliffe, Ludendorff adds, was a master of mass suggestion! But Lord Northcliffe was only one of many in whom the marvelous skill of the British to sway public opinion manifested itself.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles on war and postwar propaganda. The fifth and last will appear in an early issue.

for 2¢

You Can Start a Profitable Business of Your Own!

Little things often lead to momentous changes. Was it not a cobweb, for example, which inspired Robert Bruce to battle again and so change the fate of Scotland? Was not the kick of a cow indirectly responsible for the modern city of Chicago? And does not history tell us of a loose horseshoe nail that turned the tide of a mighty battle?

In everyday life, a 2c stamp has been known to carry appeals which saved a big business from financial ruin. The foundation of a mammoth mail-order house traces back to the stamp which carried an offer of merchandise from one man to another.

So may a 2c stamp decide your financial future—start you on the road toward an ever-increasing income as our subscription representative. How? By using one to mail this coupon.

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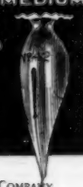

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Gentlemen: Enclosed find 25c for an expert CHARACTER ANALYSIS of my handwriting, and sample pens. (Ask any questions about yourself or your vocation.)

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Your first evening with a BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

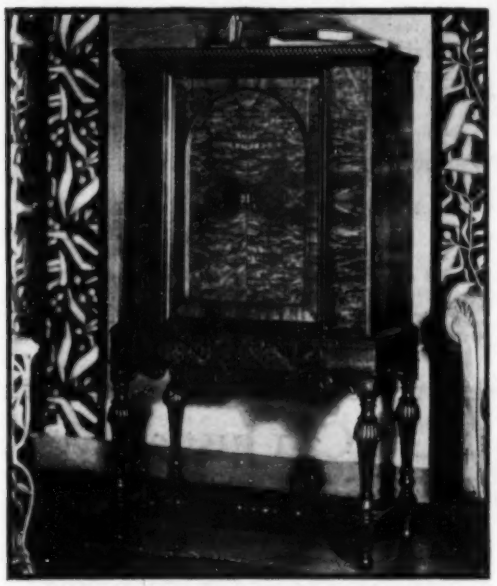
"The Jingle Boys are on WJZ tonight, aren't they, Mary?" you call to your soul-mate, then spin the dial to 76 and switch on the new Philco. But what's this that comes soaring into the room? The same old Jingle Boys, yet their voices seem to have become younger, fresher, to have acquired personality.

"Perhaps there's something in this talk about Balanced Units," you reflect, twirling the dial to 92 which should prove to be the Syncopating Six! There they are — but that can't be the Syncopating Six! Sounds as if they'd all bought new instruments, as if they'd increased the band from six to sixteen. And so it goes, as you explore the stations you know so well. Each program sounds infinitely clearer, richer, miraculously improved overnight.

More stations, too. And you're finding many stations that you didn't know existed, stations with new and fascinating programs. Local stations, too close in wave length for your old set to separate. Distant stations that you'd always thought of as far-off myths. If you have a good location near the Pacific Coast, and weather conditions are favorable, you may find yourself listening to a Japanese lute-player broadcasting from Tokyo, or an Australian music-hall star singing into the microphone in Sydney.

When a famous entertainer croons Southern songs into the microphone, the tone quality of his voice as reproduced in the home depends on the balance of the electrical units in the receiving set. Unbalanced units rob the singer's voice of its personality, cause blur and tone distortion. Because of super-exact balancing of all units, Philco Balanced-Unit Radio gives you tone of revolutionary trueness, clearness, fullness.

"...AND THEN HE GOT A PHILCO"



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NEUTRODYNE-PLUS	SCREEN GRID
$205.00	$195.00

Complete range of models from $67.00 to $205.00. Tubes extra. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West.

Every Philco model is equipped with genuine *Electro*-Dynamic Speaker and Acoustic Equalizers and is balanced to use two of the wonderful new 245 power tubes, push-pull.

And in ordinarily good locations throughout the United States, hundreds of Philco owners have written us that they often enjoy programs from Havana, Mexico, Canada, California and other stations thousands of miles away.

Handsome cabinets. Every time you look at the Philco cabinet, you'll feel a little inward glow of pride at the beautiful piece of furniture you've added to your home. Made of costly butt walnut, bird's-eye maple, matched Oriental walnut, with rich overlays of imported woods, but so reasonably priced that you can afford two Philcos—one downstairs, one upstairs.

Be sure to hear the new Philco before you buy any radio. See your dealer today and arrange for free demonstration in your own home. If you decide to buy, easy terms to suit your convenience.

For entertainment the whole family will enjoy, tune in the Philco Hour every Friday night at 9:30 Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Makers also of the famous Philco Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.

ALL-ELECTRIC PHILCO BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

CHAMBERLIN
Weather Strips

CHOOSE THE PRODUCT WHICH DELIVERS PROVED RESULTS

As season follows season, Chamberlin users realize with increasing appreciation the year-'round satisfaction which Chamberlin craftsmanship and factory-controlled installation provide. Protection against soot and dust—ease of window operation—draught-proofness—fuel saving—uniform heating. Summer and winter Chamberlin contributes to family health, comfort and convenience. And thirty-six years of outstanding leadership have proved the certainty and permanence of Chamberlin results.

CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIP COMPANY, INC.
West Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan
Over 100 Factory Sales-Installation Branches throughout the United States

FREE—booklet on how to enjoy real home comfort at a saving to you. Also a complete estimate on Chamberlin Protection for____windows____doors.

Name____ Address____ FC-3

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YOU Can Just as Well Have Spending Money

IF you are as busy most of the time as Mrs. Robert Turner, of Texas, is with housekeeping you can still have more money and all the little luxuries it will buy. (Mrs. Turner has made $5.00 in a single day.)

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
379 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Please tell me all about your cash offer.

Name____ Age____
(Please Print Name and Address)
Street____
City____ State____

No Experience Needed

Just arrange with us to become a Curtis subscription representative. The coupon brings all the details.

Cash for Spare Time

DO YOU EXPERIMENT WITH FIGURES?

IN many offices figures are produced by methods almost as ridiculous as this illustration shows. Errors, worry, lost time and downright inadequate results are the inevitable evils which follow lack of adequate figuring equipment.

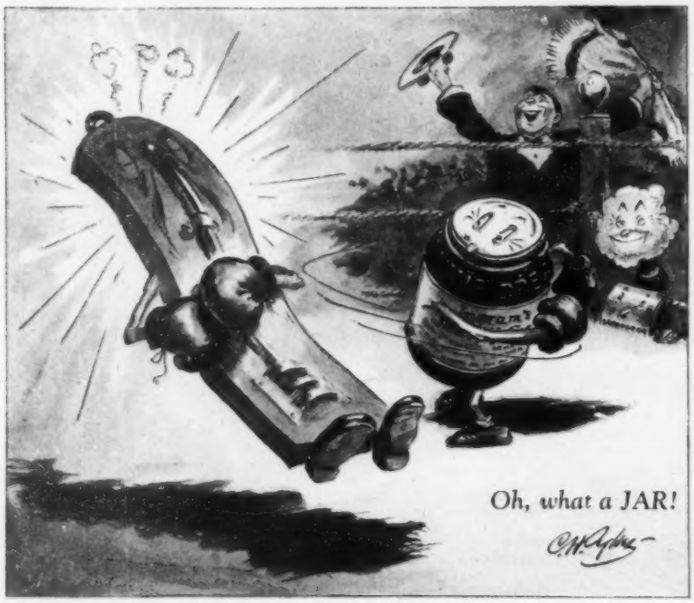
Monroe figure methods of accurate, rapid short cuts are saving time and tempers in the thousand and one businesses which have decided that experimenting with figures—the trial and error system—is expensive as well as dangerous. This nation-wide figure service is enabling them to produce the greatest number of accurate figures at the lowest possible cost.

Without prompt, accurate figures it is impossible for you to have a true picture of your business. Telephone or write your local Monroe representative or our home office at Orange, New Jersey, and learn without obligation how you, too, can quit experimenting with such vital things as business figures.

SERIES 3
MONROE ADDING-CALCULATOR
with full automatic division

MONROE
HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR
The Machine for Every Desk

The thermometer says, "Hot"
The thermometer says, "Hotter"
But
Ingram shaves are always COOL!



(THE COUPON BRINGS SEVEN COOL SHAVES FREE)

THE men who use Ingram's Shaving Cream are forever free from a razor's fiery pin-prick stabs!

For Ingram's is the pioneer of all shaving creams planned to be cool! It began the revolution in shaving ease and comfort.

Ingram's is cool . . . *cool* . . . COOL . . . *COOL!* The first time you lather up with it, you'll know it's different!

You'll tell yourself, "That's the *cool* shave I've always wanted!"

And, after the job is finished, your face will feel refreshed, and you'll know a new bracing and tonic sensation that you've never felt before!

Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face!

With Ingram's, you need no lotion. Ingram's is shaving cream, lotion and skin freshener all in one! Because of three special cooling and soothing ingredients, it tightens and tones the skin *while you shave.*

And with Ingram's, you can shave closer. Your skin is in better condition to "take" the razor. Above all—you miss those smarting little nicks and stinging jabs that make shaving a torture for so many men today!

* * *

IF you'll go to two minutes' trouble and send us that little coupon just below, you'll be rewarded with seven glorious morning starts toward a lifetime of shaving ease and comfort. Our sample may be no beauty to look at, but it's the most powerful persuader and the greatest gatherer of friends any company has ever had.

Don't fail now to try Ingram's! You'll never regret it. Mail us the coupon! Do it today!

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

"Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face"

7 COOL SHAVES FREE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-79
110 Washington St., New York
I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

© B.-M. Co., 1929

THE ART OF PARTY-THROWING

(Continued from Page 51)

In planning a course of procedure for your next party, it is possible to achieve originality without cost. It may take time and effort, but it need not take money. You may even think of an original program, or have someone think of it for you, which will actually save money and give your crowd a better time than usual. The decorations and trimmings are helpful; they create for the eye something of the spirit of the occasion, as at Halloween and Christmas, but they do not make the party. They make the background for the events, but not the events themselves.

Whatever plan you adopt for entertaining your friends, if you look back upon your own experiences you may find that variety and brevity always went over big, while the effort to sustain one or two short games repeated throughout an entire evening was tiresome and disastrous.

To insure a lively evening it is wise to have a repertory of games ready to draw on at an instant's notice. Some of the novelty books so popular these days are handy to have about, because they inspire people to do something, and little groups can be kept amused for an hour or so with any one of them.

As soon as your guests realize that there is plenty to do, your worries are over. The mere fact that they know the time between eight and midnight has been provided for takes the strain off their minds. It is safe to relax. There will be no tension, no self-consciousness, no boredom. If there is no responsibility placed on your guests, they can feel none. They are at ease. The evening passes in a happy moment and they are gone. Your party has been a huge success, the pursuit of happiness worth the race.

Answers for the game called Ice:

1 coppice	18 entice	35 novice
2 licorice	19 suffice	36 service
3 nice	20 sacrifice	37 artifice
4 price	21 edifice	38 prejudice
5 alice	22 justice	39 accomplice
6 spice	23 armistice	40 auspice
7 splice	24 police	41 voice
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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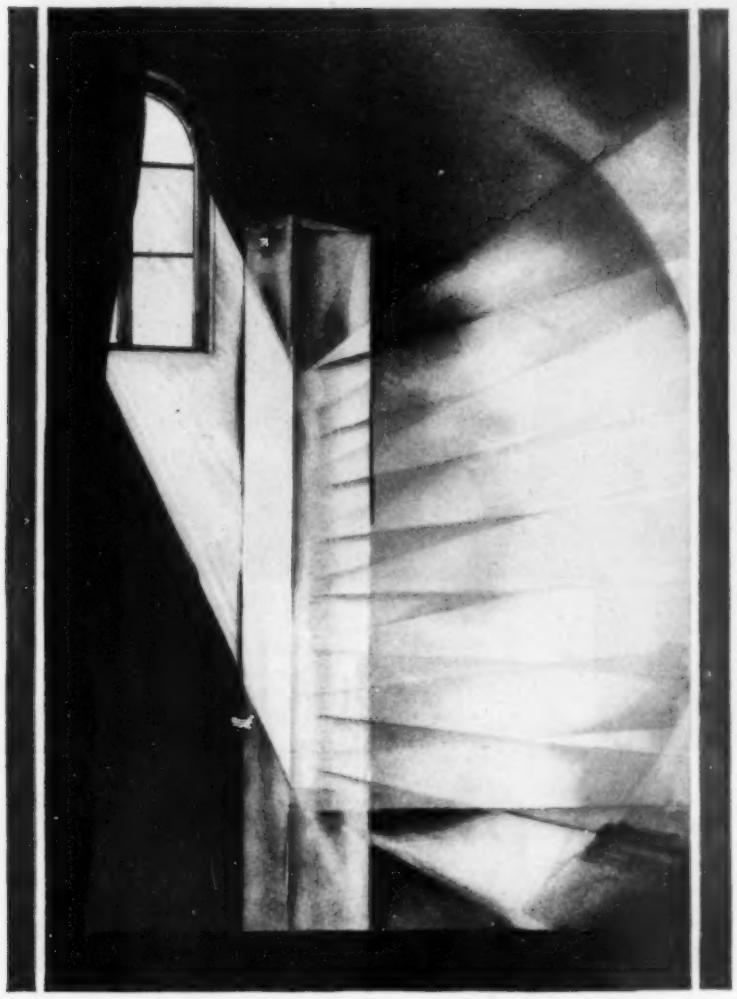
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

GraybaR

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL



"tone color"—*this new* SCREEN GRID RADIO *has it*

Some people say it's the most exciting thing about the new Graybar Screen Grid Radio . . . And certainly it *is* gorgeous, that "tone color". . . as rich and varied as the vivid colors seen through a prism . . . Others insist that the Graybar's most thrilling characteristic is its uncanny ability to pick out stations, near or far, with greater simplicity, accuracy, speed, without interference or distortion . . .

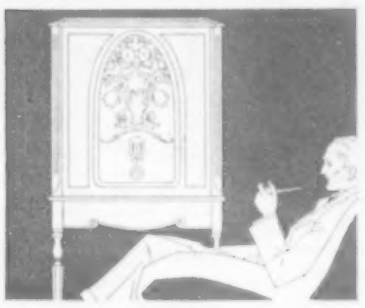
Still other people (with a flair for things mechanical) talk for hours about the wonderful Screen Grid tube inside . . . the tube that does the work of two ordinary ones . . . the performance that actually approaches that of the more expensive super-heterodyne sets . . .

And people who make a fetish of fine furniture . . . *they* sing its praises as a thing of beauty . . . of simple classic line, and exquisitely grained wood . . .

And everybody recognizes, almost immediately, that there never has been *quite* such a radio, at such a price . . .

And why shouldn't it be an unusual radio? Graybar has had sixty years of electrical experience . . . Graybar has developed a complete line of radio for every type of home. Graybar has equipped most of the leading broadcasting stations in this country!

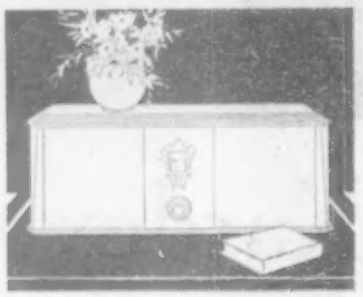
THE SCREEN GRID MODEL DE LUXE below is a two-tone walnut veneer cabinet, with built-in dynamic speaker. The speaker is in its own right a positive marvel of tone quality and "tone color" design.



And yet for what is an unusually low price . . . $179 (less tubes) you get it all—one of the best radio "buys" of the year.

This cabinet model 550 is an instrument of rare beauty . . . a point second in importance only to its distinguished beauty of tone. For example, instead of the conventional loud speaker grille, an attractive tapestry panel conceals the speaker opening.

THE SCREEN GRID TABLE MODEL shown directly beneath is designed for people who prefer radio which is compact—yet which has all of the tone quality and fine workmanship of the cabinet model. Its circuit and tubes are identical with the latter.



It is indeed very reasonably priced at only . . . . . $110 (less tubes). An interesting new feature is the magnified scale reading on the translucent window. Readings are shown in the 0-100 scale and also in kilocycles, which facilitates tuning.

Incidentally, this matter of tuning, as with the cabinet model, has been reduced down to one knob. And so you have your station selection and your volume control all at one point.

Table Model 500 is made of 5-ply walnut veneer. Simple in design and beautifully finished, it is an attractive addition to any home . . . as your Graybar Radio dealer, or the coupon below, will prove.

only $59.50 (Slightly higher West of Rockies)

P.S. Radio isn't the only thing Graybar offers. There's a complete line of household appliances, too . . . A word about them:

It's a cool world after all! Of course Summer heat used to aggravate the discomforts of housework . . . but now there's a way for the canny housewife to side-step this difficulty . . .

Even when the thermometer goes 'way up out of sight, she does her work in cool comfort . . . aided and abetted by the breezes of a sturdy Graybar fan!

And this is only one of a whole family of Graybar appliances . . . ready to smooth the housewife's path, the year round! (Prices to suit every pocketbook.)

And here, by the way, is another "hot-weather hint": Why not investigate the Graybar Clothes Washer, the Vacuum Cleaner, the Range?

A stimulating start. Half of the battle of 'most anybody's day is won or lost in the first half hour . . . So why not "get off to a good start" by using the Graybar Stimulator for a few minutes immediately upon rising?

Give it half a chance, and it will give you youth and slenderness and "pep"! It "sets you up". Limbers you up. Speeds you up . . . Yet it costs

GRAYBAR ELECTRIC CO.,
Graybar Building, New York City.
Gentlemen: Send me details on the products I've checked. Right away, please!

	I am also interested in
☐ Radio	☐ _____
☐ Fan	
☐ Stimulator	☐ _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Kardex signals *this* . . . . and in 15 minutes a hand picked prospect list says "*here*" to UNION BAG & PAPER

COFFEE bags . . . flour bags . . . grocery bags . . . Union Bag and Paper Corporation makes all kinds of them . . . As the world's largest manufacturer of paper bags, it must regulate sales to jibe with production in 12 different mills. Special efforts must be put behind certain items at certain times.

But when Type B bags, for instance, must be pushed, the sales executives find a swift ally in their Kardex sales control record . . . In a few minutes, a girl can follow the colored signals and pick out the cards for the best prospects for any particular line.

The executives state that Kardex more than paid for itself the first three months it was installed.

On a single visible margin, Kardex flashes several valuable pieces of selling news. It tells whether or not the customer is slipping. It tells how big he is, what line of business he is in, and how his credit stands. Kardex can reveal a dozen facts on a single line.

Stock Inventory Reduced $200,000

With the assistance of its Kardex stock control record, Buick's busiest factory branch is speeding up turnover of parts 33⅓%, is cutting inventory $200,000, and at the same time is averaging only 3 items out of stock on the 10,823 active parts it carries.

Cuts Delinquent Payments 50%

Hearn's department store in New York City uses Kardex to keep track of collections in its time payment plan. According to a recent nation-wide survey, Hearn's has less than 50% as many delinquencies as the average retail store.

Moderate Cost—Easy to Operate

Like most other truly great devices, Kardex is simple. The margins are visible. The signals are obvious. No card can be misfiled. A system can be started on as little as $5. A schoolgirl can handle it.

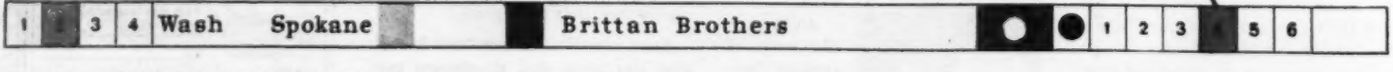
Talk it over with an Analyst

No matter how well your business is operating, a Remington Rand man can suggest new ideas for making or saving money. Get in touch with him right away. He will give you an impartial answer to any problem, for he represents a consolidation of office equipment manufacturers who can supply you with the proper product for any office need. Call one of the nearby branches or write to Remington Rand Business Service, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

REMINGTON RAND
BUSINESS SERVICE

KARDEX
VISIBLE RECORDS

Remington · Library Bureau · Dalton · Powers Safe-Cabinet · Kalamazoo · Baker-Vawter



THE KARDEX TELL-TALE EDGE: ■ Orders fell off in second quarter. ■ Buys in carload lots. ■ Buys Type B bags. ■ Last purchase in April. ■ Salesman's last call in June.

For Bridge

Johnston's famous Choice Box ♥ ♣ ♦ now decked for Bridge ♠ ♥ ♣ delightful to nibble while playing ♦ ♠ ♥ an appropriate prize that does credit to one's discerning taste. It offers 22 different kinds of chocolates — no two kinds alike ♣ ♦ ♠ it comes in five sizes from one to ten pounds ♥ ♣ ♦ priced a dollar and a half the pound. There are Johnston agencies in all good neighbourhoods ♠ ♥ ♣

© 1929

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

The Old Dutch Cleanser way is the modern and perfect way to clean painted and enameled surfaces

Cleans quickly and easily and brings Healthful Cleanliness

You'll like to clean painted or enameled surfaces the Old Dutch Cleanser way. It's so simple and the cleaning is done quickly and perfectly. Sprinkle a little Old Dutch Cleanser on a damp sponge or cloth, as you prefer. A sponge and Old Dutch do a wonderful job. Wipe gently, don't scrub, it's not necessary.

You'll be amazed at the ease with which dirt, smudges, grease and stain can be removed. Old Dutch leaves the surface spotless and fresh. When surfaces are to be repainted, clean first with Old Dutch and you will be assured of better results.

Old Dutch Cleanser has established a standard of cleanliness which should prevail in every home. Safety—thorough cleaning without injury to the surface. Efficiency—thorough cleaning quickly and easily done. *Healthful Cleanliness* most important of all—thorough cleaning by removal of the invisible and often dangerous impurities as well as the visible dirt.

Old Dutch Cleanser is the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency. There is nothing else like it. Its unusual detergent energy is derived from flaky, flat-shaped particles of "Seismotite"—a pure, natural cleanser, free from harsh, scratchy grit. That's the reason Old Dutch doesn't scratch. "Seismotite" does not contain acid or caustic—it is not a chemical. Old Dutch doesn't injure surfaces. It is kind to the hands; doesn't irritate or roughen the skin.

Old Dutch is economical—a little goes a long way

The greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency

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